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Harper's Bazar

MAY 1929

DUCHESS OF SERMONETA | NANCY HOYT | NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

SERENELY POISED UPON THE VERY PINNACLE OF CHIC IS THE GAY YOUNG PERSON WHO HAS SCALED THE DIFFICULT HEIGHTS OF THE NEW SIMPLICITY . . . HER CONTRASTING COLORS ARE EVOLVED BY STEHLI

Stehli Silks

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TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

PEARL NECKLACES

The Range of Choice
Is Extensive

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

HAF-HEEL* HOSIERY

The SOCIAL SCENE may shift from country club to town club . . . but, the fashionables choose the same background for their costume . . . "Haf-Heel" Hosiery. The heel of this hose gained prominence by its tiny size . . . the unusually clever Kayser conception of a modern square heel . . . trim, chic and adequate. The hose itself is notable for the fineness and clearness of texture and its extraordinary wearability.

For service sheer weight 90X is the choice, $1.50. For all-occasion wear, No. 153X all silk chiffon is only $1.95. For formal wear No. 70X, a 54 gauge at $5.50.

THE SEASON'S SMART SHADES

Sunskin	*Bareskin*	*Beachskin*
Clearskin	*Roseskin*	*Fairskin*

Kayser

You may purchase Kayser Silk Products at all the Better Shops and at the Kayser Store, Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, opposite the Library.

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BONWIT TELLER
FIFTH AVENUE AT 38TH STREET
NEW YORK
PARIS LONDON
PHILADELPHIA

Sans Sleeves

This season's smart fashions for sports, all day or tea . . . and these few sketches suggest the distinction of our collection.

Artistic expressions of modern designing in silverware. Because of their simplicity, these designs will blend agreeably with any style of interior decoration.

The Caldwell collection of silver is all-inclusive, covering every period—antique and modern.

Height of bowl, five inches; of tall vase, including base, fourteen inches; of small vase, four and one-eighth inches.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

Philadelphia

Best & Co.

Fifth Avenue at 35th St.—N. Y.
Paris *Palm Beach* *London*

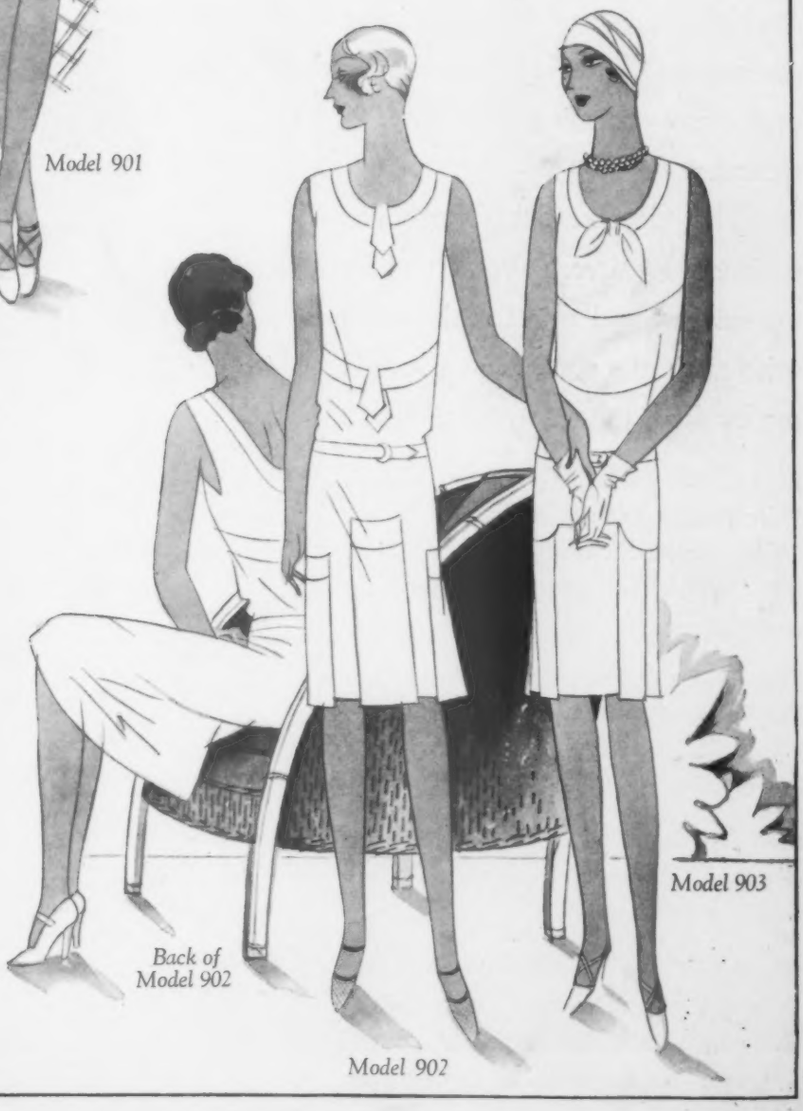
introduces frocks of

MELO-POLO

a new sport silk of firm luxurious weave that resembles tussore and wears and washes beautifully

Model 900

Model 901



Back of Model 902

Model 902

Model 903

Two Models at 19.75

Model 900 and Model 903.
The former has the new pajama neckline finished with a monogram motif and a pleated panel in front of skirt. The latter is a copy of a Germaine Le Comte model.

Two Models at 25.00

Model 901 and Model 902.
The former is a copy of a London Trades model with neck square in front and low V in back. Model 902 has a novel box pleated skirt and bow tabs on the blouse with low suntan back.

White - Yellow - Flesh

MISSES' SIZES 14x to 20

Mail Orders Filled

A charge account simplifies long distance shopping

GORDON SKIN-TONE STOCKINGS DRAMATIZE EVEN THE MOST SIMPLE COSTUME

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Gordon
HOSIERY

There is . . . in this fashion of complementing one's complexion with one's stockings . . . a subtle artistry . . . a complete harmony . . . that we have never consistently achieved before. For, as legs take on the same tone as face, arms, and neck (which is the object of the skin-tone stockings) . . . our frocks become dramatized. And the line, silhouette, and every charming detail are accented.

The Gordon Skin-Tones are designed for every woman *under the sun* . . . and also for the ones who avoid the sun . . . as you will see by the list that follows:—

FOR THE FAIR-SKINNED WOMAN: "Champagne" to match her natural coloring; "Noon" to lend it warmth of tone; "Fair Tan" to match her suntan; and "Circe" for evening.

FOR THE WOMAN OF MEDIUM COMPLEXION: In the same order of use — "Rachelle," "Soudan," "Blush Tan," and "Cymbeline."

FOR THE BRUNETTE: In the same order of use — "Ormond," "Coronado," "Pandora," and "Casino."

FOUR VERY NEW deep suntan tones are "Alamo Tan" and "Sonora," with a golden cast; "Pocahontas," a coppery tone; and "Ramona" for the suntan of brilliant complexions.

FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET **B. ALTMAN & CO.** MADISON AVENUE AT THIRTY-FIFTH STREET
TELEPHONE: MURray HILL 7000
NEW YORK

Alluring Imports In Silk Lingerie Are Fitted and Flared

THE PRINCESS line and flare are distinguishing items of interest throughout the entire collection of exquisite lingerie imports shown by Altman. These garments of rare beauty and expert fashioning are exponents of the latest trend.

The circular petticoat of crepe Elizabeth and metal lace—
Original, $89

Evening chemise of satin and Alencon lace with brassiere top—
Original, $55

Gown of mint French crepe with fitted Breton lace—
Original, $89

Pantie-chemise to match the mint crepe gown—
Original, $89

Silk Lingerie
Second Floor

Reproductions available

"LA LOIE SILVEL"

the durable

TRANSPARENT VELVET

THE most popular type of formal evening wrap is the softly feminine coat or cape of "La Loie Silvel"—the durable Transparent Velvet . . . With the sheer chiffons and supple crêpes of the summer mode, these velvet wraps—frequently flounced and tiered—lend to the ensemble a luxurious richness universally flattering to the face and figure, whether in gayly contrasting colors or in the pastel shades so effective with sun-tan complexions.

• • • • • *The Shelton Looms* ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

for summer

dresses of chiffon prints with little
coats to match for street
and evening wear.

women's dresses - - - fifth floor
misses' dresses - - - third floor

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

New York

Dorothy Gray

A YOUNG CHIN IS A PROUD CHIN

THROW your head back, ever so little. Does this carefree gesture reveal a sculptured chinline, proudly curved . . . or does it simply emphasize that dull mark of age—a double chin?

To be lovely, a chin must be youthful, clear-cut, patrician. There is no beauty in a double chin.

Dorothy Gray spent years evolving treatments and preparations that prevent, and correct, the double chins that make a woman look so old. You can readily follow these simple scientific treatments in your own home. The same exquisite Dorothy Gray preparations which have proved so successful in the Dorothy Gray salons may be had at leading shops everywhere, and the Dorothy Gray method is fully explained in the booklet which this coupon brings you.

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DOROTHY GRAY

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Salons in

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

DOROTHY GRAY H.B. 5-29

Six Eighty Three Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me the new Dorothy Gray booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." I am particularly interested in: ☐ The Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles ☐ The Treatment for Double Chin ☐ The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crêpy Throat.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Exclusive Wanamaker Interpretations of Sleeveless Frocks in a New Washable Silk—$19 and $25

This new washable silk is very, very sturdy—having withstood extreme tests of boiling—yet is as soft as crepe . . . and its dull finish emphasizes the beauty of the new colors in which these frocks may be chosen . . . egg shell, Vionnet pink, lake blue, capucine, sun-tan . . . . also WHITE

Models B and F $19

Models C and D $25

New "Biarritz" Sweaters Exclusive . . . $2.50 and $2.95

These fine mesh cotton sweaters were made in France exclusively for Wanamaker's—in white, pink, French blue, maize, and almond green.

Model A, $2.95 . . . . Model E, sleeveless, $2.50

Jean Patou's Tennis Bandeau—Reproduced, $9.50

Illustrated at left . . . . very smart, very practical, quite the cleverest mode of its kind . . . . in natural leghorn straw, bound and banded with grosgrain to match the straw or frocks illustrated.

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK

Frances Denney invites you to loveliness

PHILADELPHIA'S loveliest women—distinguished patrons of the FRANCES DENNEY SALON—have used for years a simple, delightful treatment for retaining the youth and beauty of their skin.

This treatment—originated by MISS DENNEY—gently cleanses the pores, stimulates sluggish circulation and restores youthful contours by nourishing the underlying tissues. Nature needs this help to keep your skin lovely.

MISS DENNEY now invites women everywhere to use this easy and delightful treatment in their homes. She has made available—through carefully selected stores in each city—her Cleansing Cream, Herbal Skin Tonic and Tissue Cream.

These exquisite preparations are made only of the purest oils, balsams and herbal roots. MISS DENNEY tells you of their use in her little book, "The Affairs of Beauty." Also of her special treatments and preparations for aggravated skin faults.

A copy of this little book by MISS DENNEY *may be obtained, with the compliments of the author, at any store where her preparations are sold, or by writing to* MISS DENNEY *in Philadelphia.*

DENNEY & DENNEY

NEW YORK • PHILADELPHIA • PARIS

ESTABLISHED OVER 30 YEARS

INSTITUTION I. MILLER INTERNATIONALE

Oh, well!

YOU'LL SEE THEM for YOURSELF!

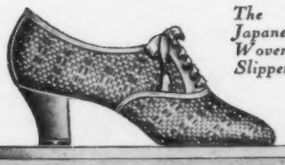
It was our intention to discuss the Summer footwear modes.

But where to begin? How say it all?

Should we give preference to those lovely Shantung silks—or should the novelty crepes receive first notice? Or should we discuss their embroidery or their contrasting colors?

But then, we might not do justice to the straw effects or the pastel kidskins or the new patterns or the Japanese woven slippers! And we've forgotten all about the leather-heeled Spectator Shoes and matching bags and probably a lot of other things.

We give it up! But not without hope—for with a shop in nearly every smart community you'll surely see them for yourself!



The Japanese Woven Slipper

The New Shantung Silk 'Broiderie

I. MILLER De Luxe Shoes

SHOPS AND AGENCIES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

I. MILLER Beautiful Shoes

FINERY HOSIERY

Fresh Fashions In Fresh Silk!

Don the Finery stockings of your choice with assurance that your legs are superlatively well clad—in silk that is fresh from the cocoon, in fresh shades, and fresh style!

Finery "Diamond Dots" are extremely smart—an all-over mesh weave in a novel marquis-diamond design. . . . Finery Double-pointed and Triple-tipt Heels enable you to meet your mood with either *two* perfectly proportioned points—or *one* that's topped by three small diamonds! These Finery fashions, and many others, are freshly shipped to shops each week. See them, and ask about the Factory Re-New Service that helpfully restores worn, torn Finerys to perfection! Finery Silk Stocking Co., Inc., New York City.

This mark identifies stocking style!

◆

A FEW OF THE SHOPS FEATURING FINERY:

Atlanta: Keely Co.
Baltimore: Schleisner Co.
Birmingham: H. Sachs & Sons
Chicago: The Fair
Cincinnati: Denton-Jonap Co.
Des Moines: Wolf's, Inc.
Detroit: Demery & Co.
Jacksonville: Cohen Bros.
Kansas City: The Luce Co.
Little Rock: The M. M. Cohen Co.
Louisville: Kauffman-Straus Co.
Memphis: B. Lowenstein & Bros.
Nashville: Loveman, Berger & Teitlebaum
Newark: Hahne & Co.
Pittsburgh: Meyer Jonasson Co.
Rochester: The Mally Co.
San Antonio: Blum's, Inc.
St. Paul: The Macey Co., Inc.
Toledo: The Lasalle & Koch Co.
Trenton: J. B. Wilson Co.
Tulsa, Okla.: Hunt-Murry Co.

BERGDORF-GOODMAN *shows this* AUGUSTABERNARD *model, executed in*

TO the last minute detail, Bergdorf-Goodman, of New York, has reproduced, in aquamarine Celanese Permanent Moiré, this evening model by Augustabernard. The rich, supple fabric not only has beauty and style, but is practical as well. It will not lose its lovely rippled pattern in dampness, in pressing, or in cleaning. It is surprisingly inexpensive for such an uncommonly fine fabric.

CELANESE
PERMANENT
MOIRÉ

CELANESE

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Celanese yarns, fabrics and articles are made of synthetic products manufactured exclusively by the Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Fabrics

Will you be one of the few to possess a Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox Scarf?

ON the Fromm fox farms in northern Wisconsin, seven thousand, six hundred and sixty-five silver foxes have been bred and reared in the scientific way that makes for perfection of fur. ¶Now this limited quantity of furry masterpieces—perfectly marked, full-haired and silky—has been made up into scarfs of ebony darkness with the veil of silver shining through. The number available represents but a small fraction of the year's total production of silver foxes. To possess one is to be among the fortunate few to own a real, rare treasure. ¶Send, today, for the attractive free booklet, which we will mail at once, as well as telling you where you can examine the exquisite scarfs. Use the coupon—giving us the name of your furrier—and we will do the rest. Fromm Bros., Nieman & Co., Thiensville, Wisconsin.

BE sure this medallion is with the scarf you buy. Mail to Fromm with your name and address—and receive a certificate describing the scarf you have purchased and stating its pedigree.

Send for this Booklet—NOW.

H-5-29

FROMM BROS., NIEMAN & CO.
Thiensville, Wisconsin

GENTLEMEN:
Send me booklet on Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes.
This entails no obligation on my part

My furrier is _____

Address _____

My Name _____

Address _____

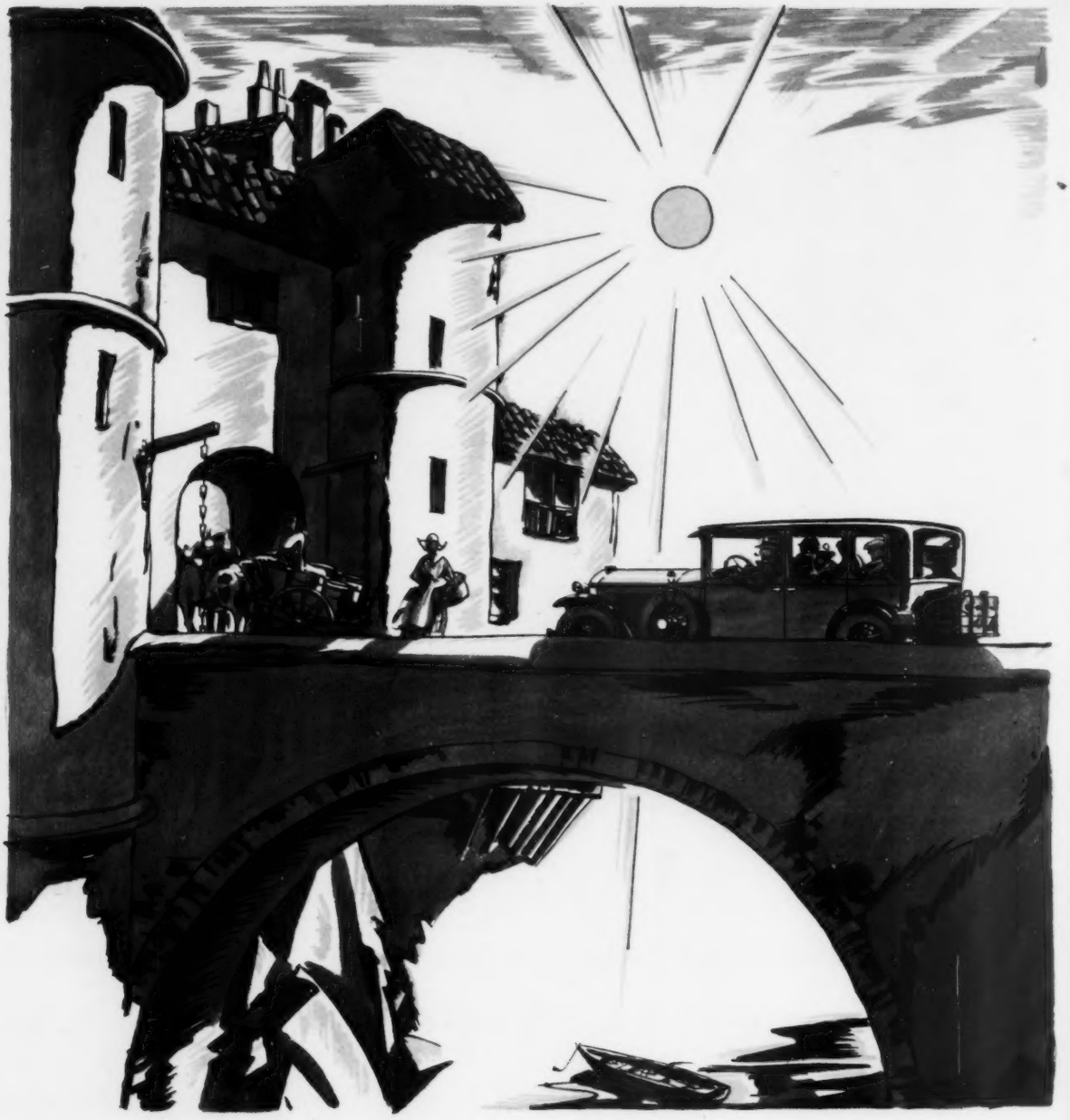
Perhaps the biggest fact in the motor car business today is the startling difference revealed by stepping into a Fisher Body car ' ' and then into any other

No specialist or expert or salesman is needed to point out Fisher Body superiority—the greater richness and beauty and quality stand out so sharply and convincingly that all argument is ended. ¶ This is one of the most important facts in motor car buying today because it has to do with value—with what you get for the purchase price. ¶ You are bound to admit at once in your own mind—that in solidity of construction, in paneling, in the quality of the upholstery, in the hardware, in the interior fittings, in the clarity of the genuine plate glass, and in the substantially constructed roof—the Fisher Body car is worth several hundred dollars more. ¶ Keep this contrast—these points of superiority—in mind. Consider the many hours you spend in your car and how much of your ease and comfort and satisfaction and pride depends upon the body of your car—and you can come to only one conclusion.

CADILLAC ' LA SALLE ' BUICK ' VIKING ' OAKLAND
OLDSMOBILE ' PONTIAC CHEVROLET

BODY by FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS



When Cadillac Makes Such A Statement You Know It Is So . . .

Cadillac can honestly say that in twenty-three years it has never exaggerated or over-emphasized and Cadillac can still truthfully, honorably say: There are no motor car manufacturing plants in the world in which every other consideration is so completely set aside for the attainment of the highest possible quality and precision as the magnificent manufacturing laboratories in which Cadillac and La Salle are produced.

WITH the wealth of surpassing new engineering and manufacturing refinements in today's Cadillacs and La Salles, it becomes more obvious than ever before that if you want the kind of luxurious motoring that Cadillac provides you simply must drive a Cadillac or La Salle. ✣ ✣ Three new safety features incorporated in both Cadillac and La Salle would, for themselves alone, lead you to these cars to the exclusion of everything else on the market: The new Cadillac-La Salle Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission; the Duplex-Mechanical System of Four-Wheel Brakes; and Cadillac-La Salle Security-Plate Glass in all windows, doors and windshields. ✣ ✣ Prestige, beauty, long life, brilliant performance — these you know Cadillac and La Salle possess. Now have these newest features explained to you, and experience them for yourself. Drive a Cadillac or La Salle, and see if you can find their equal elsewhere.

✣

La Salle prices $2295 to $2875; Cadillac $3295 to $3995; Fleetwoods up to $7000—all f. o. b. Detroit. Cadillac-La Salle dealers welcome business on General Motors Deferred Payment Plan.

CADILLAC-LASALLE

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS • DETROIT, MICHIGAN • OSHAWA, CANADA

HANAN SHOES

TOWN WELTS

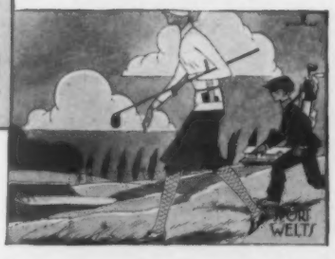
WITH LEATHER HEELS

¶Striking the new and harmonious note which has been sounded in the capitals of Europe by those whose nod makes fashion. For the woman of alert mind and active stride who plans her own life, drives her own car and draws a line of demarcation between what is the smart and seemly shoe for each particular purpose.

¶Town Welts are one of "The Fashionable Four" first presented by Hanan in alliance with their style-staffs in New York, London, Paris and the Riviera who fine-comb the world for what is prior and ultra-elegant in fashionable footwear.

THE FASHIONABLE FOUR IN SPRING SHOES

BY AUTHORITY OF HANAN



HANAN & SON

NEW YORK—*Fifth Avenue* LONDON—*328 Oxford Street And 203 Regent Street*
PARIS—*43 Avenue De L'Opera* NICE—*18 Avenue De La Victoire*

Dictated by Paris for Spring . .

"Skin Tones" . . exquisite sheerness

These smart silk stockings are in 16 shops in Fifth Avenue's exclusive shopping district

THIS SPRING Paris dictates that gloves and stockings must not only match each other and blend with your costume but must absolutely tone with the skin. Consequently, stocking shades are ranging from palest beige to the ruddy browns. Even for evening "skin tones" are *de rigueur*.

As usual Corticelli has anticipated the demand of its discriminating clientele. In 16 shops in the exclusive shopping district of Fifth Avenue are exquisitely sheer Corticelli Silk Stockings in all the shades that match the skin, from palest flesh to the deep-toned sunburn variations.

There is "Shell," a delicate flesh tone for the fair skinned. "Blonde Lido" is a lovely shade for the golden-skinned blonde. "Sun Tan," is a warm nut brown for the sun tanned. For the smart rough chestnut tweeds which chic women now wear in the morning—"Cotton Club," a rich, glowing brown. "French Beige," "Mayfair Tan" and "Brunette Lido" are other smart sunburned tints. Even "Pastel Grey" has a slightly rosy cast as of flesh showing through.

For evening wear with the favored black, "Pastel Nude," "Bisque" and "Nude" are correct; with pastel colors, the vivid new greens and white, "Shell," "Embassy Club" and "Pastel Nude" will be seen on smart ankles.

The famous silk house of Corticelli pays a premium to procure the finest silk in the world. That is why Corticelli silk stockings are so clear and smooth of weave, so lustrous and fine of texture. They fit trimly. They wear well.

Style No. 107 is very sheer all silk chiffon for evening wear. Paris openwork clock, block toe, sandal sole, slipper heel, picot top. In the mauve shades smart for evening and the correct tones for afternoon wear.

Style No. 360 has all the smart new shades—"Pastel Grey," "Bisque," "Embassy Club" and the gaily named "Cotton Club." It is a medium weight, all silk stocking with narrow heel, sandal sole, block toe and picot top.

Style No. 330 is an all silk chiffon stocking with narrow heel, sandal sole, block toe, picot top, invisible run stop. In all the sunburned tints, including "Sun Tan," "Blonde Lido" and "Mayfair Tan."

Two styles not shown—No. 309, sheer all silk chiffon, narrow heel reinforcement, block toe, picot top. And No. 350, a medium weight service stocking at a modest price. Ask for these smart new Corticelli stockings by number at your dealer's.

CORTICELLI FINE SILK HOSIERY

ZIEGFELD *selects* *America's Most Beautiful Legs*

THE PHOENIX GIRL—BARBARA NEWBERRY

to serve as a pattern for stockings woven a marvelous new way

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, internationally-famous producer, has selected for Phoenix the most beautiful legs in America. . . Nearly three hundred Ziegfeld girls in five Broadway shows—the world's greatest beauty aggregation—submitted their leg measurements in the contest. After viewing all the lovely entrants and averaging their proportions, Mr. Ziegfeld declared Barbara Newberry's legs absolutely perfect and most typical of the majority of attractive women . . . Ideal in symmetry, these model legs, now serve as the pattern for stockings made by the Accurator process. This recently-invented method, used only by Phoenix, makes possible hosiery of singular beauty and exactness. So magically does it control weaving, that stockings of finer quality and greater shapeliness result . . . Women everywhere will delight in the added beauty of the new, perfectly-modeled Phoenix offerings. Indeed, in the soft shadings, the subtle colorings and the flattering contour of the ideally-patterned Phoenix stockings is increased charm for every costume—accented beauty for every woman whose pride is graceful, slender legs. $1.50, $1.95, $2.95.

* * *

Florenz Ziegfeld's booklet, "How I Selected America's Most Beautiful Legs" will be sent you for the asking. Address, F. Ziegfeld, Ziegfeld Theatre, Fifty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City.

PHOENIX SILK *Hosiery*

ACCURATOR PROCESS
PATENTED MARCH 12, 1929

DE MEYER

Perfection, in most things all but impossible, in the matter of clothes may be fairly readily achieved.

Consider the lady in the picture. She is perfect. Nor is it the beauty of face and figure which you remember.

It is the lovely, careless sweep of Molyneux's ruffled georgette cape thrown over the black tulle gown—a costume full of fascinating contradiction—notice the sombre dignity of its dark, undulating line, the gaiety of its tulle crispness—a costume so cleverly designed that it meets every difficult demand of the evening mode with infinite finesse.

Only an artist who makes use of silks and chiffons as a great painter handles his brush and pigment can create such clothes.

Harper's Bazar presents pages of such perfect costumes selected by fashion experts from the Paris and New York models. Start today by subscribing to a magazine which contains the best in fashion as well as in fiction, a magazine as insistently charming, as perfect as this gown by Captain Molyneux.

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Please send me Harper's Bazar for ☐ 2 years at $6 or for ☐ 1 year at $4. I enclose check or you may charge this to me. [Extra issue free for cash.]

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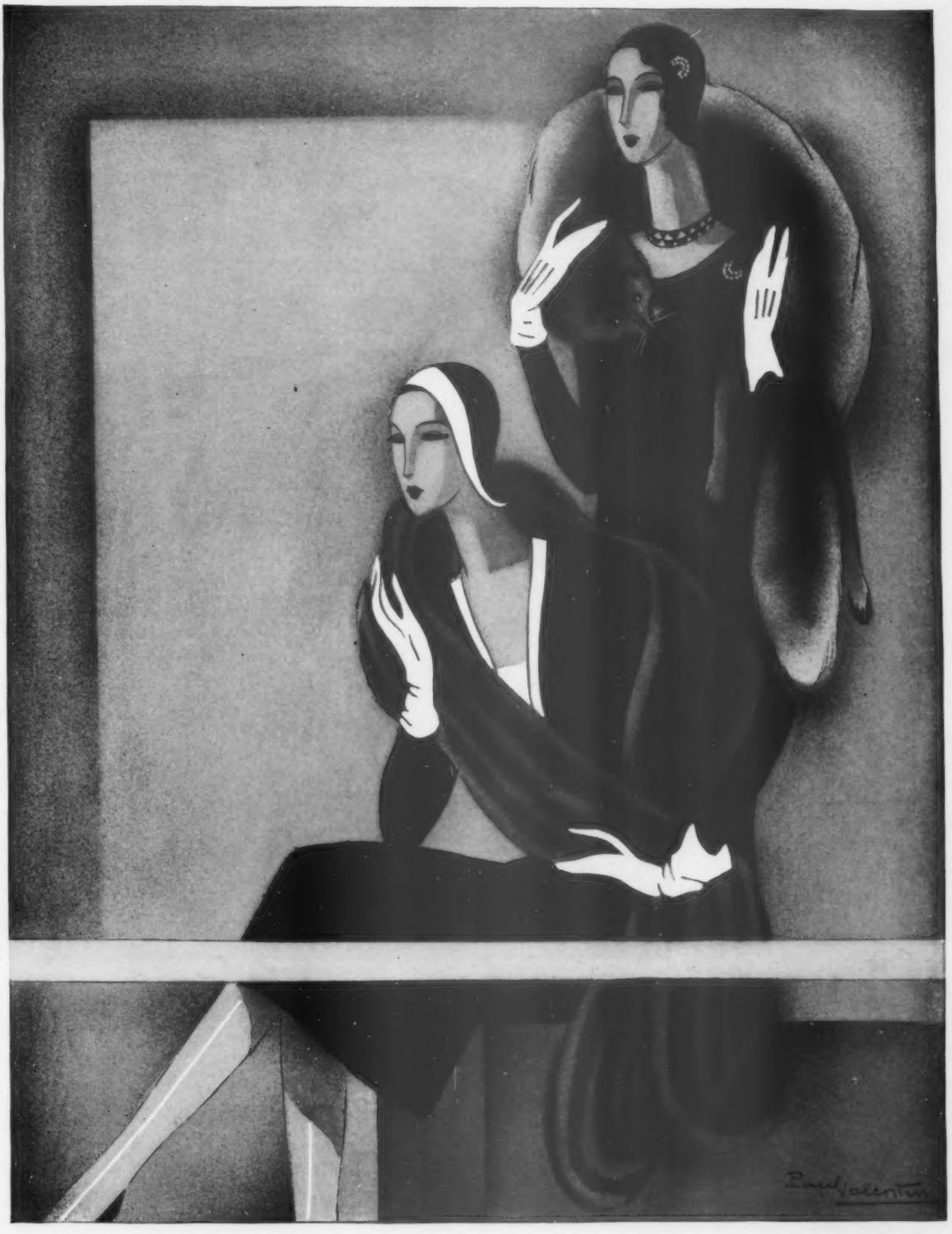
City & State_____

Regular subscription price $4 a year; $1 extra for Canadian postage, $2 for foreign. H B 5-29

Mail This Coupon and Save $6

Bought at retail at 50c a copy, these 24 issues would cost you $12. This offer cuts the single copy price to EXACTLY ONE-HALF, just 25c a copy.



Fur scarfs, fur stoles contribute the touch of individuality and luxury that Paris sponsors to complete the trim, clipped neckline of the smart Spring ensemble . . . Russian Sable, Silver Fox, Fisher, Cross Fox . . . we have the pick of the world's furs . . . A separate department with Paris-trained fitters offers a representative collection of fur trimmed cloth coats.

Revillon Frères

FIFTH AVENUE AT 54TH STREET

(IN THEIR NEW BUILDING)

IF YOU WERE THERE YOU SAW THEM

This moccasin-oxford is shown through the courtesy of Saks-Fifth Avenue. Price, $14.

Palm Beach or any other mecca of the fashionable. Sport shoes with PLYTEX soles were there in goodly numbers. And they will be with you again this spring and summer at Southampton, Newport—and all the other playgrounds of the smart fraternity. For Plytex is the vogue! Its looks and color and quality beat with the rapid pulse of style. Such shops as those sponsoring the famous Johnston & Murphy Shoes for men; such style establishments for women as Saks-Fifth Avenue—everywhere—sport shoes PLYTEX soled are being featured. In attractive combinations of black, tan, white or natural shades. May we tell you the stores near you showing shoes PLYTEX soled? Essex Rubber Co., Trenton, New Jersey. *Creators of Sport Sole Styles.*

PLYTEX
Sport Soles

Introducing a MonoModart with

The New INCHES-OFF Elastic

A webbing perfected by Modart. Its uniqueness lies in a double weave which makes it both strong and supple. The smooth tension of this elastic distributes and compresses flesh into inches less space than ordinary elastics. The MonoModart sketched employs **INCHES-OFF** elastic to diminish flesh at the hips, and soft satin-finished tricot to give a piquant uplift line to the bust. 9524. $15.

INCHES-OFF elastic is used in a complete series of garment types by Modart. The woman who wishes to take "inches off" her figure may do so with a combination, step-in, hook-around or MonoModart.

MODART

... WHERE STYLE BEGINS

347 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE MODART COMPANY, SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

Division of Associated Apparel Industries, Inc.

140 Geary Street, San Francisco

How *to* see Europe the way *you* want to see it

Wouldn't you like to have the new booklet, "The American Traveler in Europe", which tells how your trip can be made carefree and amazingly simple?

It is the result of months of careful study and preparation by trained travel men who know Europe from end to end. Its pages are brimful with valuable travel news and suggestions.

It tells how you can explore Europe following an expertly planned itinerary, based on your own ideas. ALL the arrangements for the ENTIRE trip can be made long in advance... steamer tickets, hotels, baggage, seats on trains, etc., and aeroplanes if you wish.

You leave when you please—go where you like—stay as long as you choose and return at your own convenience. The coupon sent to any American Express office or to the nearest address below places a copy in the mails for you.

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Above the Cannebière

. . . Et Comment!

From the Restaurant la Reserve, you can look down on the excitement . . . the *je ne sais quoi* of port-enchantment . . . the Naples of France . . .

You can drive down to the Cannebière . . . and see a Duchess . . . a Lascar . . . a flowergirl . . . and the choice beginnings of a scandal . . . before you've had time to sip your first apéritif . . .

Marseilles for a day . . . en route to the Riviera . . . an eight-hour drive of sapphire ecstasy to Nice . . . or Marseilles for a season . . . even a year . . . The Harper's Bazar Travel Bureau has intelligent information of special routes and approaches to this fascinating port. Will you avail yourself of this service . . . ? It is convenient. It is also without obligation. And its phone number is Regent 7160.

Harper's Bazar Travel Bureau

in the Stuyvesant Publications Building
572 Madison Avenue - New York

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Fred Sterry
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Hotels of Distinction

FIFTH AVENUE AT CENTRAL PARK NEW YORK

The SAVOY-PLAZA
Henry A. Rost
President

A CHARMING WOMAN

TALKS ABOUT TRAVEL!

We appreciate the compliment we received the other day from a woman whose charm is the envy of her feminine friends.

"Whenever I feel dull," she said, "I drop in at the Northern Pacific office and let them plan a trip for me—just as I drop into my pet beauty parlor when I find myself looking shopworn.

"It's much the same thing. One's spirit gets shopworn, too—especially in the city. It needs freshening quite as much as the body and there's nothing like travel to do it.

"The Northern Pacific office is such a *convenient* place—it's at 560 Fifth Avenue, you know—and I really enjoy stopping there. They are much-traveled people and can suggest all sorts of delightful trips.

"They will do absolutely the whole thing for you—plan your trip—make reservations—and see to every little detail."

That we will—and right gladly! Our travel service is quite complete. In fact we'll do everything for you but pack your baggage and tell your family goodbye.

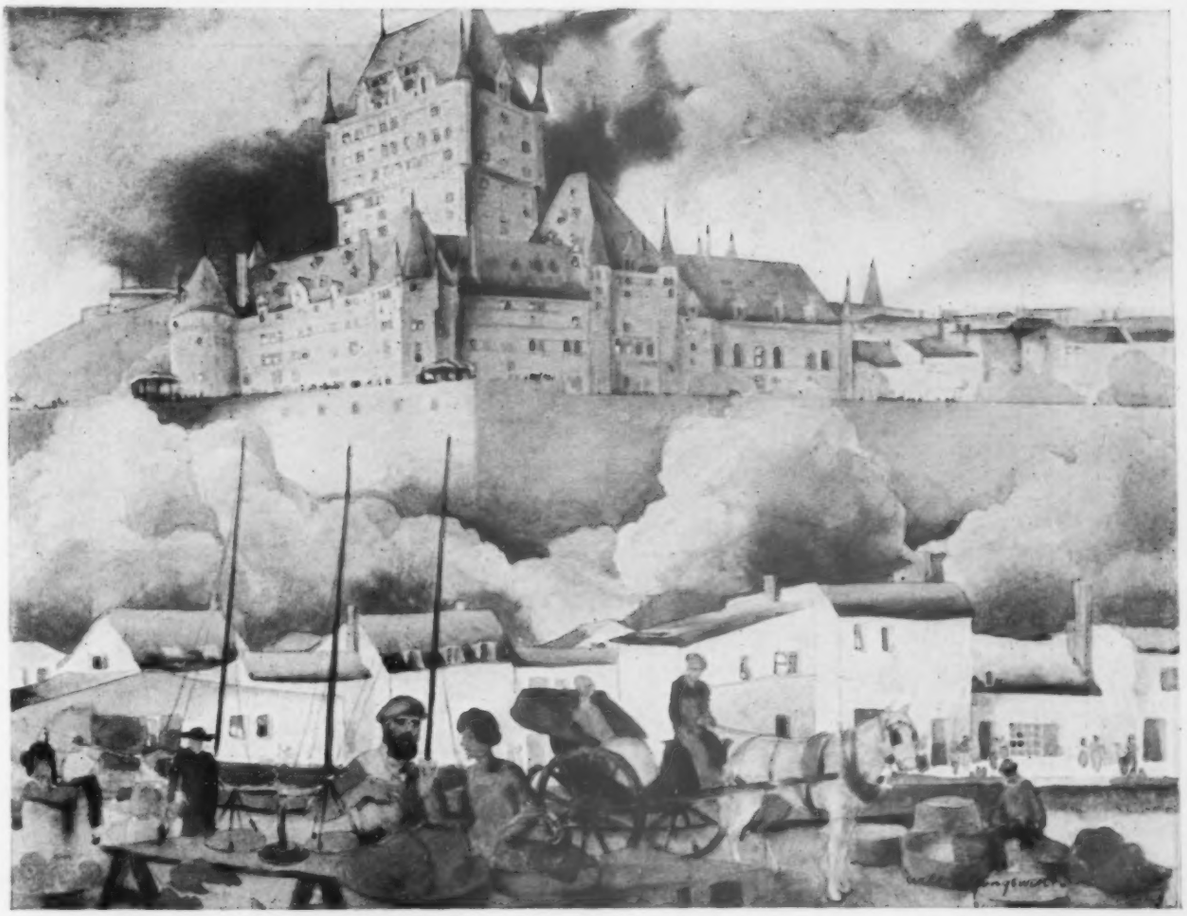
A word about the "North Coast Limited." It will take you direct to Seattle, Portland or Tacoma. We refrain from boasting about its various comforts and luxuries. On this train such things are taken for granted.

H. M. Fletcher,
Assistant General Passenger Agent,
560 Fifth Avenue, New York
Phone: Bryant 5490

246

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

Chateau Frontenac



MOTOR IN MAYTIME TO OLD QUEBEC

Send your car flying up the fast cement highway to Montreal under a setting moon... wind along the St. Lawrence road past signs that say *"Cotages Americains to let of tourists"*... past villages ever more French, to the tall Norman towers of the Chateau, stateliest of world hotels, high-perched on Diamond Head. No lovelier motor run on the Eastern Seaboard.

In Québec, the French shops to explore, the ancient citadel, the 17th-century Basse Ville, the Montmorency golf course, gay affairs at the Chateau, centre of the old French city's life.

From Québec, what jaunts!... l'Ile d'Orleans, with its Norman farms and exquisite churches in the fields... the red road to Gaspé, where you learn to buy gas in French, and they give you *blanquette de sang* for lunch... Ste. Anne de Beaupre of the miracles... Murray Bay, often called the Newport of Canada... Indian Lorette where Hurons make snow-shoes... and always the delicate beauty of the Northern spring... a lovely land where even the long-wedded become lovers again!

Make a French holiday this Maytime... by motor, or by fast express, leaving New York at night and lunching at the Chateau Frontenac next day.

Full information and reservations at any Canadian Pacific Office, or write to Chateau Frontenac, Québec, Canada. New York, 344 Madison Ave... Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd... Boston, 405 Boylston St... also Atlanta, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Montreal, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Toronto, Washington, Winnipeg and 15 other cities in the United States and Canada.

Canadian Pacific

World's Greatest Travel System... EMPRESS LINERS TO EUROPE AND ORIENT ... CRUISES ... TRANS-CANADA LIMITED ... BANFF SPRINGS ... CHATEAU FRONTENAC

Pierce-Arrow owns this

Known to No Other Motor Car —American or Foreign

PIERCE-ARROW goes back for nearly three decades—and finds ownership among distinguished people from the very beginning.

In 1901, the name was one of social importance. In 1929, Pierce-Arrow means even more. It has the honor of a rare quality sustained over the years.

Pierce-Arrow, this season, chooses to portray the lineage of its new Straight Eight. And no other automobile can exhibit a family portraiture so patrician.

There has never been a car which so remarkably combines bigness and power and fleetness with slenderness and luxury and grace.

Arriving at the psychological moment, this new creation of Pierce-Arrow forever obsoletes the bulky and the cumbersome—and opens a new chapter in fine car history.

In 1915, Adolph Treidler portrayed this scene as one that set apart New York's Fifth Avenue as the world's most fashionable thoroughfare. The church is Saint Thomas'. The car is Pierce-Arrow.

PIERCE

The Superb New MANOIR RICHELIEU

At Murray Bay, Province of Quebec, Canada

THIS magnificent, fireproof structure, embodying the best tradition of French architecture, will be ready to welcome you on the fifteenth of June. The Manoir will contain three hundred double rooms with bath, and will give accommodation to six hundred guests.

It is situated in the heart of the Grand Seigneurial country of the Lower St. Lawrence, Province of Quebec, in what has been described as the finest summer climate in the world. No hotel can boast more restful or more romantic setting. No part of the world can claim more invigorating, life-giving air or more mellow sunlight. Here you will find golf, tennis, swimming, horseback riding and every other sport man can wish—and health to enjoy them.

This hotel typifies all the enchantment of this beautiful country. *For full particulars, rates, etc. apply to* J. O. EVANS, *Manager of Hotels*, 715 VICTORIA SQ., MONTREAL, P.Q., CANADA.

MANOIR RICHELIEU

CANADA • STEAMSHIP • LINES

Agents in the Leading Cities of the United States and Canada

YOU have seen pictures of Seville... dull, dead things without the magic of life and blood. You have dreamed of going perhaps... but HAVE you been? ✣ Mother Spain is holding the Ibero-American Exposition at Seville and bids all to come and see... to wonder at the arts, science and achievements, of not only her own domain, but those of the Spanish Americas... Portugal, Brazil and the United States as well... 2,400 acres in area. ✣ Seville spreads out in a brilliant patchwork of palaces, markets and churches. A merry-eyed merchant shouts his wares. Food? Ah, fit for the Prophet in Paradise. You join a gay throng... you go hunting. The costumes and dresses make a pretty splash of color... and twinkling lights throw long shadows into the night. ✣ There are bull fights, carnivals, festivals ...unending in variety. You draw back in a shadowed doorway and watch it all... a life ever-changing... never still. You half shut your eyes and let the whole mad galaxy of color and mystery swim by. ✣ Seville will give you SUCH a welcome. Fullest details from the American Express and principal tourist agencies.

SEVILLE
SPAIN

The Right Hand Man *to* travelers in Europe

As the ship's gangplank goes down in the ports of foreign lands, a bustling, fascinating scene is unfolded. Foreign customs, trains, strange signs are there, uniformed officials... and, a familiar figure... an American Express man. ¶ There he is unravelling the mysteries of a foreign time table and helping others to get their train reservations. Then he speeds over to help that party of ladies who cannot understand a word the customs man says; or to assist others with hotel reservations or passports. Similar scenes happen elsewhere abroad at dozens of frontier points, piers and docks. ¶ This American Express man, together with scores of others, typifies the Helpful Hand of Service which is automatically extended to those who carry American Express Travelers Cheques. The moment you convert your money into these safe and spendable funds, you become entitled to the help, guidance and advice of these smiling sentinels of service no matter where you may be. *Issued in denominations of* $10, $20, $50 *and* $100. *Cost* 75c *for each* $100. For sale at twenty-two thousand Banks, American Express and Railway Express agencies. Merely ask for the internationally known American Express Travelers Cheques—sky-blue in color.

Steamship tickets, hotel reservations, itineraries, cruises and tours planned and booked to any part of the world by the American Express Travel Department . . .

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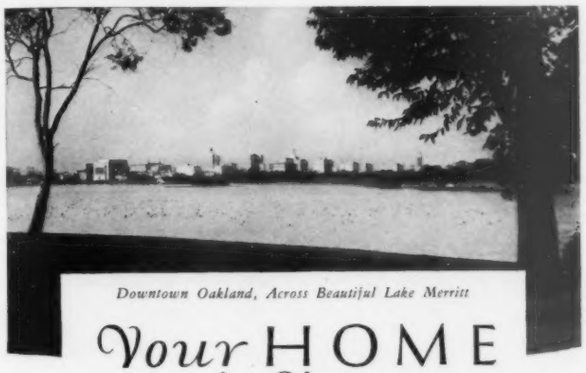
Alameda County — the Center of Scenic California



Downtown Oakland, Across Beautiful Lake Merritt

Your HOME *in the Glorious* WEST

Beautiful Homes in a Delightful Environment

BEYOND the High Sierras is a land of sunshine, singularly blest by Nature—a land of strange contrasts and delightful diversity. This land, California, fair beyond all comparison, invites you to make your home within its borders. Particularly favored as a residential area are Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda, the principal cities of Alameda County, the center of Scenic California.

Here is enjoyed an equable climate the year around, here are superior educational facilities, the great University of California, Mills College, exclusively for women; theological seminaries, a public school system ranking with the best in the country. Here is the wonderful harbor of San Francisco Bay. Here, within easy access by train or motor, are the major points of scenic and historical interest which have contributed so largely to the fame of California as a vacationland.

Within a few hours from these cities of Alameda County are the Yosemite Valley, a summer and winter playground; mile-high Lake Tahoe, a jewel with a rugged mountain setting; the cathedral-like grandeur of redwood groves; the granite-lined canyons of the Feather and American Rivers; the Russian River resorts; and 175 miles north of here in the Oroville district, lying in almost the same latitude as New York City and where the first California oranges are matured and marketed from six weeks to three months earlier than any other section of the state.

For further information write the Oakland Chamber of Commerce, requesting Booklet 17

OAKLAND
California

Answer the call of the Old World—its color, history, romance and strange beauty will enrich your memory. Let us call your special attention to our Individual Travel Service—a service that aligns itself with your own ideas, your convenience and your budget—prearranges every essential, from steamship reservation to train, airplane, automobile and hotel . . . a service that takes care of your passport, visa and baggage . . . and gives you the benefit of the 88 years of experience of our unique organization with 200 offices in Europe alone, — of our close affiliation with the Wagons-Lits Co., owners of the famous international trains de luxe in Europe, Near East, Egypt, etc.

Our Group Travel programs — escorted or unescorted — offer an almost infinite selection of itineraries of various durations—ranging from the highest kind of Luxury Tour to the economical, comfortable Popular Tour.

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REDUCED SUMMER RATES

Round trip, water and rail, $350 (up) 1st Cabin, $225 (up) Tourist. One Way, water $250 (up) 1st Cabin, $125 (up) Tourist.

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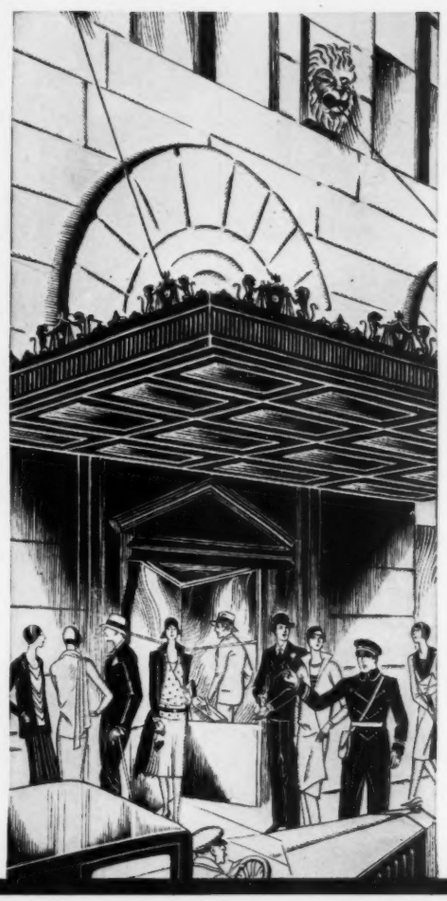
Ask about special tours arranged for the National Conventions at Los Angeles in June and July.

Apply to No. 1 Broadway, New York, 460 Market St., San Francisco, our offices elsewhere or steamship and railroad agents.

via HAVANA *and*
PANAMA CANAL

Panama Pacific Line
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

HOTEL ST. REGIS
NEW YORK



Entrance to the New Addition . . . to a greater St. Regis! Gateway to the exquisite East Lounge, polished steel and blood marble in the modern manner . . . to the Salle-Cathay, a brilliant reconception in more formal lunching and dining. Beneath, the Seaglade where dance rhythms in a gorgeous setting form a nightly gaiety to New York's smarter mandates. Above, the Addition's charming 330 rooms, with full call-button and floor-secretary service. On the Roof, another fantastic dance-setting for coming summer evenings. And pervading all, the established St. Regis graciousness itself. By-the-day accommodations at rates hitherto unavailable. Suites on short or long-term leases.

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Courtesy of German Tourist Bureau

. . . Or What About Berlin?

Modern . . . exhilarating . . . sophisticated . . . Berlin swings into her summer season . . . Have you ever dined on the Esplanade Roof, or sipped the Diminishing Privilege before dinner at the Bristol Bar. . . ? Have you watched the skies rain torrents of smart visitors at the Tempelhofer Feld . . . ?

If you're a speed maniac you can let her rip on the Avus, the most marvellous 12 mile speedway in the world, with curves banked and no traffic cops . . . If golf is your game you can play it at the modernistic little Club out Potsdam way . . . Whether you choose Wagner or the brass band in the Tiergarten, it's all one to Berlin . . . Everybody does both.

The Harper's Bazar Travel Bureau is full of information about Berlin. Its new luxurious quarters are made to take the preliminary boredom out of travel discussion. Wherever you want to go, from Iceland to Tasmania, it's so simple to ask our assistance. It is free as well as convenient. And the telephone is Regent 7160.

BARCELONA

Picturesque City of Spain!

BIRTHPLACE of romance . . . land of dreams and music—ages old, yet ever new . . . quaint customs . . . pristine splendor and magnificence . . . such is Spain . . . exotic Spain!

Broad highways that blend into fabled landscapes . . . air liners that drone through the night . . . swift railways of Continental perfection . . . all lead majestically into Barcelona.

And here amidst Spain's most picturesque setting, rise the palaces and spires of the great International Exposition of Barcelona. Eight years in the building . . . 12,000,000 square feet of splendor . . . truly a gorgeous spectacle . . . an endless variety of entertainment for the cultured, inquiring mind.

Travelling time to Barcelona

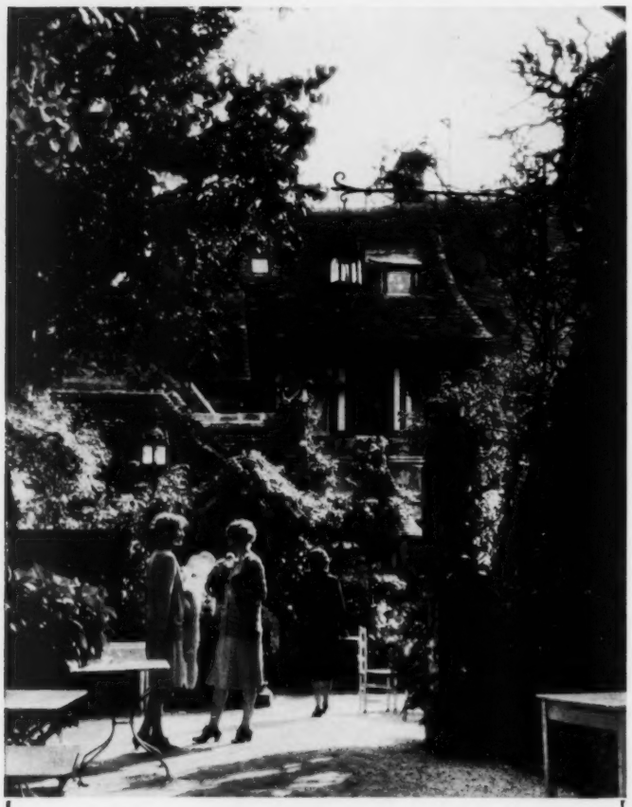
from	*train*	*air*
London	30:10 hrs.	15:25 hrs.
Paris	23:15 hrs.	10:35 hrs.
Berlin	39:00 hrs.	14:35 hrs.
Biarritz	18:00 hrs.	6:55 hrs.

From May to December this Exposition will be the centre of the world's interest in art, science, industry, commerce, education, and sports.

For information apply to any Tourist Bureau.

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION BARCELONA

1 MAY 9 TO 2 DECEMBER 9



To dine at Guillaume Le Conquerant . . .

Hurry to Europe . . .

M'sieu Paul . . . that particular *poulet* and that particular trout from the fresh water tank . . . they cannot wait forever . . . especially if you want to go on to the Deux Perdrix in Dijon, where you can eat partridge or escargots to your heart's content . . . or if the Colombe d'Or at St. Paul du Var is having its usual miraculous way with lobsters.

Hurry to Europe . . . en route you need not suffer impatience . . . Poularde Metternich à la Cunard suggests that M'sieu Paul, domiciled between Cabourg and Deauville, may be a plural gentleman . . . And Cunard shoots its partridge in Britain, in France and in Hungary . . . while Homard Cardinal, although it may make you homesick for St. Paul du Var, consoles you because it is a Cunard specialty . . . served at no extra charge . . . and because you are eating it in delightful company . . . on the shortest way over to Europe's particularly famous restaurants.

TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND

MAURETANIA	May 1	May 22	June 12
AQUITANIA	May 8	May 29	June 19
BERENGARIA	May 15	June 5	June 26

CUNARD LINE

See Your Local Agent

THE SHORTEST BRIDGE TO EUROPE

SAN REMO
(Italian Riviera)
CASINO MUNICIPALE
OPEN ALL THE YEAR
Roulette and Trente & Quarante with the highest maximum in the world.

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The smartest resorts in the world . . . are not the most expensive

If you're the average man, accustomed to American prices . . . you're apt to leave the smartest resorts on this side of the Atlantic outside your calculations. . . . But French resorts offer a far more brilliant picture . . . at prices you can easily afford. . . . Le Touquet . . . international chic at a beach that owes its reputation to the Prince of Wales. . . . Deauville . . . where *tout Paris* spends hectic week-ends. . . . Dinard . . . a lovely curving shoreline for the bather, rocks for the artist, the casino for everybody . . . the smartest *plage* in Brittany. . . . La Baule . . . ten miles from St. Nazaire, crowded with gay Parisians who adore the beach, the pine woods, the tennis and the dancing. . . . Biarritz . . . the sponsor of the suntan mode and every important fashion in sports clothes . . . the starting point for the auto-car service over the Route des Pyrenees. . . . Cannes . . . the southern capital of chic, the centre of smart Riviera life. . . . Monte Carlo . . . where all the world comes for the ultimate thrill.

Information and literature on request

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"*The* Cascade"

San Francisco · Portland · Seattle

San Francisco—with all California nearby. Portland—and the "Evergreen Playground of the Pacific Northwest". And in between—the 22 smooth, speeding hours of the superb "*Cascade*".

This swift-coursing conqueror of the rugged Cascade range is color-bearer for Southern Pacific's spectacular SHASTA ROUTE. When you go West by northern lines or by Southern Pacific's southern or central routes, and return by northern rails, it is through the "*Cascade's*" gleaming windows that you see Northern California and Oregon.

Same fine appointments as grace the leaders on Southern Pacific's other three routes—"*San Francisco Overland Limited*", "*Golden State Limited*" and "*Sunset Limited*". Rooms en suite, if desired; club car, barber, valet, shower; ladies' lounge with maid and shower; unsurpassed dining-car service.

Southern Pacific

Four Great Routes

Please write your address and name below, tear off and mail it to E. W. CLAPP, 310 S. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, for free, interesting book with illustrations and animated maps, "*How Best to See the Pacific Coast*".

MAKE THAT DREAM COME TRUE!

"The Voyage of Your Dreams"

A TURBANED head and a twisted smile. The throbbing beat of a drum . . . murmuring the pent-up passion of the far East. Dancers swaying in amber-scented air. The modern world is far away . . . forgotten. Here is the Orient . . . to be tucked away in your mind . . . to imprison in your trunk, if your purse permits. Batiks and brass . . . curious beads and carved bells . . . jade, silks and embroidery. Carried in sedans by Tibetans . . . drawn in rickishas by bronze men in Korea . . . enchanted by a picturesque Javanese boatman . . . you pass through a maze of color and beauty. 33 countries! More places than on any other cruise . . . over 38,000 miles . . . 140 happily planned days, for to see the world one must not rush. And lucky you . . . on the Seventh

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QUEEN OF CRUISING STEAMERS
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from the World's most Famous Train

Ten o'clock in the morning at King's Cross Station, London, is a thrilling moment...for the "Flying Scotsman" leaves for Edinburgh.

Out of London town winds this famous train, through a delightful English countryside teeming with literary and historic tradition; through the Turner landscapes of Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire; past the land of the Pilgrims, where the American nation was conceived; skirting the magic river Ouse; over the Yorkshire Moors and Dales; through York and Durham; and across the Scottish border to the wild beauty of the Highlands.

The "Flying Scotsman" traverses the charming Eastern counties of England...the Cathedral line. The pageantry of mediaeval and modern England glides by without...and within every innovation of the 20th century. Louis XVI restaurant, barber shop, electric cooking, retiring room for ladies. Every weekday from both London and Edinburgh on the stroke of ten.

Write for free illustrated booklet No. 38, describing the wonders of this fascinating trip

H. J. KETCHAM, *General Agent*,
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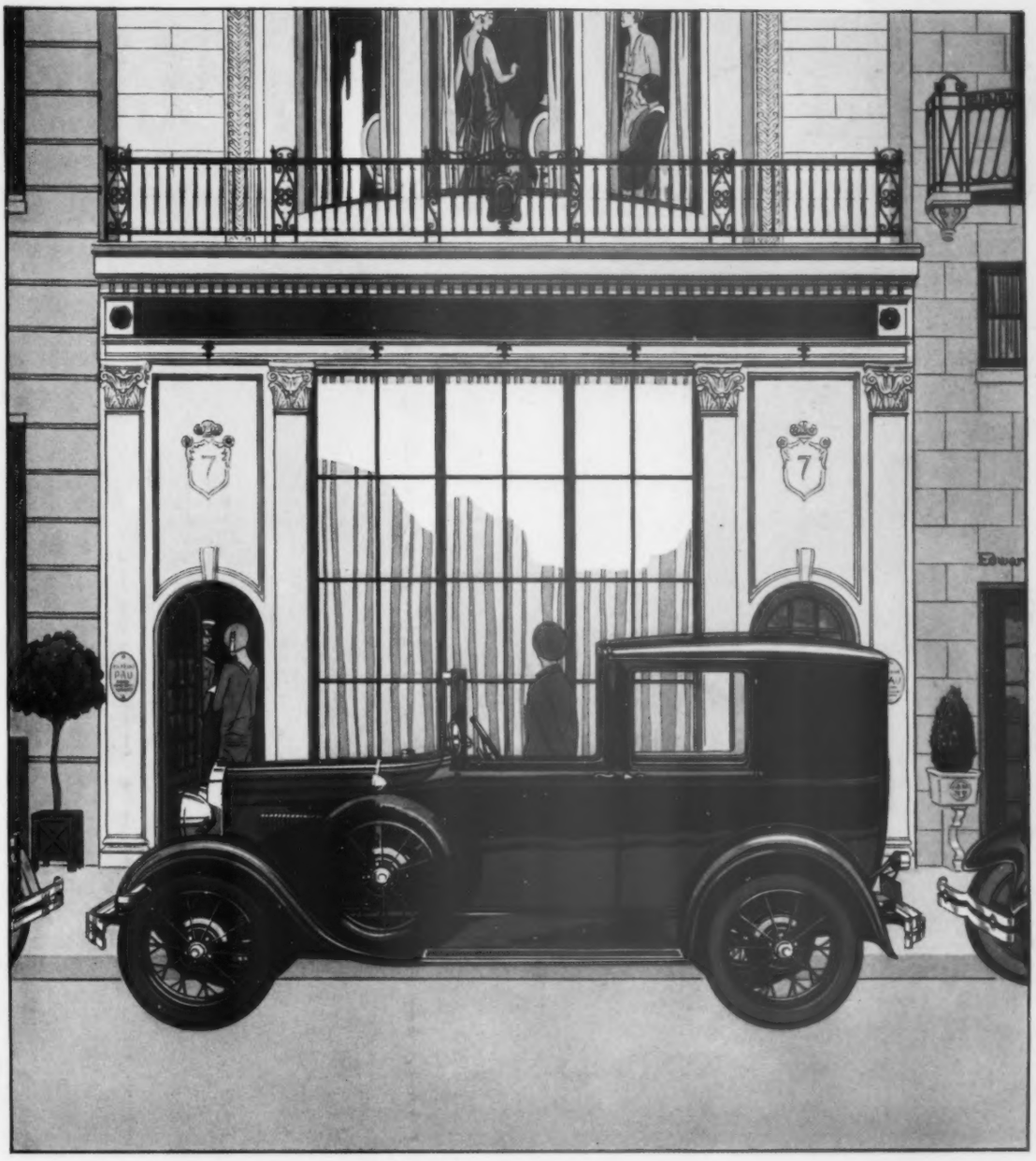
London
and North Eastern
Railway
OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND



The New Ford Town Car

THE new Ford Town Car is formal in appearance, with extremely precise lines. It is a personal car of intimate size, delightful convenience and unquestioned taste.

The body is custom-designed and finished in a choice of colors—new, in the modern mode, yet quietly restrained in tone. The back is square-cornered, in the Continental manner, with French landau leather rear quarters and rear panel.

Interior trimming is of English Bedford cords or French broadcloths—optional with the purchaser. The seat in the rear compartment is upholstered in the fashionable plain panel style, deeply cushioned and comfortable. Hardware is of distinctive scroll design, enameled to match the lining cloth. Accoutrements of the rear compartment include a vanity case mirror and notebook, clock, electric cigarette lighter and ash tray, center bow light and silk robe rail. Arm rests and individual hassocks are other pleasing features.

The chauffeur's compartment is upholstered in black leather and is separated from the passenger compartment by a glass partition, with sliding center window.

Triplex shatter-proof glass is used throughout the new Ford Town Car—for the windows and front glass partition, as well as the windshield. The transverse springs and four Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers give unusual riding comfort. The price is $1400, f.o.b. Detroit, Michigan.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

World Cruise

And then, there are those who would never, never cruise unless Cairo meant a party at Shepheard's, and Peking provided American motor-cars out to the Temple of Heaven ... unless the pick of Hindu servants attended them across India, and there was the right word to the right places in Shanghai. They would want caviar in the Red Sea, and broccoli with Hollandaise in the Indian Ocean ... with a French chef presiding over the feast in Bangkok. A period suite as shipboard-home would be quite essential to happiness, with bath à la Crane. While the shipboard company should include at least 12 experts at contract, an assortment of dancing partners, and exponents of English in its best Oxford, Harvard and Leland Stanford varieties.

With such a setting, a cruise would be a thrill ... in fact, the longest, completest, most enduring thrill of all.

It is exactly to such specifications that Canadian Pacific has planned this newer, more sophisticated Round-the-entire-World Cruise. It sails from New York next December 2 ... 137 days ... on the Empress of Australia. From $2000.

What could the intriguing details be? If you have a good travel agent, ask him. Information also from any Canadian Pacific office. New York, Chicago, Montreal and 30 other cities in United States and Canada.

Canadian Pacific

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AND THE CONTINENT
via the
SOUTHERN ROUTE

Where sunny days and silvery nights bathe the decks.

Regular Sailings Direct to Italy

NAPLES—GENOA

ROMA . . . May 18, June 22, July 27
AUGUSTUS June 1, July 6, Aug. 17

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by the new luxurious sister ships

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James Borings 2nd Annual
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$550 up, First Class Only

SPECIALLY chartered White Star Line S. S. "Calgaric" sails from New York June 29 to Iceland, Midnight Sun Land, Norway's Fjords, every Scandinavian capital, Gotland and Scotland. Rates include shore trips and stopover tickets. Membership limited to 480. One management throughout by American cruise specialists.

5th Annual Mediterranean Cruise, Feb. 15

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EUROPE CRUISE June 29 ss. "LANCASTRIA"
CUNARD LINE, 52 days, $600 to $1300
Spain Tangier, Algiers, Italy, Riviera, Sweden, Norway, Edinburgh, Trossachs, Berlin (Paris, London, Rhine, etc.). Hotels, drives, fees, etc. included.
Mediterranean Cruise, Jan. 29, $600 up
Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.

A VILLA in Florence, a shooting lodge in the Highlands, a house in London for the season, a farmhouse in Brittany, or a bungalow in Honolulu—you can have a home abroad, ready for you when you arrive. How? The Travel Bureau can tell you of an agency that rents comfortable homes all over the globe, adapted to American requirements. Write or call, and we will gladly send you an illuminating booklet.

HARPER'S BAZAR TRAVEL BUREAU
572 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK

IN THE DANGEROUS AGE
DOLDRUMS?

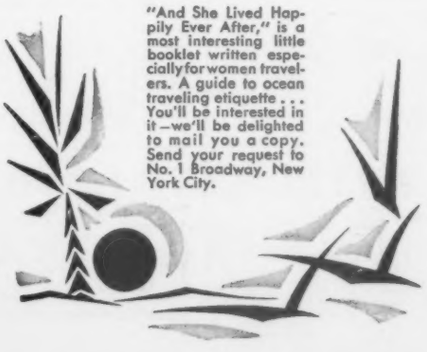
NOT wrinkles 'round the eyes or gray hair mark your age half so much as your point of view. It's dangerous when you get the wall-flower complex and don't dance because you think no one wants you to—and feel old and grumpy—and not particularly up to doing things.

The modern 'fountain of youth' is in a trip to Europe aboard any White Star, Red Star or Atlantic Transport liner. It completely transforms one. For, these are the ships that women the world over travel on when they go alone. The service—the cuisine—the companion travelers—all contribute to making you feel years younger.

The sea—the air—then, Paris or London or the Continent completes the change. For what feminine heart could fail to beat quicker beneath the chic of a Paris creation or a London sports costume? And, who could help feeling in tune with vivacious France? You'll certainly come back home with renewed interest—a new and charming person.

WHITE STAR LINE
RED STAR LINE · ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

No. 1 Broadway, New York, our offices elsewhere or authorized steamship agents.



"And She Lived Happily Ever After," is a most interesting little booklet written especially for women travelers. A guide to ocean traveling etiquette . . . You'll be interested in it—we'll be delighted to mail you a copy. Send your request to No. 1 Broadway, New York City.

To see the *unusual* . . .
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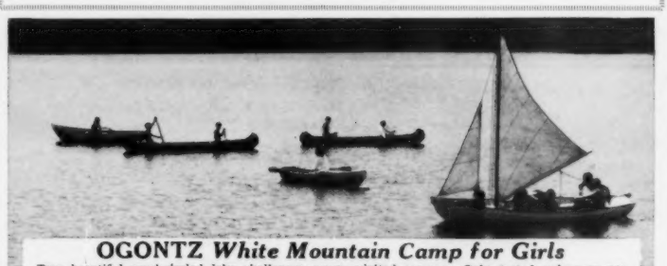

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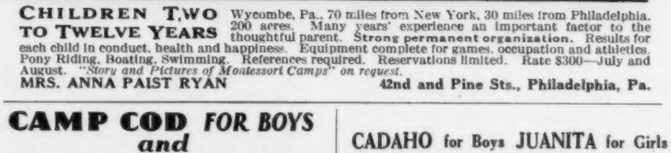

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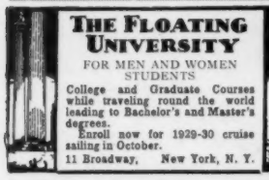

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for MAY 1929

WEDNESDAY, MAY 1—Philadelphia Indoor Horse Show, Philadelphia, Pa. To continue through May 4.

THURSDAY, MAY 2—Charity Carnival, "Aztec Gold", at Madison Square Garden, in aid of Judson Health Center.

FRIDAY, MAY 3—Dance by the Friday Evening dancing class in Washington, D. C.

Wedding of Miss Helen Kingsbury Curtis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Kingsbury Curtis of No. 126 East Sixty-second street, to Herbert Pelham Curtis, in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church.

SATURDAY, MAY 4—Dance by the Army and Navy Juniors in Washington, D. C.

Wedding of Miss Jean Stafford Macwatty, daughter of Mrs. Charles Macwatty of Montclair, to Harold Conger Strait, in the Union Congregational Church, Montclair.

MONDAY, MAY 6—Coffee dance at the Cosmopolitan Club.

TUESDAY, MAY 7—Presentation of "Peter Pan", with Eva Le Gallienne, at the Hollis Street Theatre, Boston, Mass., under the auspices of the Nursery Training School.

THURSDAY, MAY 9—First Royal Court of the season at Buckingham Palace, London, England.

Hartford Cavalry Horse Show at Hartford, Conn. To continue through May 11.

SATURDAY, MAY 11—Wedding of Miss Helen Phelps Hoyt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sherman Hoyt of No. 1 Sutton Place, to Dr. Byron Stookey, at "Shennamere", the country home of the bride's parents in Darien, Conn.

Varsity Freshmen Navy-Syracuse regatta at Annapolis.

Wedding of Miss Mabel Rantoul and Richard L. Bowditch at Emmanuel Church, Boston, Mass.

Wedding of Miss Julia B. Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin S. Smith of Montclair, to James Lloyd Berrall in the First Congregational Church, Montclair. Reception to follow in the guild room of the Church.

TUESDAY, MAY 14—Wedding of Miss Margaret M. Schniewind, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schniewind, of No. 8 East Seventy-ninth street, to Julian Carr Stanley, in the chapel of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's parents.

THURSDAY, MAY 16—National Capital Horse Show at Washington, D. C. To continue through May 18.

Wedding of Miss Carol Bigelow Cypiot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Cypiot of Bellport, L. I., to Wallen J. Haenlein at Sherry's. Reception to follow.

FRIDAY, MAY 17—Opening of racing season at Belmont Park.

Subscription dance under the direction of Miss Peggy Creighton in Boston, Mass.

Annual Spring ball at the Bellevue Stratford in Philadelphia, Pa.

SATURDAY, MAY 18—Wedding of Miss Ruth Rickaby, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton C. Rickaby of No. 17 East Eighty-fourth street, to Louis J. Darmstadt, in the chapel of St. Bartholomew's. Reception to follow at Sherry's.

Wedding of Miss Mary R. Cater, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Douglas A. Cater of East Orange, to Kenneth Fisk in Grace Episcopal Church, Orange. Reception to follow at the Rock Spring Country Club, West Orange.

Wedding of Miss Margaret Bowdirch, to Richard S. Paige in the first Parish Church Brookline, Mass.

Wedding of Miss Anne Wetherill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wetherill of "Mount Airy", Philadelphia, Pa., to William Henry Parker, Jr., in the Union Church, Audubon, Pa.

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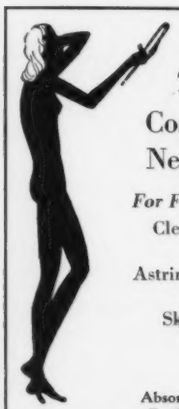

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made to measure by

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SOCIAL CALENDAR

for MAY 1929

(*Continued*)

MONDAY, MAY 20—Wedding of Miss Helena Ogden daughter of Charles W. Ogden, to Cesar de Gersdorff in the chapel of St. James' Church. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's father, No. 14 East Seventy-ninth street.

TUESDAY, MAY 21—Dog Show under the auspices of the Southern Chow Chow Club at Baltimore, Md.

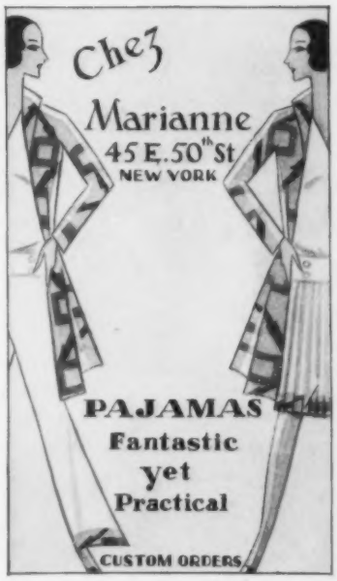
FRIDAY MAY 24—Commencement exercises of the Spence School at the Hotel Plaza.

SATURDAY, MAY 25—Wedding of Miss Dorothy Weld, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Winsor Weld, of Chestnut Hill, Mass., to Arthur Edward G. Grannis, Jr., in Brookline, Mass.

Wedding of Miss Julie E. Cover, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cover, Jr., of Bryn Mawr, Pa., to Alfred G. Muench.

TUESDAY, MAY 28—Wedding of Miss Kathleen Baker, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Worthington Bull of No. 171 East Sixty-second street, to Louis Starr, in Grace Church.

THURSDAY, MAY 30—Wedding of Miss Sylvia Hathaway Hitch, daughter of Allerton Delano Hitch of South Orange, N. J., to Lawrence Clark Marshall, in the Church of the Holy Communion South Orange. Reception to follow at the home of the bride's father.



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How many times you hear smart women comparing names of their favorite shops—in Paris, in London, in New York.

The most interesting ones are sometimes more elusive, in New York, where there seem to be a million tiny "houses."

From our vantage point on Madison Avenue at the corner of 56th Street, we survey the scene where there are located some of the smartest shops in New York. And occasionally we like to mention one that is outstanding in its appeal to the discriminating women who read Harper's Bazar.

By a new process of hand-blocking, unusual silks are made, and from these silks, unusual pajamas are made at Chez Marianne, 45 E. 50th Street. There is a versatile four-piece ensemble combining jumper, trousers, jacket, and skirt.

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Our service is not a rumour. It's a fact. Don't stifle a yearning for pigskin and woodsy tweeds for golf in Scotland. Don't let plans for a Court Gown keep you awake. Call on Harper's Bazar at 175 Piccadilly for inside information on shopping in London. As for our Paris office, 15 rue de la Paix, it can give you points on anything from hem-lines to escargots, and does. And the main artery, the Harper's Bazar Travel Bureau in New York, has become the chief objective for the smart American travelling world. It's so luxurious . . . so convenient . . . so infallibly useful.

Above you see the home of Harper's Bazar. High on the eleventh floor is the Travel Bureau. Seat yourself at your ease—let the smart places of the world be spread on paper before you. Just remember the magic numbers—572 Madison Avenue—and Regent 7160.

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Concerning the Courts

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Announcements of some of the foremost court dressmakers appear on these pages. Additional information will be gladly given at the Harper's Bazar London office, 175, Piccadilly.

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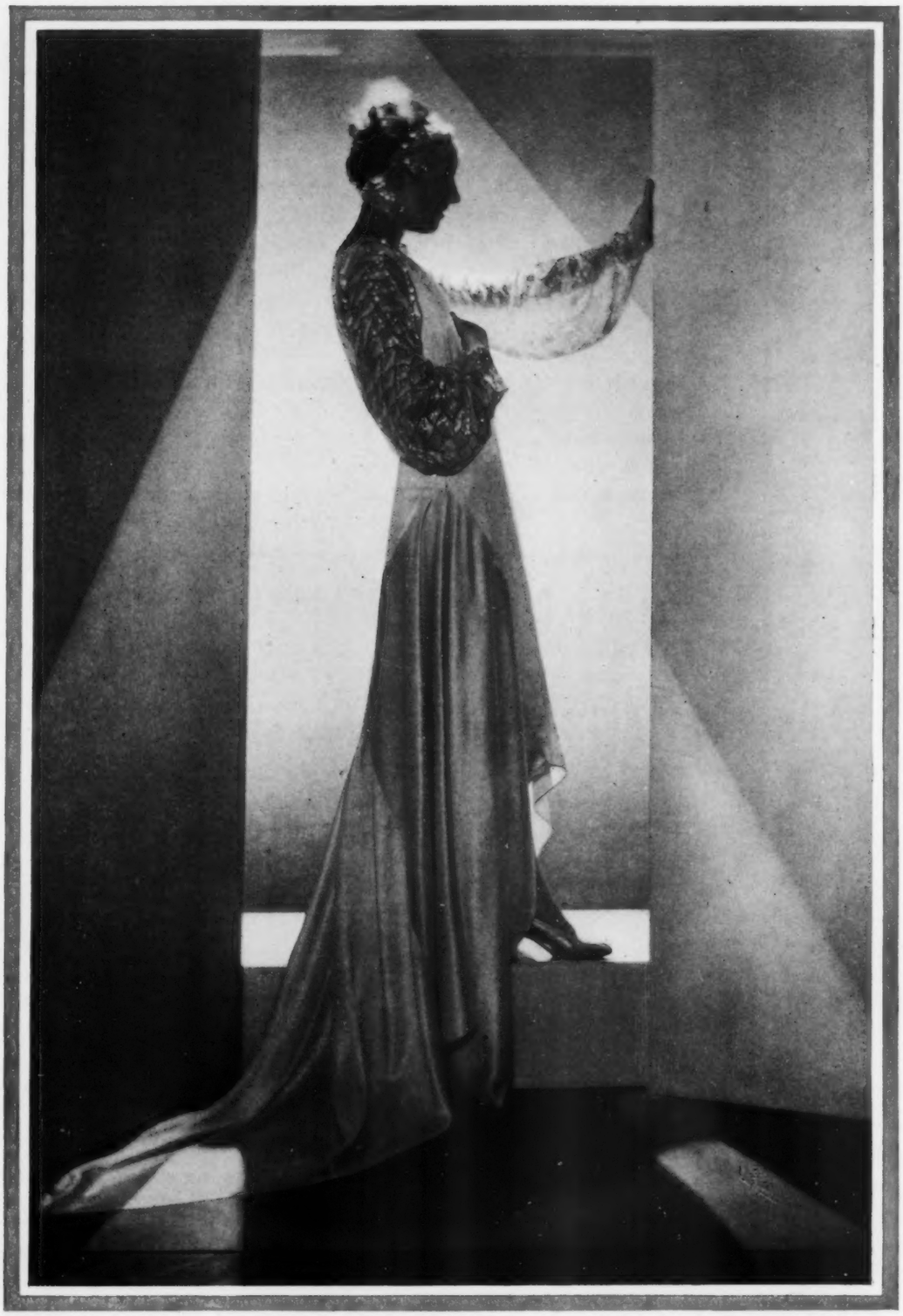

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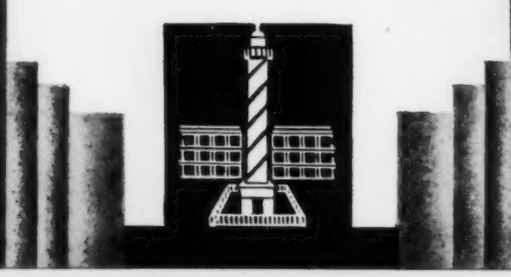

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Whitman's Candy ... opp. 65

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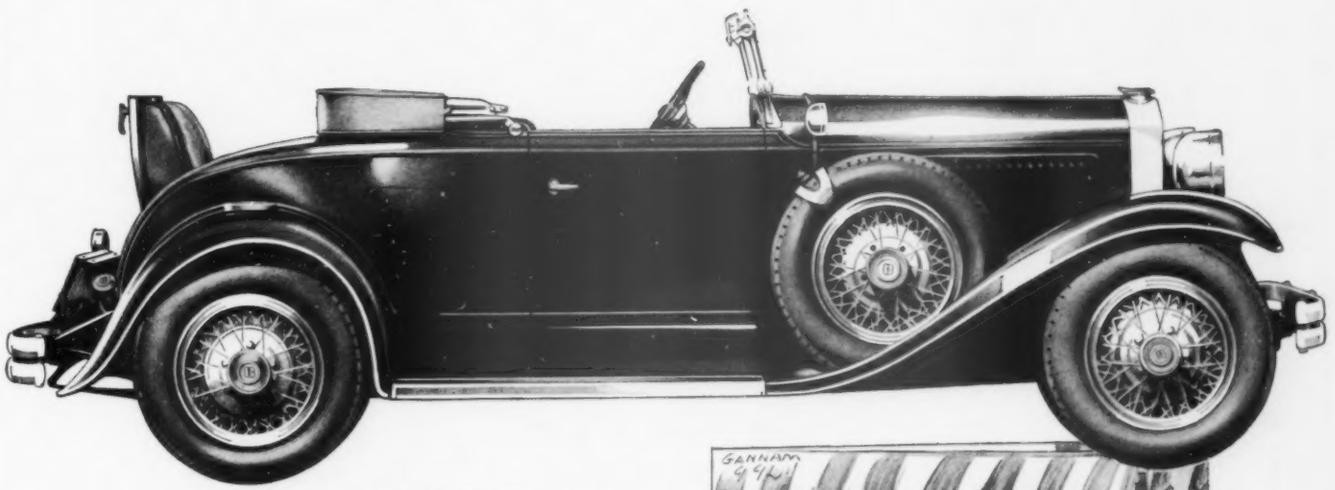

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The World's Largest Producers of Ladies' Hand Bag Frames

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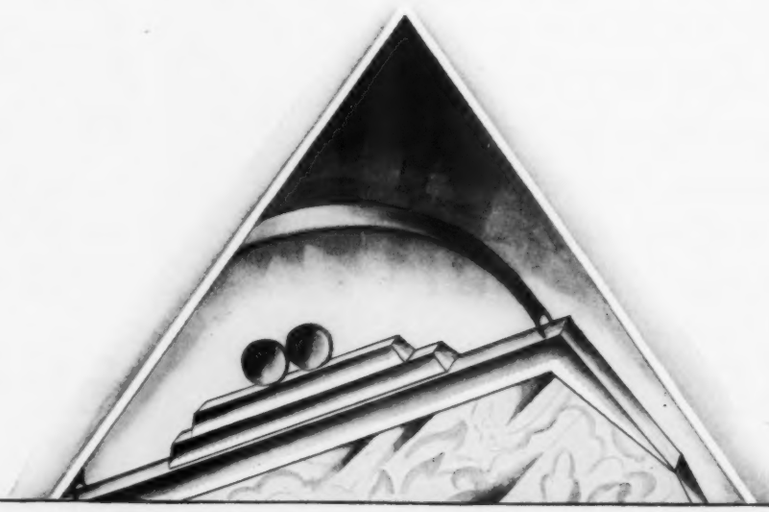

A PAGEANT OF FASHION FULFILLMENT

Our Spring Collection is a pageant of forecast, inasmuch as Paris works with us and accepts our psychology of the smart American. The season's hats were designed in Paris salons under the direction of our own expert. We have elevated the evening gown to a newer simplicity . . . we have sensed the day dress as the ideal vehicle for trim demureness . . . we have prophesied the return to the higher waistline and the becoming Rembrandtesque ruchings at the neck and wrist, as being the logical nineteen-twenty-nine reaction of the Younger Set . . . In the choice of printed chiffons . . . in the emphasis of mousseline softness on plain black satin . . . and in the hint of graceful panier effects for the dignified woman's dinner dress, we are proving our knowledge of what Paris means, and of our own influence on the American vogue.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

FIFTH AVENUE at 58th
NEW YORK

KNAPP·FELT HATS FOR WOMEN

Every year with the bluebirds and crocuses comes a new Knapp-Felt Skylark hat····and now, the Skylark Esplanade with its gaily harmonizing Skylark trim····daintily fashioned by hand! A wealth of Spring colorings in all sizes.

THE CROFUT AND KNAPP COMPANY · 620 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

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HARPER'S BAZAR

Number 2599 63rd Year

MAY 1929

Early Summer Fashions Number

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HARFORD POWEL, Jr., author of "The Virgin Queene", has written another sparkling novel called "Married Money", which will appear serially in Harper's Bazar, beginning in June. In the same issue will be short stories by Richard Le Gallienne, Robert Emmet Sherwood and Isabel Leighton, and Nancy Hoyt's serial, "Bright Intervals", and the reminiscences of the Duchess of Sermoneta will be continued.

In the fashion pages, you will find clothes for sports wear, for a summer travel wardrobe, and many new hats, all from Paris. From New York there will be bathing suits and dresses for active sports. The newest ways of arranging hair will be illustrated.

Published monthly by Harper's Bazar, Inc., 572 Madison Avenue, New York City.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, President — FREDERIC DRAKE, Vice-President — AUSTIN W. CLARK, Treasurer — FRANKLIN COE, Secretary

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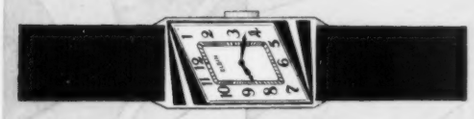
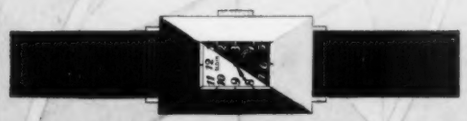


And this by the famed house of Premet . . $35



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Navy blue enamel adorns this Parisienne . . $35

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You are buying a watch for your wrist? Why be content with anything but the smartest thing . . . the true Parisian style? . . . Would you like your watch done by the famous Madame Charlotte, directrice of the Maison Premet? Charlotte's watch tops the panel of Parisiennes shown to your left . . . a lovely bit of chic metal and enamel with a diagonal dial. A perfect timekeeper . . . and in perfect taste . . . smart for long, long years to come . . . Or Lucien Lelong's model right beneath it, half black, half white, one of a series of six designed by this luminary of the Paris Grande Couture. All of them are represented . . . and still more. You can hardly name an important creator in Paris who hasn't designed cases for the ELGIN Parisienne Series. And every Parisienne lives up to the ELGIN tradition of flawless, faithful timekeeping. Cased and timed by ELGIN, and each guarded by our famous guarantee. Plain cases or cases enamelled in all the modish colors. And all are but $35 except one model which has a special silken thong instead of the conventional ribbon . . . and that one is $37.50. Elgin watches are American made . . . completely. Paris on the face of it, but a true American watch at heart.

ELGIN

FLASHES FROM CANNES AND PARIS

A DASHING car draws up to the curb. I see a vivid face at the window. I call, ecstatically, "You! Just the person I most wanted to see! When did you land?" "This morning; Jane is still at the dock, flirting with the ragpickers. Get in! I'll drive you anywhere."

I climb in, eagerly. "Now quick!" I say. "Out of all the new clothes in Paris, what were the high peaks?"

"Oh, my dear, there was so much! Fashions are entrancing! I dined at Ciro's the night before I sailed and the dazzle of the women's satin gowns nearly injured my eyes. So many white satin frocks and pearls and diamonds! One impertinently smart woman wore a white satin gown with long sleeves and a belt of gold leather at the natural waist-line, gold cloth sandals and bag, and a coat of heavy white satin without a vestige of fur. Her jewelry was of opaque crystal.

"So many women wore jackets to complete their gowns, or three-quarter coats. For example, there was a large print chiffon frock in gray, blue and white, dipping in the back. This was worn with a three-quarter coat in the same colors with long scarf ends.

"One gown of middle blue georgette was worn with a three-quarter coat trimmed with soft bows, and there was a midnight blue georgette with a matching three-quarter length coat."

"How do the long skirts look on the dance floor?"

"Enchanting! The dignity of them is a joy. You should have seen one handsome dark woman in a straight cloth-of-silver coat, with an immense black fox collar, a white satin gown trailing on one side, black slippers, a large black handkerchief and a black antelope bag.

"Then another, in heavy black satin, with her dipping skirt lined in orange pink and a matching flower in the tip of the V in the back."

"Were slippers discreet?"

"Very! They either matched dark gowns, or were mastic or silvery with light ones. One white satin pair flashed red heels, and, worn with a gown of white satin, were matching red accessories."

"Does anyone wear those fascinating lace gloves?"

"Yes, Mrs. Reginald Fellowes wore them at Monte Carlo."

"What was *the* color scheme at Cannes?"

"To combine two, three or four colors. For example black, beige and yellow, or green, brown, white and beige. Your color theme may be subdued or brilliant."

"Hats, my dear?"

"Oh, piratical! Vagabonds are with us and the chic of the meticulously picturesque. It's all delightfully refreshing!"

"I must hop out now. Thanks so much. Do call me up soon. Good-by!"

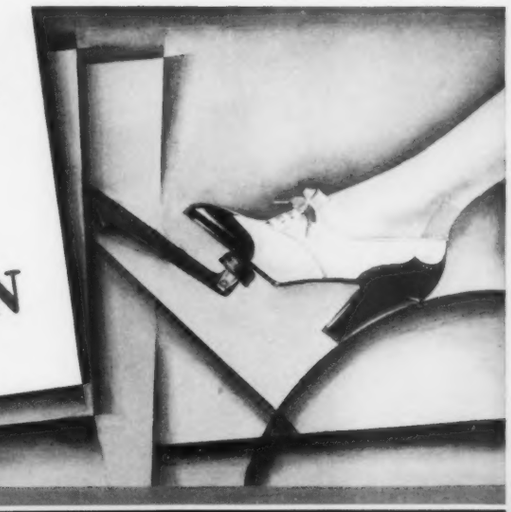
"Au revoir!"

KATHLEEN HOWARD

Drawing by
H. Tempest Graves

PAY special attention to your girdle and brassière this season. The long line to the knee, the welcome youthfulness of a high placed belt, both demand unbroken grace of silhouette and the gentle insistence of sustained support to the figure. Emaciation is a thing of the past; rounded slenderness the ideal figure. Wear the new clothes with joy in the surety of your grace of line.

THE FINEST TYPE OF CENTRALIZED CHASSIS LUBRICATION



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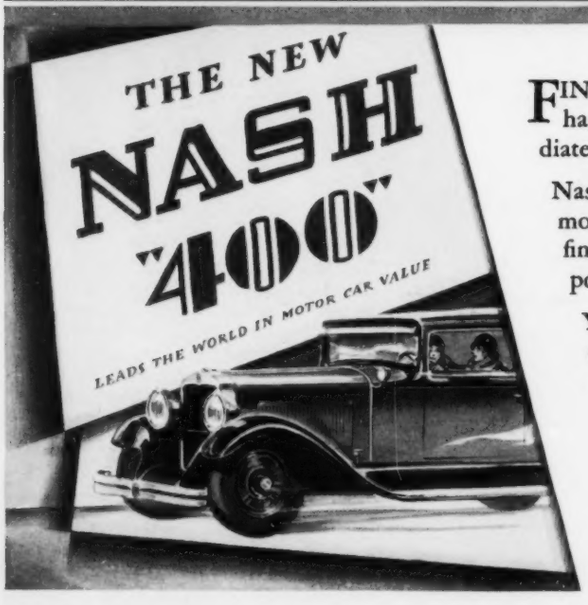
NASH "400"

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE



FINALLY, a system of centralized chassis lubrication has been perfected which operates easily, immediately, and invariably.

Nash now offers it on every Advanced and Special model of the new "400" series . . . Nash-Bijur . . . the finest device ever produced to supply chassis bearing points with necessary lubrication.

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Nash-Bijur centralized lubrication does away with all the bother and expense of old-fashioned chassis greasing. Press the pedal once a day, lubrication follows. Chassis squeaks are avoided, chassis wear is prevented . . . when you drive the new and finer Nash "400."

Hosiery that Speaks for Itself

NO words could be as colorful and alluring as the new sunburn and cosmetic shades of Humming Bird Full Fashioned Hosiery. No phrases could be as fine-spun as their fabric; no sentences as smartly sophisticated as their heel lines.

Humming Bird's immense popularity is not due to persuasive language but to the exclusive charm and lure of the hosiery itself.

We buy the highest grade of raw silk obtainable and spin the thread ourselves to assure a clear, even texture. The hose are unusually long; hems and soles are exceptionally narrow; reinforcements and run-stops are invisible. Colors are sanctioned by our Paris representative. Styles are developed for all occasions—Chiffon, Service Sheer and Service Weights; Picot Edge and Plain Hems; French, Tailored and our exclusive Concave Pointed Heels . . . And, Humming Birds are moderately priced.

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THE SMARTNESS OF YOUTH—THE SPLENDOR OF ROYALTY

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FOR MORNING ~ NOON ~ EVENING WEAR

A Loving Thought for Mother

Back of the gift is the giver.

It's the loving thought that mother craves, whether it be expressed in a diamond or a box of chocolates.

If you choose chocolates, select the same assortment you give the debutante—Whitman's Sampler. Mother will appreciate your thought.

The symbolism of the package expresses the beauty of Mother's Day. Starting with a quaint and quiet sentiment, the Sampler has acquired a particular and special niche in the regard of candy-lovers.

It is not merely "a box of candy," it is a message, a token, a fit symbol of "a loving thought for mother."

Order it early from the Whitman agent near you—usually the leading drug store. He gets his supplies *direct* from Whitman's.

An added touch of sentiment is the special wrap for Mother's Day illustrating—*"A Loving Thought for Mother."*

Mother's Day
May 12, 1929

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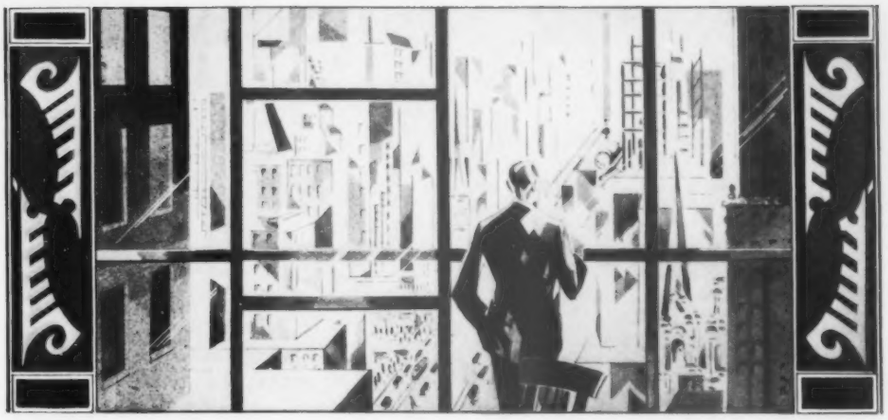


MAGIC CASEMENTS

PRACTICALLY every window in the world is a magic casement, whether it opens "on the foam of perilous seas" or on "faery lands forlorn."

I knew of a brilliant essayist once of whom it was said that he had but to look through a window to gain the material for the most beautiful prose fancy. He saw, of course, more than we ordinary mortals would have seen; yet it is possible for any of us to find new worlds beyond the tiny frame through which we look every day.

Cities, naturally, contain more scenes of action than our country districts. The pageant is forever changing; and where only yesterday there may have been a vacant space, to-morrow there will be a building full of wonder and sparkle and life. Behind every doorway, no matter how mean, there is drama; and if we do not actually see the drama, we can visualize it through our imagination.

I have been looking out of a high window at intervals for many months, here in the very heart of Manhattan; and I never weary of the changes that occur in the vista down the avenue at my feet; neither do I grow tired of the changeless walls which hem me in. The roofs below me float away like those flats near an inlet when it is low tide; but out of their monotony I gain a sense of the weariness of great cities, and the drabness and dulness of some of the lives lived beneath them. Once in a while a plain roof will blossom with life and action. Out of a scuttle emerges a black and hooded figure. At first I do not know what it can be. Then I see that it is a nun; and she begins to walk vigorously, almost rapturously, up and down on her limited territory. The streets below her are teeming with cars, trams, taxis and pedestrians. Up here she is safe, like an angel, with no traffic signals to disturb her quiet mind.

I try to figure why she is on that desolate roof. The building must be a school, or a hospital, and she, dedicated either to teaching or to nursing, comes above every afternoon for her much needed exercise. In beautiful seclusion she gets it. Only prying eyes like mine are upon her. I envy her, as we sometimes do in fleeting supreme moments of wonder, the ability to be so regular and faithful in her habits. She will be there to-morrow at four. I watch for her black cloak and white wimple. Sure enough, again she emerges, with that precision known only to those in holy orders. I determine, idly, that I could set my watch by her appearance on future days. I even venture to do so. And now I see that she is joined by other black-robed sisters, who have learned of her retreat; and I see them whispering to one another as they move back and forth, back and forth, sometimes dangerously near the edge of the roof, yet never conscious of their danger. Their poise, perhaps, has made it possible for them to be nuns, I like to think. And when they vanish, going back to their duties, I feel that their normally white faces are a little rosier; and I know that they take with them to the sick (for I have learned that the building is a hospital) some of the freshness of the sweet Spring air.

Beyond, church spires are silhouetted against the blue sky; but soon a growing skyscraper will obscure my view of these. One of the penalties of living in a city still in the throes of growing-pains. Men toss fiery brands from floor to floor of the steel skeleton that will finally be covered with stone flesh. A huge boiler is miraculously lifted to the fortieth story, on derricks incredibly strong; yet from where I watch they look like frail spider-webs, and I tremble lest they break, and fling their burden on the unknowing people in the street far below. I am like someone in the celestial regions, looking down pityingly on mortal men.

A mist comes over the city at five o'clock, and now I can scarcely see that pile of granite beauty which forms the loftiest tower in our crowded vicinity. It breaks into light. All around it other turrets, which only a little while ago were masses of steel, blossom into flowers of flame. It is as though Manhattan were holding a perpetual carnival these days; for fountains of fire are capping innumerable buildings now, and they sparkle and shine all through the night. Soon we may be satiated with the sight of so many dramatically illuminated towers; and yet I know we will not be. We will simply take them for granted, as we take our radiant shop windows, our blue skies and our lanes of endless traffic.

Who could ever weary of those diamond ropes that loop our rivers at evening? Or those pearl necklaces, flung on the velvet of the night by some careless queen, on the far side of the river? We become used to beauty—a terrible and terrifying beauty, it is true—here in wild and feverish Manhattan. But satiated? Never. As there could not be too many stars in the heavens, so there can never be too many ferryboats crawling through the darkness like golden worms. Or too many faces telling us, unwittingly, their stories; or, more often, seeking to hide them behind a masque of disdain.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

FOR THE DAY OF DAYS

PATOU makes a bridal gown of incredible loveliness in his new tulle with lace. The yoke and sleeves are tulle with lace under them; the bodice is in bands of tulle, and the lower part of the skirt in lace. The cascading veil is made of the sheerest lace, and there are flowers of nacre over the ears.

PATOU

A BRIDE IN WHITE BEAUTY

BEAUTIFUL will be the bride who wears Lanvin's white georgette gown, with embroidery of tiny white beads and silver thread. The skirt is finished in the back in five godets which are extended to form a long train. The veil is quite short, and the headdress is in tulle with the same embroidery.

LANVIN

A TROUSSEAU

BY
MARJORIE

Drawings by

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

THE trousseau is no longer the elaborate affair that it used to be in our mothers' time, but even the most modern bride, reducing her wardrobe to a minimum for an automobile honeymoon, is still delighted with the idea of buying her wedding clothes in Paris. She will order, of course, just what she needs for the kind of life that she is going to lead. That has always been the principle on which a trousseau is founded; and it is because her life has changed so radically that her outfit will be so different. "Less and more often" is the motto of the present-day wardrobe, and no one thinks nowadays in terms of "twelve dozen of everything." Even quite affluent brides used to plan to live on the made-over remains of a trousseau for years. "Making-over" is an art that has entirely disappeared from our calculations; perhaps modern materials would not stand it.

"What did you have when you were married?" I asked my mother.

LELONG

A Lelong ensemble in gray marocain, with gray georgette frock. The coat is trimmed with gray fox, called chinchilla because of the color. The cape is attached, and tied in a bow in the front. The fur band at the knees is graceful.

LELONG

Also from Lelong is this ensemble of frock and short jacket in printed crêpe de Chine, navy and white, of indefinite design. The skirt of the frock is slightly longer in the back, and fuller. The short jacket has pockets at the side.

FROM PARIS

BY
HOWARD

Reynaldo Luza

"Twelve dozen of everything," she answered, "including handkerchiefs."

"And stockings?"

"No, my stocking supply would have lasted you about a month. Stockings really *wore* in my day. I had thread ones for the daytime, woolen ones for winter, and silk ones for the evening. Six pairs, only, but they seemed to last for ever."

"And your dresses?"

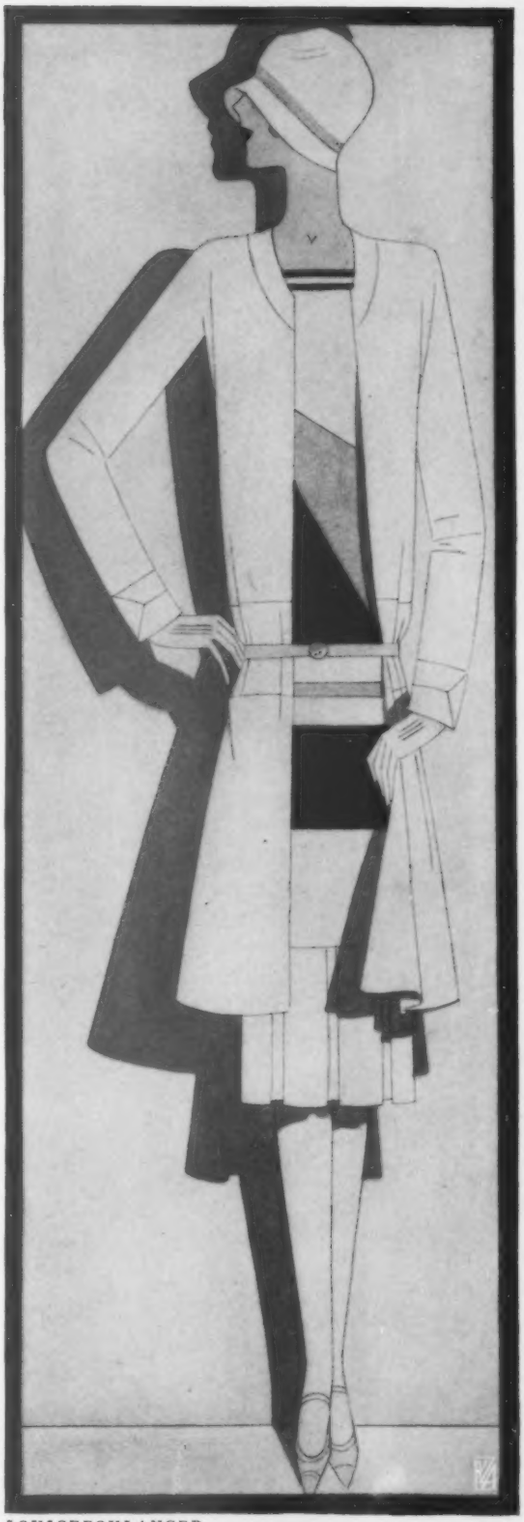
"Morning dresses, walking dresses, visiting toilets, dinner dresses, and ball-gowns."

"What was the difference between morning and walking dresses?"

"Morning dresses trailed and were frilly; walking dresses were of somewhat more solid material, and they just cleared the ground."

"And visiting toilets? What a grand name!" *(Continued on page 144)*

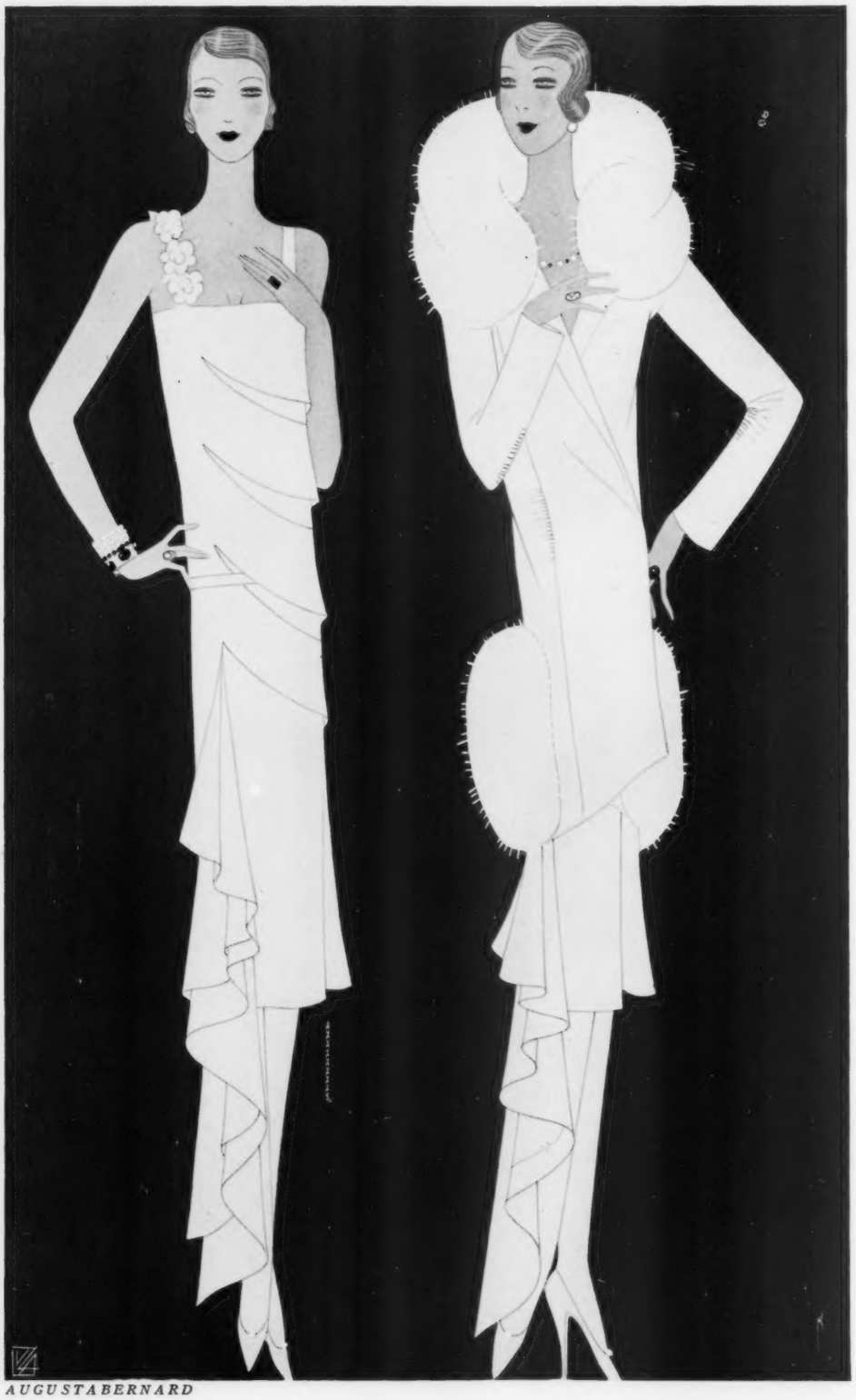
LOUISEBOULANGER



LOUISEBOULANGER

A beige tweed suit with a seven-eighths coat, open in front, another Louiseboulanger design. The blouse is the new long model in Rodier's tuslikasha, printed with yacht pennant design in two blues on beige. The skirt is plaited.

A Louiseboulanger "dressmaker" suit in printed crêpe de Chine, golden beige with a white line making a small plaid. The coat is three-quarters length, with yoke inset and bow. The frock has the long-waisted appearance of the new blouses.



AUGUSTABERNARD

WHITE IS EVER ALLURING

An evening ensemble from Augustabernard in creamy white crêpe Birman, a sort of romain. The three-quarter coat is trimmed with white fox. The gown is interestingly cut, with a godet at the side.

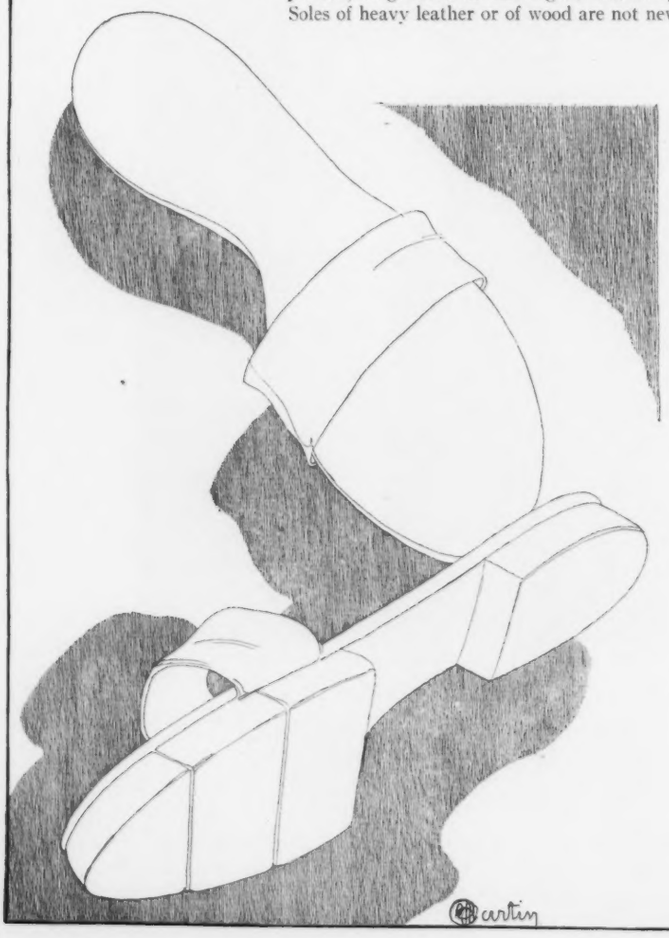
SKIRTS GAIN IN GRACE

Worth makes a lovely evening gown in black tulle, with a long-all-round skirt and slim bodice. To complete the costume, there is a little sleeveless tulle jacket finished with a tracery of strass.

Another attractive Worth model is this gown in white wedding-ring velvet. It is slim, draped to the side front, and there held by a striking ornament of black marble, a very new conception.

PARIS SHOES ARE SMART BUT SIMPLE

PERUGIA has invented a new system of shoemaking, which he has patented. The shoe is made of any material, but the sole is made of wood, sometimes lacquered in color, or in leather and aluminum. The wood or leather is in three sections running across the sole, jointed, or grooved to allow great flexibility. Soles of heavy leather or of wood are not new, but heretofore, practical leather ones have been too heavy in weight for a delicate foot, while wooden ones have been too stiff. The grooved principle allows perfect freedom to the foot, while the materials of these soles are absolutely waterproof. This system he has adapted to shoes of all kinds, even dancing sandals, but it seems particularly appropriate to beach sandals, and golf and country shoes. It is illustrated here in a beach sandal, a golf, and a walking model.



The beach sandal is in rubberized crêpe de Chine, strap and lining being of one colored or two-colored crêpe to match the bathing costume. The sole is of wood lacquered in the same color.

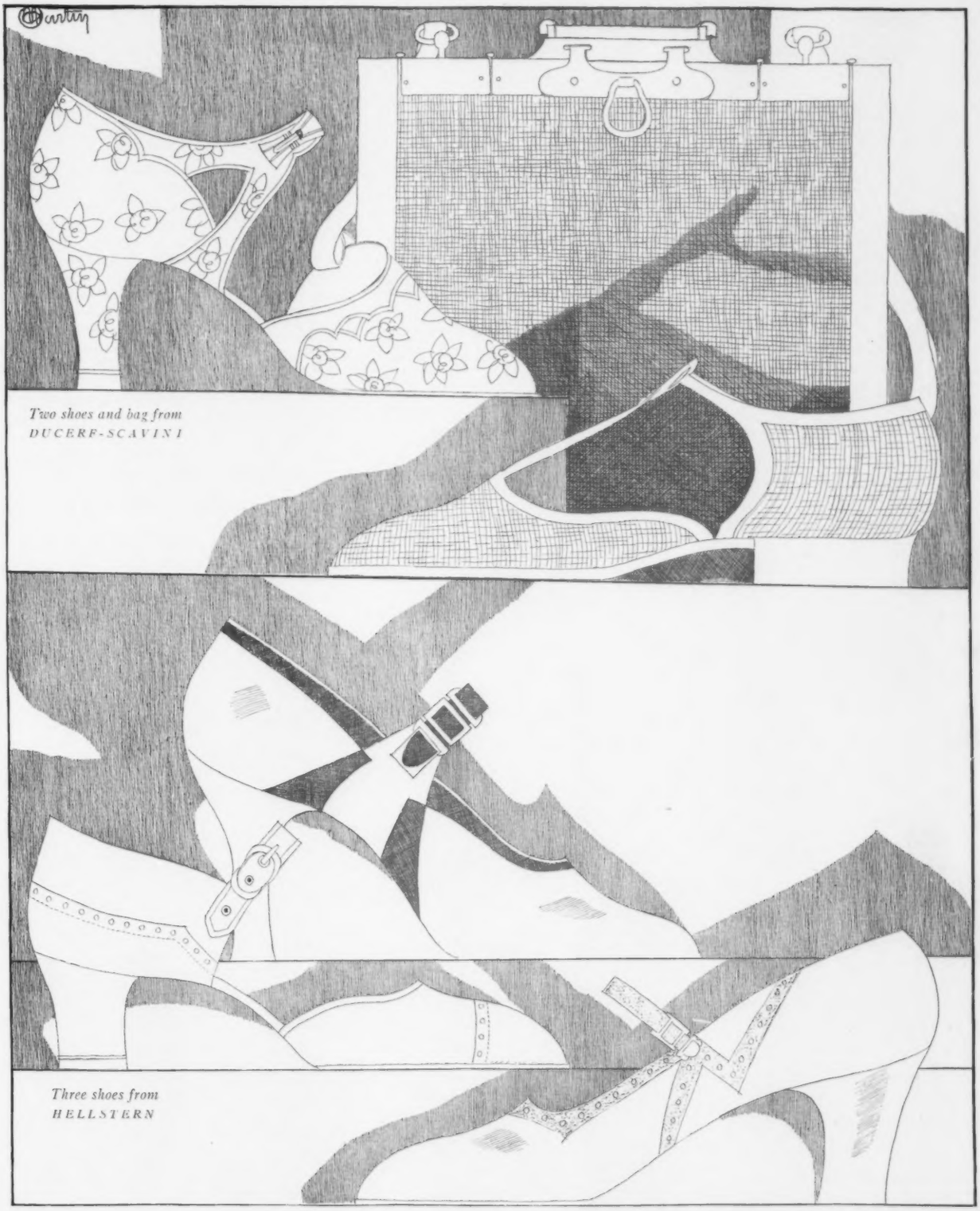
The golf shoe is in heavy brown leather, with the sectional sole in wood. This is particularly good for wet and muddy weather.

The walking sandal is in a new heavy satin, especially made for Perugia. It matches the costume in color, and is lined with silvered kid. The outer edges of the leather sole are covered with aluminum which looks like silver.

Perugia is making many sandals for spring and summer wear, and often in the beige, putty and pastel shades. Strong colors in footgear, he feels, are more appropriate for winter. Heels will continue to be about two and a quarter inches in height, but the thicker sole will tend to make a woman look taller.

On the opposite page are three new models from Hellstern and two from Ducerf-Scavini. The country or resort model from Hellstern is

Shoes on this page patented by PERUGIA



Two shoes and bag from
DUCERF-SCAVINI

Three shoes from
HELLSTERN

in white buckskin and tan leather which still remains one of the smartest types for country and resort wear. The fastening in silvered metal is new; one presses the metal flap to undo the buckle.

A new resort shoe is in écru linen canvas and coffee colored kid, trimmed with perforations. The buckle is of nickel.

The afternoon sandal—sandals will be much worn when the weather turns warm—is in brown kid trimmed with crocodile. The vamp and quarter are in kid, and the edging and strap are in brown patent leather, with the circular section and heel in crocodile.

The sports or beach model from Ducerf-Scavini is in fine Panama straw, natural color, with strap and edging of brown Russia leather, which may be in any color. The heel is low and flat. The bag is in the same straw, with a stitched border of the leather.

A new idea in evening slippers is illustrated in the other Ducerf-Scavini model. They are made of black or colored antelope very fine in quality, painted with the flowers that match the flowers on the frock. They are intended to be worn with a flowered chiffon or crêpe gown. In this case small pink roses and green leaves appear on black. The piping is in gilt kid. The buckle is in black enamel and gold, and fastens like a snow-boot.

Caught

COATS—At spring resorts, chic is largely a matter of coats.

THE TWEED COAT: Creamy, beige, or brownish, often flaked like oatmeal. Furless, smartly tailored, with belt and pockets.

Furred, with flat furs, frequently beaver or nutria, sometimes lined with fur. Some collars of spotted fur, black and white, brown and white.

THE LIGHT-WEIGHT FUR COATS: Flat smooth skins, taken from various domestic animals while they are young and innocent, shaved lamb, chevrette, young pony, baby calf. Slim, small-collared, sometimes three-quarter length.

The softer skins, especially summer ermine (some are anything but), in creamy beige, sometimes in gray.

TOWN FURS: Some breitschwanz and mink, which, on the whole, look better in town.

ENSEMBLES—Tweed ensembles, furred or furless, with jumper and skirt. Light-weight woolen materials for coats, trimmed with lynx or fox, worn over crêpe frocks, usually matching. These may be in pale colors with beige or gray fur, or in strong shades, usually with blue fox. Some ensembles in contrasting colors. Combinations of

Coral, beige and black chiffon. Oyster-white velvet and camellias.

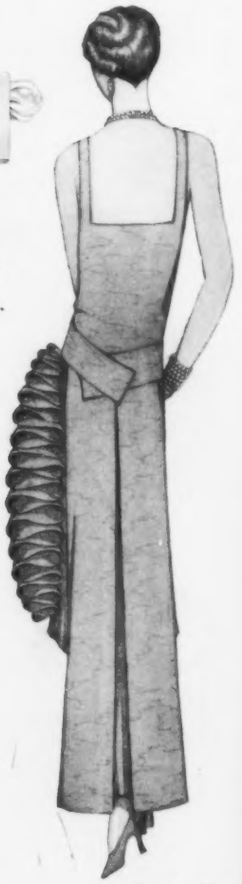
Patou

Tan and white.

Agnès

Black parasisol.

White velvet and coral monogram.



Crêpe yoke, three colors, on black sweater.

Yellow and black. Reboux hat.

Red and white.

Rose-beige satin with diamond buckle.

Goupy

Black chiffon scarf.

Steel blue moire.

at Cannes

print and plain; example, the three-piece ensemble from Goupy sketched on opposite page, in yellow, with print yellow and black.

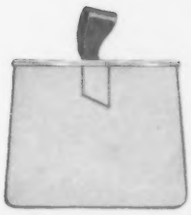
SPORTS CLOTHES—One, two, and three-color combinations. Straight coat over frock. Cardigan, jumper and plaited skirt. Jacket and one-piece frock. Example sketched on opposite page, white coat, jacket of tiny red and white dotted foulard, red skirt, white blouse. Scarf of red and white dots, with red border. White felt hat, white antelope gloves.

Another example sketched on this page from Léna, dark blue crêpe de Chine suit, piped lighter blue, lighter blue jumper blouse, scarf in two shades of crêpe, Agnès turban in two blues. Blue pumps. Worn with tailored blue crêpe de Chine coat.

SWEATERS—Sweater blouses and cardigans both worn. Many plain-colored sweater blouses; some in combinations of two or more colors, often red, white and blue. Some in black and yellow with black suits, or black and white, with black suits. Few modernistic designs. Few stripes. Many yoke effects. A tendency to work-over sweaters by incrusta- (*Continued on page 164*)

Navy and white. Two blue crêpes Agnès turban.

Lena



Bag in panama straw.

Agnès

Black straw turban.

Augustabernard Marquise de Paris in flesh satin.

Coiffure with diamond pin.

White lilacs and diamonds.

Molyneux Chanel

Mrs. Reginald Fellowes in brown tulle and chiffon Mme. Paul Dubonnet in white velvet and sable.

Reboux

Yellow and black, four-colored scarf.

Greco

Black suède and gold.

A Story by Nina Wilcox Putnam:

LOVE CANNOT DIE

For there is Romance forever in the Soft air of Venice

Illustrations by Addison Burbank

UNLESS you have faith, Signor, you cannot move mountains. But if you believe strongly enough, anything can happen. *Ecco!* you laugh, but what I am saying is true!

I have acted as guide to many American visitors besides yourself, Signor, and as a rule, like you, they scoff at the idea of our shrines performing miracles, or of old, forgotten things still haunting the Venetian Canals. But if I may presume to set you right, let me say that laughing at miracles is a sign of ignorance, for I assure you I have seen at least one right here in our modern Venice of the motor-boat and the electric light. Take the case of Rosa Naldi, the glass-blower's daughter, and what happened to her. There was an example of the things which faith can do!

Rosa Naldi, ah, Signor, what a girl! Young, beautiful, such health and gaiety as she had, it was extraordinary! Big eyes that were always laughing, hair dark as the Adriatic at night, and skin like a camellia. All the young men were mad with desire for her, but she scorned them, every one. Her father could have arranged a very good match more than once, but she begged him not to hurry her out of his house. Indeed, it would have been hard for him to let her go, because she was very like the adored wife who had died when Rosa was born.

As for Rosa, she was heart free. She loved only her father, her church and her flowers, and all the handsome youths sighed in vain until the day she met this fellow, Guido Reni. Yes, Signor, he was named like the great painter, but he was far from following such an exalted profession. In fact, he was a mere gondolier, the same as myself. I knew him well, Signor, and such a handsome fellow; well, you can't imagine it! Strong and tall, always kind and smiling and full of nonsense. We were on the same stand together, his boat next to mine, and he was always up to tricks—but harmless ones, you understand. *Sapristi!* How he loved to get a little fun out of life! I had an old taximeter which my cousin had brought home as a souvenir of his experiences in America. Guido wanted it so much that I finally gave it to him and Guido fastened it on his gondola. Of course, the water did not make it work, but he loved to watch the faces of the tourists who kept their eyes fastened upon it as he poled them about. Guido would roar with laughter at their anxiety, but he never overcharged them.

No one could mistake his gondola for any other, he kept it so bright and it was such a handsome boat which he had built with a little legacy from his mother. And people, especially the rich Americans, would pick him out and signal him from among the rest of us. But no one could be jealous of Guido's success, he was too well liked for that. Indeed, he was one of those radiant persons on whom the saints have smiled in every particular. He was poor, but he did not need riches, Signor, for he had gifts beyond the price of gold. And to crown the fulness of his life, came Rosa.

I saw their first meeting, Signor. It was on the birthday of her father, old Naldi, the glass-blower, and Rosa had put up a beautiful hot lunch for him as a surprise—*gnocci*, a *frito-misto*—everything delicious, and at noon she came to the Rialto landing on the Grand Canal, carrying the basket with a fine bottle of wine sticking its neck above the white napkin. She had meant to catch the ferry for Murano, the island of the glass-blowers where her father worked, but alas! the ferry had departed. Rosa stood at the quay peering after the fat little *tram* as it puffed off among the water-traffic, and she was almost in tears from disappointment, for the ferries only run every half-hour and she would be late. Suddenly

"Suddenly Guido's gondola began gliding from its customary place, and the prow edged to where the girl was waiting. 'Eccomi, Signorina!' he called in his best manner."

"It was as though the very light of Heaven came through her, and when she stepped into my gondola and I poled her silently out into the night, she illuminated the small boat with a soft radiance."

Guido's gondola began gliding from its customary place beside mine, and the prow edged to where the girl was waiting.

"*Eccomi, Signorina!*" he called in his best manner, his white teeth showing in a far from professional smile. Rosa smiled back, although she was ordinarily a very modest girl, Signor, not given to casual flirtations. But there must have been something unusual between those two, right from the start, for it was not an ordinary love-affair, as you shall see. Rosa smiled, but she shook her head.

"I cannot afford riding about in gondolas," she replied. "I have only fare enough for the ferry."

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To Murano," she replied.

"Jump in!" he commanded. "I was just going there anyhow!"

You understand, Signor, that if Rosa had said the Lido, or Jerusalem, it would have been all the same. She must have known it, too, but it was a very white lie, Signor, the sort the saints condone. I watched her enter the gondola, and followed them out of sight with my eyes as long as I could. *Santa Maria*, what a couple they made! Like figures from a romance, but of very real, warm flesh such as we get only in the Southland. Even I am not cold, Signor, but I have never married, partially because I have too fine an idea of what marriage should be, and besides, you see, though I am so much older, I loved her, too: ever since she was a little flower of a child that used to sit first on my knee and then on her father's, when we talked of an evening at Bastino's over our little glass of *strega*. But she was never intended for me, and of all the world of men there was no one whom I would rather see her take than the gallant Guido.

That laughing trip to the glass factory was the beginning. Guido declared he would wait for her. He carried the basket to the old man's section, and Rosa explained to her father how kind Guido had been. Then, with true Venetian courtesy, Signor Naldi insisted that Guido share the meal.

You know the glass factories, Signor? Ah, we shall go there to-morrow then, but in the meanwhile you must try to imagine the fantastic quality of the art by which the breath of life is literally blown into the molten glass, causing to be born birds and flowers and exotic shapes that have no meaning or use save beauty alone. The glass-blowers' craft is an extremely honorable, difficult and dangerous one, Signor. Some of the Guilds are very old, and positions in them have been handed down from generation to generation. Rosa's father, for instance, was the tenth of his line to work miracles of glass on that very spot. Think of it! He was extraordinarily skilled, with great pride in his art, devoted to his work (*Continued on page 124*)

AGNÈS

Black and cream Satin Hat which May be Worn in four Different Ways

DEMEYER

By Baron de Meyer:

OYEZ! OYEZ! READ AND MARK WELL!

The Mysteries of Chic are Manifold. Here is Light on a Difficult Subject.

18 rue Vaneau, Paris.

YOU must not imagine that, because certain things are not customary at home, they should be out of the question elsewhere.

You must not imagine that adapting French fashions to your own point of view is more advantageous than adapting yours to French fashions.

You must not imagine that a three weeks vacation in Paris, during which you've been visiting a few leading dressmaking establishments and had a chance to observe Parisian elegance at the Ritz and at Ciro's, has initiated you into the mysteries of Parisian dressing.

You must not imagine that, having brought back a trunkful of new Paris clothes, you will be proclaimed the best-dressed woman in the world. Paris has pitfalls. There are models which must be avoided in almost every *maison de couture*.

You must not have prejudices against any new fashions, unless you have tried them out yourself. You might otherwise soon be out of fashion.

You must never sit in front of a mirror and fancy you resemble a famous eighteenth-century portrait, and dress accordingly. Had any of the painters of that distant period lived in 1929, they would have painted you in smart up-to-date clothes.

You must not imagine that, in order to look a lady, you have to wear conservative clothes. A really distinguished personality shows breeding in any sort of garment, but, like other mortals, looks her best when dressed fashionably.

You must not cling to last year's styles because you thought them becoming. They will hardly be so, this season. Why? Because they are no more *à la mode*. Remember, even becoming clothes have a short life, and should never become a habit.

Most fashions are beautiful, except when deformed. Badly interpreted, they become absurd.

Fashions do not change because of dressmakers' dictates. They change to keep up with life as it is lived.

Only fashions designed in view of comfort have any chance of permanent success.

Fashions meant to be an expression of (*Continued on page 84*)

HARTNELL-LONDON

DEMEYER

Black Faille flares in Aggressive Chic suggesting a Bird's Plumage

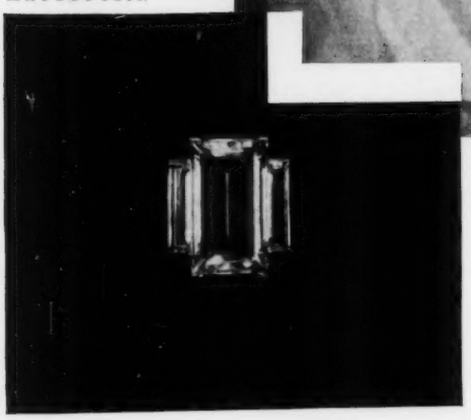
CALLOT

DEMEYER

Sunshine is Caught in this Yellow Net gown, and Red roses Accent it

DEMEYER

MAUBOUSSIN



A diamond Necklace with Matching Earrings and a Ring of three Diamonds

HAYWARD

DEMEYER

For her Presentation, gold Lace with a Train of peach Velvet and gold Tissue

CHÈRUIT

The Distinction of Hyacinth Satin, Rose and Yellow Roses

DEMEYER

Art require most careful treatment; modernity avoiding artistic leanings.

Up-to-date smartness is made up of clothes devoid of ornamentation and furbelows, modern elegance being an expression of line, color and detail.

Good dressing, nowadays, means never to strike a false note, contrary to modern methods in music, in which discordant harmonies predominate.

Why is it women watch fashions much more than their figures?

They should remember: That strong muscles are far more efficient than corsets and that good health is every inch as important as slenderness.

That the low waist-line hardly improves any very slim woman, while it certainly does improve the ones more heavily built, this being called "restoring the equilibrium of balance."

That the nude figure shows no interruption anywhere, and

SUZANNE TALBOT

DEMEYER

A new Note rings in Black lace Gloves. Hat of Quilted Taffeta

that nothing alters the figure God has given to woman.

My reply to the question, "Are women better dressed in Paris than elsewhere?" is "yes." Even though, from among a dozen to be met with, but a small percentage is French.

Strangers appear surprisingly well dressed in Paris. The same women, elsewhere, seem so much less so. Away from Paris, woman's sartorial eye refuses to see true.

Even a transplanted Parisienne, a temporary exile from the taste-giving life of the Ville Lumière, has been known to lose all her chic. By contrast, many Americans, as well as Spanish women, after but one month in Paris, acquire it with ease.

Paris casts a spell upon transient visitors; transforms, for the time being, Cinderellas into fairy princesses!

French fashions are the solid foundation for all women to build on, Paris having retained its century-old prestige. It is supreme in matters of clothes.

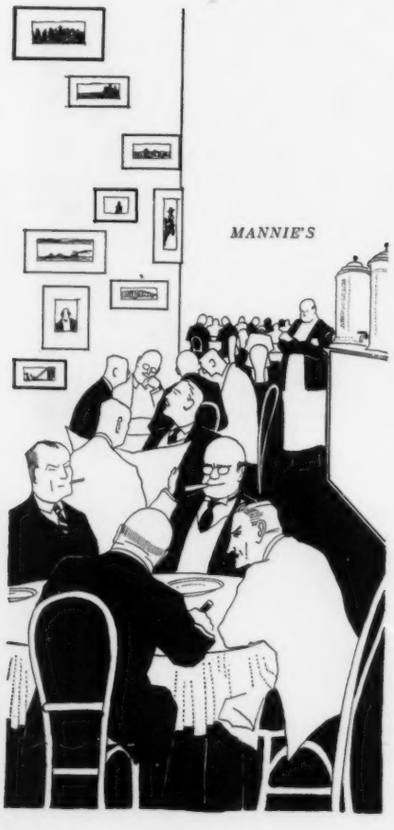
RUSSIAN KRETCHMA

Illustrations by Le Fantôme

By Isabel Leighton:

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

A unique Study in Sentiment, which Likewise Reveals the Best, Smartest, and Quaintest Restaurants in New York



MANNIE'S

DEAR Eve Appleton:

If I didn't know that your unerring sex sagacity was the pulmotor that had restored life to many a girl who had died a social death, I'd carry the admission of my dismal failure in Mayfair locked deep in my spinster heart; but if you are to help me, I realize that I must confess the whole humiliating truth, soul-searing though it may be.

I am eighteen and have been out nearly a year, but I've been out where men are concerned long before the society editors made any public announcement of the fact, and all because my poor misguided mother was given a wretched tip on the social market. She was advised to turn me into a clinging vine in a generation that has no interest in any vine but the grape. Charm was the chief quality with which I was instilled in an era when young men look for quality only in stuff that is distilled. In short, I became so much the dowager's delight that men loathed me—all except Peter, who, in my quaint way, I call "Old Faithful" because, like the geyser, he gushes so rarely—over me, anyway. And something tells me that even that occasional effusion will soon peter out unless I do some very snappy mending of my ways, for last night we came closer to the row stage than it's healthy to get. Frankly, I don't yet know what it's all about, but here are the mystifying details:

He had asked me to dine with him, and when I put in an appearance in my best ensemble, looking very much the last word, he turned to me and said, "Where to, Hildegarde?" (Hildegarde—that was another of dear mamma's mistakes.)

"Anywhere at all, Peter," was my sweetly assenting reply.

"Want to try Yar?" he suggested.

"Don't care if I do, Peter," I assured him.

"Or perhaps Caviar sounds more like it, or Voisin, maybe."

Then, mistaking my silence for disapproval, "I have it, Robert's the place. How about it?"

"Right you are," I sang out exuberantly, and beamed upon him in much the same way Isabella must have looked on Columbus when he discovered something, too. For some reason, unknown to me even in retrospect, he flew into a small rage and mimicked: "If you say so, Peter—don't care if I do, Peter—yes, Peter—God's truth, haven't you an original idea in your head? You're 'yesing' me into insanity—

can't you say anything but yes?" (Which was decidedly unfair, for I remember at least one occasion, I believe it was in a taxicab driving home from a deb dance, when my saying "no" made him just as furious.)

Anyway, I realized in that agonizing instant that I would have to make myself over, change my type completely, if I would win him back. I'd have to become conversant with the chit-chat of the hour, glamourously sophisticated, and, since my acquiescent enthusiasm dimmed his ardor, even a little spoiled. I vowed then that if ever I managed to cajole him into another dinner date, I'd say, "Robert? Nice in its way, but hardly what you'd call chi-chi, old thing. Why not the—— ——?" But that's where you come in, for I'm so hopelessly green that I can't supply the words that are the Open Sesame to success. Won't you give me one or two pointers along with a list of really amusing places that I could spring on him the next time we plan going out to feed—places that aren't just food emporiums, spots he'll wish he had discovered? You can't know what your help will mean to me.

Yours for victory,

HILDEGARDE BRIDGES.

P.S. One of those I think he's burned behind him.

MIYAKO

MY dear Hildegarde Bridges:

Only people who play with matches are burned, not those who make them, and I can safely promise that you will come through with a brilliant one, if you'll heed these few simple suggestions:

1. Don't nag if Peter turns up half an hour later than he said he would. Always remember he may have been detained trying to sell that bond.

2. Don't sulk if he wants to dine informally. Remember wearing stiff bosom shirts isn't so hot when it's hot.

3. Don't secretly buy yourself the cream of Goldfarb's orchid collection and flaunt them in Peter's face. Men never seem to see a great deal of beauty in flowers they haven't sent.

4. Don't run him ragged finding the special food prescribed in the latest thinning diet. Besides annoying him, it will only call attention to the fact that your figure isn't all it might be.

5. Don't discuss the means by which he earns his daily bread. Remember that at night he is out to get his just dessert.

So much for deportment.

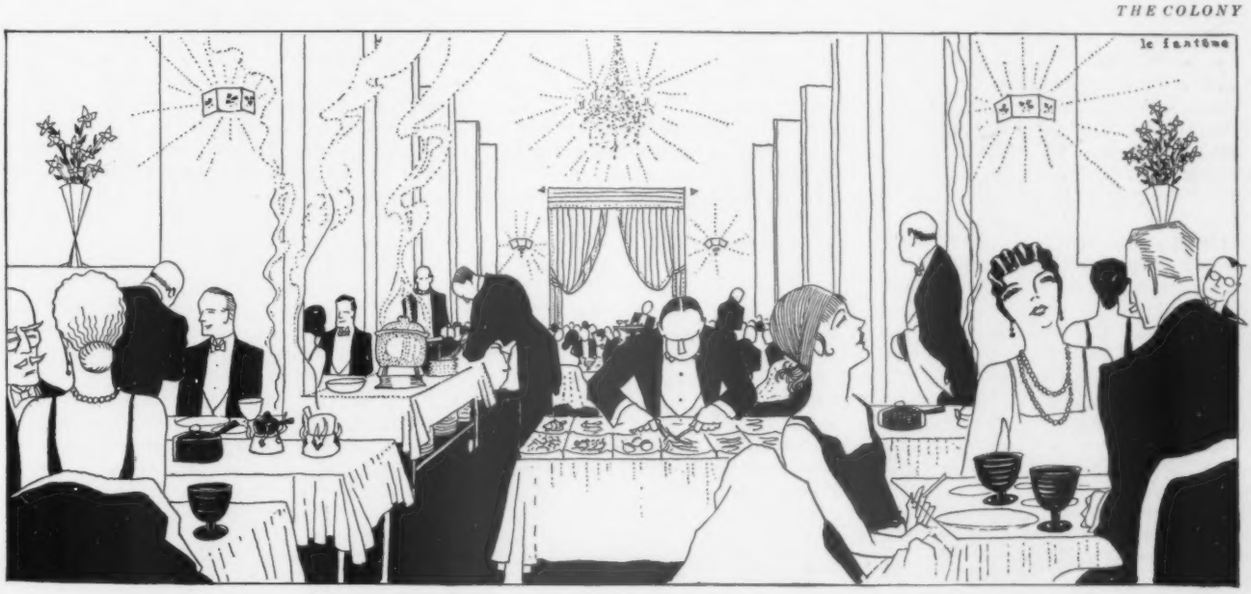
Should Peter arrive giddy with having won a decision on points in his daily bout with the stock market and feel the urge to foregather with one or two other financial geniuses, the Colony Restaurant at 61st Street and Madison Avenue is surely his Mecca. There's the flavor of success in every morsel of food that comes to the table and the hope of success with each orchid some gallant has pinned to a feminine shoulder, along with his faith. Here you will see jewels of such beauty and size that only by exercising your last ounce of will-power will you manage to conquer the impulse to hide that chaste little wrist watch mother gave you when you graduated from Spence. As for clothes, they are so exquisitely simple and lovely in line that they fairly shriek Vionnet and Chanel as they pass in parade. It's the kind of competition you can cope with only on your good evenings and I'd advise a visit there only at times when you feel that by rights you should have been "Miss America" in the last beauty contest.

However, be comforted by the news that in these days of hectic endeavor men have what amounts to almost a hunger for simplicity and relaxation; they are no better equipped than you to have a continual succession of formal dinners thrust upon them. And so in my note to you, I am stressing many restaurants that, while grand, are not in the least pretentious. Not one of them is fantastically expensive, nor are any of them cheap unless it be in price. Incidentally, it won't exactly prejudice Peter against you when he discovers that while you may hail from a family of Bridges, you are not necessarily one of the toll-bridges; that he may span the path that leads to your heart without depositing two weeks' salary, his watch and chain, and his new Dunhill lighter at the door.

Of course, you've handicapped me no end in that you've told me almost nothing about your young man except that he is capable of losing his temper, as who is not? I've always contended that a restaurant can create or destroy a mood more subtly than almost anything you can mention, and the kind of place one man will call "elegant" will only irritate another. Hence, I submit so diversified a list that one or more should evoke nothing short of enthusiasm.

Should he be a much-traveled lad who, in the course of his globe-trotting, has developed a taste for Russian food, take him to the Russian Kretchma at 244 East 14th Street, Stuyvesant 9758. Here you can (*Continued on page 166*)

THE COLONY



By Gertrude Atherton:

John Kabel

This roadway, which cuts through the Pebble Beach golf-course, is a part of the famous Seventeen Mile Drive. The road affords lovely glimpses of the ocean.

CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN PLAYGROUNDS

Where Life is Lived in the Open amid Colorful Surroundings And Every Luxury that Wealth can Command

CALIFORNIA is a state of many climates, being some eight hundred miles long, but for one reason, if no other, practically all the playgrounds of the wealthy are along the coast: the nights are cool. Even if there is no breeze from the Pacific the temperature drops some twenty degrees as soon as the sun goes down. There is an old saying, "The sun is everything in California," and even the late afternoon in summer is appreciably colder. This applies only to the coast, however, which for this reason is not so popular with elderly bronchial tubes. This no doubt is the secret of the prosperity of Pasadena and "The Desert." The former, situated at the foot of a high mountain, with its orange groves of golden fruit below and glittering snows cutting a sharp outline against the hot blue of the sky, was one of the first towns in California to be discovered by wealthy people of the cold Eastern and mid-Western States. Its superb hotels are crowded all winter with millionaires, and many others have built mansions, villas, bungalows, living there the year round. It has always struck me as an ideal place to die in. You can lie out like a lizard in the sun and absorb its ultra-violet rays—unless you are too Nordic—until you desiccate and blow away.

The roads, since the advent of the automobile, are among the finest in the world, and the wealthy immigrants may loaf in their cars by the hour, comfortably baked. The young people, of course, dance, drink—since prohibition—make love; all in the most romantic surroundings. The little town itself, half smothered in pepper trees, is very beautiful, very somnolent, very expensive. It is a curious anomaly that Upton Sinclair should live there, but I am told he built his house with his own hands. The late C. P. Huntington lived in an imposing mansion that was a gallery of English art, and close by is his all but inaccessible Library, presented by him to the public; full of rare editions and thousands of volumes that would be a godsend to scholars and students if they could afford taxicabs. Why are millionaires so unimaginative?

Another attraction for these Eastern enthusiasts is Hollywood, not so far away, the most exotic spot on the face of the globe. "Spider Boy" gives the best picture of it I have read, so I will not descant upon its weird individualities. Then there is Los Angeles, with its theatres and gorgeous shops—for those that have the courage to visit it. It is more congested, in its business district, than the Loop of Chicago, and personally I would not dare to cross one of its streets on foot. But Los Angeles, too, is one of the seventeen wonders of America.

Santa Barbara has always been excessively aristocratic. Very aloof. Very exclusive. I had a peculiar experience there long before it became an ultra-fashionable resort. It had but one hotel of consequence, and a very proud one. English nobility always stayed there, a few New Yorkers had discovered the climate, and even San Franciscans patronized it occasionally in winter.

My sister and I were traveling in Southern California, and we thought it would be a lark to ignore the train and take the stage-coach over the mountains from Santa Inez to Santa Barbara; an interesting if rather trying experience, through

magnificent scenery that looked as if it had just boiled out of chaos, and the wheels of the unwieldy coach occasionally slipping over the edge of a precipice when encountering a team on the narrow road. We arrived under the serene blue skies of Santa Barbara in mid-afternoon, looking like female bandits; at least three inches deep in dust, our faces unrecognizable under dirt and sunburn, our hair straggling. Although unavoidably aware of our disreputable appearance, we went directly to The Arlington, and approached the desk with what confidence we could summon. A haughty clerk, after a nervous glance at several of the "elegant patrons" lounging in the lobby, looked us over haughtily and snapped, "No vacancies." But that was the only hotel in Santa Barbara where it was possible to obtain a room with bath, and there I was determined to remain. I suddenly remembered that my father-in-law had a large ranch not far away and was well known all over the State. I invoked his name with equal hauteur, and was immediately accommodated.

I think that Santa Barbara first attracted the attention of the rest of California when certain members of the British aristocracy, eloping with another man's wife or husband, discovered it as a quiet and romantic retreat. I remember that one famous couple was pointed out to me during that visit. If they had thought to pass unnoticed in that sleepy old Spanish town they were soon disillusioned. And it was not many years later that its fame spread among Easterners looking for an ideal winter resort, nor were San Franciscans long in their wake. Larger and handsomer hotels were built, mansions and cottages followed, surrounded by gardens flaming with the poinsettia, and a riot of every color under that blazing sun; the yellowest sun I have ever seen, set in a fleckless sky of burning sapphire that seems to be a source of perpetual ecstasy. (Personally, having been brought up on the fogs of San Francisco, I detest that eternal grinning sky of Southern California.)

But it is a beautiful spot with its stately Mission in the background at the foot of a rugged mountain, and the blue palm-fringed waters of the Channel beyond its esplanade. To-day it is a summer as well as a winter resort, and Montecito, which began as a suburb, is even more fashionable; known, indeed, as the Millionaires' Colony. There are club-houses and tennis courts, golf-links, and some of the most beautiful mansions in (*Continued on page 154*)

John Kabel

Point Lobos, near Carmel-by-the-Sea, is considered by the artists at Carmel the most beautiful spot in California and, by many, one of the most beautiful spots in the world.

Gabriel Moulin

Beautiful formal gardens on the estate of George A. Newhall at Burlingame.

In the spring a young man's fancy.....

SKETCHES BY FISH

A Story by Corey Ford:

"Click Keenan knelt before the steel door of the safe, his face eager with confidence."

FINGER-TIPS

Could they—Would they Unlock the Door to Lost Happiness and Honor?

Illustration by F. H. Horvath

WHEN Wescott, trusted cashier of the Illinois Mutual Bank, folded his accounts like an Arab and silently stole away with all the loose change and securities that he could conveniently lay his hands on, he selected with thieves' luck the ideal moment of all the year to make his little coup. For, on the same night that Wescott slipped quietly into an alias and comfortable income for the rest of his life, President Patterson of the Illinois Bank had likewise disappeared, though more innocently, upon a week-end motor-trip; and since these two alone held the combination to Patterson's private safe, the harassed bank officials next morning found themselves temporarily helpless to estimate the extent of their loss or take any of the necessary precautionary measures.

In the smoke-fogged expanses of the president's room Mr. Monk and Mr. Allard paced the carpet steadily in endless circles, clockwise the one and counter-clockwise the other, their hands clasped behind their backs, their shoulders hunched turtlewise, following intently the puffing cigars that quivered before the center of their faces like red-hot snouts. Whenever they passed, bound furiously in their opposite directions, each of them would halt for an instant, throw back his head and eye the other eagerly, open his mouth as if about to speak, then snap it shut upon his cigar, scowl, and plunge forward once more on his hopeless orbit. They were the senior vice-presidents; and upon their shoulders consequently had fallen the entire brunt of immediate action.

"It isn't the loose stuff that's worrying me," burst Monk, grinding to a sudden halt before the impassive figure of Detective-Sergeant Kelcey. "Wescott can take all that loose stuff in the vaults. His own bond will cover it anyway, or most of it. No; that's not what's bothering me now." He slapped his hands together behind his back and strode forward again, trailing an uneasy coil of smoke in his wake as he circled the room. "It's the old man's safe here," he muttered. "Did he get into that?"

"That's the question, all right," nodded Sergeant Kelcey complacently. "Did he?" And he settled himself more comfortably in his armchair.

"I don't think it's likely, Frank," replied Allard, rotating his cigar musingly and studying the steel door set solidly in the wall. "After all, you and I were in here till late yesterday. We were in here after he had gone."

"He was in and out all day," snarled Monk, charging past his partner without halting. "He had a dozen chances yesterday afternoon, if he wanted to."

"I don't think he'd have taken the risk."

"Risk? Him? He was playing for big stakes, man," snorted Monk, grabbing his cigar in a pudgy fist and ripping it from his teeth. "And there was big money in that safe. Negotiable stuff. Those B and L bonds, for instance. If he got hold of those . . ." He crammed the tousled end of his cigar back into his mouth, and paced hotly: "We got to act right away, Jo. We got to cancel them." (*Continued on page 137*)

By the Duchess of Sermoneta:

The Duchess of Sermoneta and her son against a background representative of their lineage.

IN THE ROYAL DAYS OF EDWARD VII.

British Society during His Gracious Reign Is a Thing to Remember

Part Two:

WHEN we returned to Palazzo Caetani at the end of a happy summer in the country in England, I employed my newly acquired health and energy getting our rooms on the second floor into some kind of cleanliness and order. Eventually I made them quite nice, as they had more light than the bigger rooms on the *piano nobile*.

I was so unhappy at not having a dining-room of my own that my husband was able to obtain permission from his parents that we should have our meals apart, and I turned a tiny room painted with old frescoes into a very quaint little dining-room. Thus, with more regular hours and the possibility of entertaining our friends, life became much pleasanter.

I immediately began receiving in a small and informal way, and during the following years, until the war, I think every foreigner of note who came to Rome passed through our tiny dining-room. Many cheery evenings did we have, using the one fair-sized room for dancing and having supper in my bedroom!

In the early years of my married life the diplomatic corps in Rome was very brilliant. George von Lengerke Meyer was then American Ambassador and altogether one of the most popular and successful ones I have ever known. He and Mrs. Meyer rented a fine apartment in Prince Brancaccio's palazzo and entertained very lavishly during their several years in Rome. Everything was very well done, for Mrs. Meyer was a perfect hostess, superintending everything and managing all her invitations and correspondence without the help of a secretary.

The beautiful Mrs. George Keppel, a prominent figure in King Edward's Court.

Mr. Meyer had a variety of pleasant tastes. He hunted regularly with the Roman fox-hounds, and the Brancaccio stag hounds. He drove his own car: I remember he took me down to our country place, Fogliano, in the Pontine Marshes, at what was then the record speed for the trip. (This was in the very early days of automobiles.) He danced well and loved shooting. He often went down to Fogliano for the duck shooting, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

In those days their daughters, Julia and Alice, were children, and their only son, George, was a great friend of my youngest brother-in-law, Michelangelo. Those two boys, who were then about twelve or thirteen years old, were perfect terrors. As far as I can remember their only way of descending the staircase at Palazzo Caetani was on bicycles, so that the inhabitants of the house risked their lives daily going upstairs, which they accomplished by clinging closely to the wall and hoping for the best.

But the funniest thing George and Michelangelo did was when the President of the French Republic, then Mr. Loubet, came on an official visit to the King of Italy. The Colonna gardens afford a very fine view of the entrance to the Quirinal, and the boys asked my father's permission to go there to view the procession. At that time relations between France and the

Pope were very strained, in fact the French legation to the Vatican had lately been abolished.

Those terrible boys thought of nothing better than hanging over the garden terrace and hissing the French President as he passed, simply out of high spirits. This was interpreted as a political demonstration, and when it was discovered that the hostile demonstrators were actually in the private grounds of the Prince Assistant to the Holy See, the horror and scandal of the authorities knew no bounds. My father was summoned to appear before the police, but, needless to say, he refused to move, and sent his business man to represent him. Meanwhile there were fiery articles in the newspapers next day. The police authorities harangued my father's representative and when finally he could get a word in edgeways he explained all. The dangerous political agitators were the small sons of the American Ambassador and the Duke of Sermoneta, "Senator of the Reign," and they had already been suitably chastised by their parents. The police collapsed, and all proceedings were abandoned.

The two Austrian Embassies were very gay. Count Henry Lutzow was accredited to the Quirinal and lived at Palazzo Chigi; Count Szescen, who was accredited to the Vatican, occupied the beautiful Palazzo di Venezia which has been taken back by the Italian Government since the war.

There was a good deal of friendly rivalry over social prominence between the two Embassies and the result was a succession of charming dinners and balls and other entertainments, which were very agreeable for Roman society. They also made a point of securing the most attractive young men as their attachés and secretaries, and all this helped to make Rome very gay during the last years before the war. Countess Lutzow and Countess Szescen were both admirable hostesses.

We were all the best of friends, but clouds were already beginning to gather on the political horizon, and every now and then demonstrations against Austria used to take place in front of the Embassies.

One day, in 1911, I called on Countess Lutzow and found a hooting rabble in the Corso, in front of Palazzo Chigi. I went upstairs all the same and was shown into an empty drawing-room. While I was waiting for my hostess to appear, the noise in the street seemed to grow louder, and I could not resist the temptation of going to the window to see what was happening. This was foolish of me, for the sight of my face annoyed the crowd and instantly a missile was hurled that broke the window and fell on the carpet at my feet. It was a huge potato! I hastily retreated and sat at the farthest end of the room. At that moment the Ambassador entered and, after shaking hands, exclaimed: "Dear me, what a noise!" and went to the window to look out. As he gazed for a minute or two in silence, I had a wild hope that he would not notice the broken window, though he was looking straight through a large jagged star. But he finally saw it, likewise the potato on the floor, and was extremely cross. He came toward me with the potato in his hand and shook it severely at me.

"What a country!" he said. "They throw potatoes at Embassy windows! I will immediately take this to the Foreign Office and show it to Tittoni."

Which he did; but I never knew with what result.

All the same Count Henry Lutzow was a very good friend to Italy, where he had spent so many years of his life, and he smoothed away lots of rough corners in the relations between the two countries. When he left it was a great loss for all of us, not only socially, for his successor, Herr Merey, who was of the bureaucratic official type, did not fill his place at all. The situation immediately became more strained and socially the Austrian Embassy existed no longer.

We personally broke off official relations with Austria two years before the war, in a rather curious manner.

My husband, who was much interested in politics and was for some time in Parliament, wrote an article in a leading newspaper against Italy's alliance with Austria, and this article aroused the fury (*Continued on page 147*)

BROWN BROS.

"Edward VII., beloved sovereign, for whom the best only was good enough, and the best was joyfully provided."

BROWN BROS.

Queen Alexandra in her coronation robes. Like her royal husband, she retains a hallowed place in the memory of Englishmen.

EVA BARRETT

A stately portrait of the Duchess of Sermoneta in Italian court dress, worn as Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen of Italy.

A Story by Violette Kimball Dunn:

"How like herself, thought Nina, to find the only man in the world, and then lose him to a blonde."

WHAT COULD YOU EXPECT?

They said She ought to Marry a Country Minister==She Was Such a nice Girl!

Illustrations by Arthur Litle

IF NINA had been born twenty-five years earlier, she would have been a great success. She had only just realized this, as she sat on a mauve taffeta cushion at her jade and crystal dressing-table, and tried to think things out.

"I've either got to snap out of it," she told herself, "or else stop being a lady, and go after him. I suppose a really nice girl would snap out of it." For Nina had fallen in love with a man who didn't know she was on earth.

It was just her luck, in a changed world, to be a nice girl. She stood, at twenty-nine, rooted in the old order. Once in a while she pulled a tentative foot free, but it was no use. The other stuck fast behind her. It was mostly that Nina lacked the flair for attracting attention. She was not like Daphne Field, for instance, who drank too much at parties, and got very funny, if somewhat rowdy. Or Pauline Dennison, with her freak make-up; or Doris Babcock, from whose innocent mouth flowed the latest gutter slang. Nina was just pretty and well mannered. If she went to a party, nobody noticed her. If they did, they couldn't have told what she had on. She was like a pleasant picture on a wall—one got used to her. Children liked her. So did animals and old people. But there isn't much of a kick in that. At least, people think there isn't. She had enough money, but not too much. She played golf, and danced if there was a man left over whom nobody else wanted. She swam nicely, and enjoyed driving her car along quiet country roads alone.

Every once in a while somebody would say, "Funny about Nina Cunningham—nice girl, but a complete bust." Once a man answered, "Anybody got a country minister parked anywhere? Just about her style." Nina happened to hear this, coming around the corner of the country-club veranda. She turned and walked away as fast as she could. As she hurried along, she didn't look a bit like anybody who would interest a country minister.

The very next morning, Annette Bingham called up, and asked her to dinner. Nina suspected it was a last-minute fill in, knowing Annette. But the country minister business still rankled, so she accepted. She thought she could be as wild as anybody. She put on a new black lace dinner dress, touched her cheeks with rouge, and even smeared a bit of eye shadow across the lids of her long gray eyes. She really thought she looked quite devilish. "Country minister!" she said indignantly, as she climbed into her car and started the engine.

The party was at the canape-cocktail stage on Annette's big porch when she drove up. She found a parking place, and went in. Annette, shrilly casual, was just passing the door.

"Oh, hello, come in. This is Denny. Ever met before? You ought to know each other. His other name's Bentley." She tossed this last

over her shoulder, and fled aimlessly away. From a radio somewhere in the house lilted a voice, "I took one look at you—and then my heart stood still." Nina took one look at Denham Bentley—only her heart didn't stand still. It gave a funny jump, and almost choked her. While she was trying to get it back in place, he spoke.

"Sounds like being double jointed, or something," he said, and handed her a cocktail.

"What?" asked Nina stupidly.

"Having another name," he explained patiently. He could see Annette hadn't lost her talent for collecting the world's worst dumbbells.

"Name? Oh, yes—mine's Cunningham." She set her cocktail on the table untouched. Annette's gin was really inexcusable.

"I see you've met 'em before." He took a wry swallow of his, and set it beside hers. A drop spattered on the polished wood, which turned white, and was polished no longer.

"Do the same to your insides, if it got there," he grinned. "Where does she get it?"

"They're pretty terrible," agreed Nina. She was trying wildly to sparkle, and couldn't. To glitter so that she would chain him to her forever. For even now, she knew what had happened. Denny thought he had never seen anybody look so bored. Well, it was fifty-fifty. Dinner would have to come sometime, he'd escape decently, and that would be that. Distantly from the house a gong sounded. Annette had just come back from a trip to the Orient, and her friends were suffering for it.

"I guess dinner's somewhere in the offing," said Denny pleasantly, and held out his hand. He looked like a man who was helping a maiden aunt from her low chair. Nina woke up. He wouldn't bother with politeness if his fingers thrilled as hers did when he touched them. She smiled into his eyes as she got to her feet. It was rather a lovely smile, but about twenty minutes too late. He followed her into the house, through mysterious lights and temple incense to where the noisy gang gathered. Here he was promptly annexed by a slim blonde in floating tulle, whose wistful lips mocked her sophisticated eyes. She put a bare white arm through Denny's, and crossed the other over it. Denny brightened. She had never laid eyes on him before; but three of Annette's poisonous drinks would introduce anybody.

"Ling Lee has little two-tables hidden all around," cooed Annette. "It's a turtle-dove dinner. Don't you love it? You will, later. I'm going to let you choose your own partners, and hunt your own nests. Bill, I'll take you, darling." She linked arms with a tall dark man, and disappeared. Three girls converged, with Denny as objective, but the blonde stood her ground. Nina stared sickly after them, her smile pasted on her lips. She watched the couples sort themselves out in a kind of trance. At last she stood alone, while from banks of ferns and flowers came the muffled clink of silver and glass, and broken exclamations, and laughter. How exactly like Annette! And how exactly like herself, to find the only man in the world, and then lose him to a maudlin tulle blonde. Well, she knew his name. To-morrow she would find out the rest. Somebody else must know him. She would sneak away now, find her car, and go home. Nobody would know the difference, and if Annette ever remembered, she could make up something. She turned, snatched up her evening cloak, and started for the porch (*Continued on page 158*)

"'What did you grab that wheel for?' B. Jones demanded suddenly of Cordelia. He had few social inhibitions, and he didn't like Cordelia, anyway."

Drawn by Bernard Boutet de Monvel

MISS DIANA DODGE

Miss Dodge, the daughter of Mrs. George D. Widener of New York and Philadelphia, made her formal bow to the world of fashion at a brilliant ball at the Ritz-Carlton last December and was acclaimed a belle of the season. She is a daughter of the late William Earl Dodge and the granddaughter of Mrs. Perry Belmont of Washington and Paris and of Mrs. Stephen H. Olin of New York. During the coming summer Miss Dodge, whose distinguished family connections include the Harrimans, Vanderbilts and Sloanes, again will join the smart junior set at Newport, Rhode Island, where Mr. and Mrs. Widener have a villa.

James F. Curtis, Jr., one of the whips.

SPRINGTIME IN AIKEN

Where the Sun and the Pines and the Horse Bid you Welcome

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth B. Schley in Aiken's delightful woods.

WHEN I left New York in March every bud was an *accent aigu* of green, along the black twigs of the bushes in the Park. Otherwise there was no sign of spring. As we rolled along toward Washington, here and there among the black lace tatting of the trees a rosy ambient softly flamed, and occasional forsythia bushes and peach trees gave forth notes of spring, like an orchestra tuning up. At Washington the full orchestra burst into song in the flowering cherry-trees.

But the next morning, at Aiken, South Carolina, spring was spring and a Southern spring at that.

Aiken is a rather small place, with a back yard of miles and miles of delightful woods. Endless riding paths of sand or red earth weave among these woods, and just now they are filled with dogwood, jasmine, scarlet and yellow honeysuckle, violets and flowering bushes.

All these tracts are owned by the Hitchcock family, so that Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock is really the hostess of all the Aiken colony. Her generosity throws the woods open in an unrestricted gesture to all who would enjoy them; her hospitality, therefore, is the source of all the many, sunny joys shared by her guests, known and unknown.

I have never seen so many happy young people as I have down here. The excellent boys' school where the standard is of the highest, and the equally excellent girls' school, Fermata, bring swarms of youngsters to this delightful place where sport and education are combined. What more may a parent desire than a school where his boy *has* to work and where he, at the same time, can absorb the best ideals of sport, and practice them? Teach your child self-control, languages and sports, and you open most of the worthwhile doors of life to him.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KIRKLAND STUDIO, AIKEN, S.C.

Buggies and riders drawn up to watch the Drag.

There are polo games for boys, who are coached by such authorities as Dev. Milburn, Tommy Hitchcock and Milton McCoy. There are games for girls, "with cups and everything," as I heard one of them say, where the riding is hard. Is it any wonder the boys and girls ride like veterans at a very early age?

I drove out to the children's Drag on Saturday morning. I had to go in a buggy, as automobiles are not allowed in the woods, thank goodness. We jolted over miles of friendly soft roads, my little black driver and I, passed from time to time by children of all ages and grown-ups on magnificent horses.

One of the whips was James F. Curtis, Junior, who wore a dark green coat, white breeches and a black velvet cap. We all assembled at a jump in the woods, perhaps a hundred buggies and as many spectator riders, and waited till we heard the bay of the hounds coming through the trees. They dashed past, gloriously excited, and some distance after them came the riders thundering up the hill to the jump opposite us.

It was really a charming sight. Hatless girls, serious and excited, boys riding splendidly on beautiful mounts—there is nothing more thrilling than watching a hunt stream by.

Then we all jogged home again to luncheon. I stayed at Wilcox's, a delightfully informal place, where the meals are served almost as they are at home, and you don't have to order from a long, bewildering menu. There are two other hotels, the Palmetto and the Highland Park.

At meals, half the guests were in riding clothes; many young girls among them, mostly in brown tweed coats and whipcord breeches. The younger girls wore jodphurs as often as not, and most of them were hatless. The sub-debs look extremely pretty, tanned and slender in these clothes and in (*Continued on page 176*)

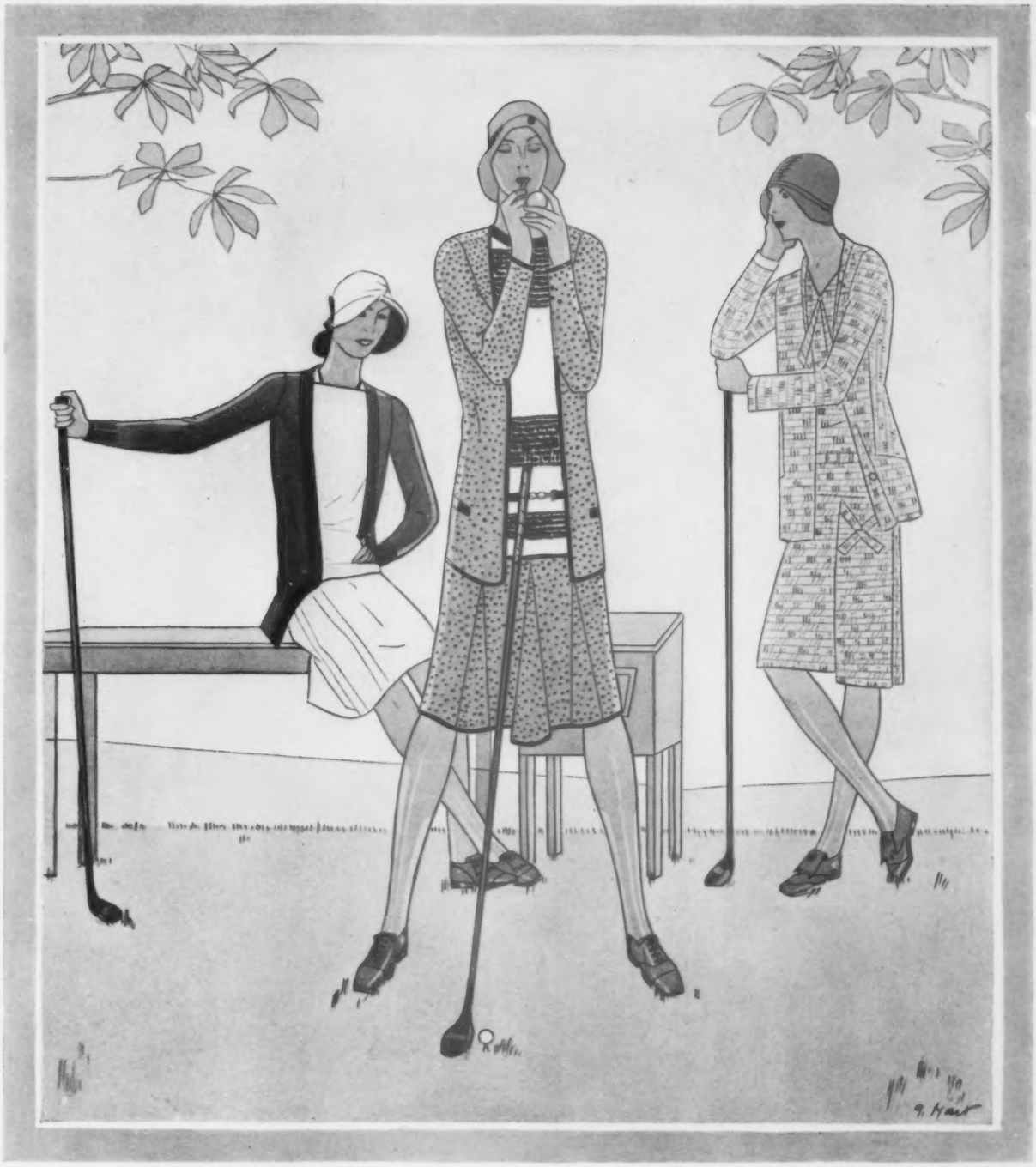
THE EIGHTEENTH HOLE

Drawing in color by Grace Hart

A bright red yachting jacket over a white silk piqué dress makes a smart and jaunty costume for the links as well as the sea. The imported jacket of heavy bouclé jersey has four brass buttons down the front and the one-piece dress is sleeveless with a plaited skirt. A little matching knitted béret carries out the nautical effect. From Bergdorf Goodman.

Mrs. Franklin makes a charming ensemble that is suitable for both active and spectator sports wear. The straight full-length coat and plaited skirt are made in a greenish yellow and brown mixed tweed, very light and finely woven, and the V necked sweater is hand knitted in an interesting decorative design in several shades of brown and yellow.

A finely woven Meyer fabric in greenish yellow and black makes an excellent costume for sports wear. The cardigan jacket is slightly fitted and the skirt is plain except for a few plaits at one side of the front. The blouse is made in green crêpe with bandings of the wool and is interesting because of its high waist-line and peplum effect. From Dobbs.



OUT ON THE LINKS

Drawings in color by Grace Hart

A two-piece yellow knitted sports suit from Martha West is complemented by a plain brown cardigan. The same tone of wood brown is used to edge the Vionnet neck-line and the border of the sweater. This house gives the individual touch by making such costumes to one's measure, insuring the correct line and fit so important to suits made in this material.

From Yvonne Carette is a smart sports ensemble consisting of gored skirt and short coat of tweedy jersey in greenish tones with a brown nub. The jumper of an open, lacy weave is striped in brown and green. The whole suit is finished on its edges with a border of crochet in brown. Marcelle Rose hat in two shades of green. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Chanel makes this three-piece sports ensemble of tweed woven jersey in shades of yellow and cream. The skirt has a loose band and bow of the fabric and is reinforced at the back with heavy sateen to prevent stretching. The sleeveless jumper has a bow at the neck; the jacket closes with one button and has a shoulder yoke and narrow turnover collar. Imported by Best.

CHIFFON AND GLEAMING SATIN

Drawing in color by Malaga Grenet

Lucile Paray makes this lovely chartreuse charmeuse evening ensemble. A full circular skirt is hung from a tight-fitting diagonal yoke and a bow at the side gives the new high waist-line. The cape collar and the cuffs of the wrap are quilted. Henri Bendel.

Patou's blue chiffon evening gown is made to cling to the figure by means of very fine shirring from the neck-line almost down to the knees, from which point flares a long, uneven and fluffy skirt. The neck is square and is cut quite low. Hattie Carnegie.

"Absinthe" is the name given to this satin evening ensemble from Stein and Blaine. The gown crosses in front, giving a surplice effect, and is drawn tightly around the waist by a diamond ornament. The wrap is lined with orchid chiffon velvet and has fox cuffs.

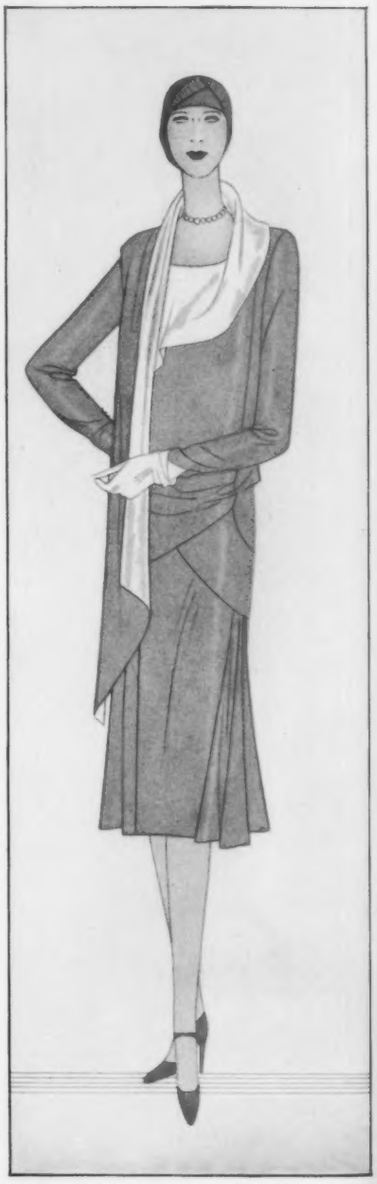
VEIL YOUR ANKLES IN LACE

Drawing in color by Malaga Grenet

A charming evening dress from Chanel, in which heavy orchid silk lace is finished with bands of double tulle, scalloped to match the edge of the lace. The loose bolero dips at the back to correspond with the uneven hemline of the skirt. ***From Frances Clyne.***

Bergdorf Goodman imports a divinely trailing gown with princess line from Chêruit. The somber note of black ciré lace and chiffon is relieved by two huge poppies, one red, one white, posed at the hip. A cape collar of chiffon hangs below the very deep V neck.

Mirande makes this evening ensemble of rosy beige rayon lace. A twist of three shades of ribbon encircles the skirt beneath the lace, with stiffening effect. The velvet coatee in sea-foam green has a circular cape edged with blue fox. ***Imported by Jay-Thorpe.***



SILKS FOR THE SPRING IN CHARMING VARIETY OF DESIGN

Bergdorf Goodman imports from Nicole Groult a delightfully youthful frock of blue and white in a small floral print, belted at the natural waist-line. The tucked gilet and undersleeves are of white starched chiffon. The front turns back in revers edged with blue buttons. The wide circular skirt accents the jeune fille feeling.

Very sophisticated is this daytime ensemble from Lucien Lelong consisting of a black crêpe dress and a finger-length coat with white ermine collar. An overskirt drapes in a pointed line below the hem at the back. The detail of the flowing scarf, which falls from the shoulders of the frock, is repeated in two loose coat panels. Bruck Weiss.

For the woman who wears gray well there is this frock from the spring collection of Maggy Rouff in a soft dove color made in a new silk fabric of crêpey weave, with satin back. A white-lined scarf is attached at the side of the asymmetric neck-line. A front panel is drawn into vertical shirrings at the waist-line. From Jay-Thorpe.

TAFFETA FOR CRISPNESS

SATIN AND SURAH FOR SOFT LINES

This is the type of daytime ensemble that almost any woman would find a useful adjunct to her wardrobe. A Vionnet model imported by The Tailored Woman. The frock of brown and white check surah used diagonally, in lines original with this creator, is complemented by a brown velveteen coat with tuxedo collar and belt.

Typical of Lanvin is this ensemble for daytime which combines a printed satin frock and black satin coat. The print is used in a characteristic way—diamond-shaped plastrons of the contrasting fabric set on over the elbow, and in a shawl collar extending in a point down the back. The frock has a cowl neck. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

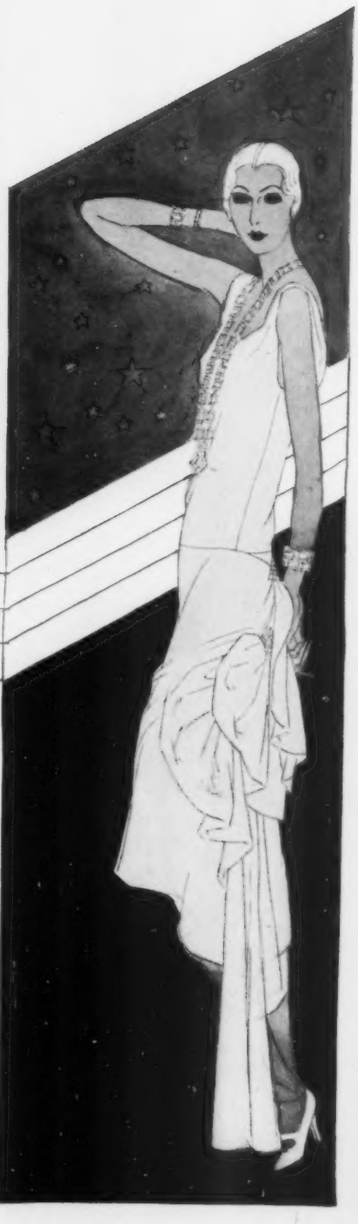
Nothing could be smarter or crisper than this black snowflake printed taffeta suit from Patou, which Altman imports. The skirt has plaits set low in the front; the short, loose jacket has an attached scarf which ties in a fetching bow under the chin. The accompanying blouse of white crêpe has details of hand-work and tucking.

WHITE SATIN DIAMONDS AND SUNBURN FOR CHIC

Madame Vionnet uses very heavy cream-colored satin for this exquisite evening gown, which is decidedly princess in effect and has the new long, pointed hem-line. A scarf coming from the front falls gracefully over one shoulder. Little bouquets of flowers carried in the hand are a new fashion for evening. Franklin Simon.

Another charming Vionnet gown in egg-shell satin comes from Lord and Taylor. The neck-line, cowl-shaped in front, is a deep V in back. Three long points, coming from a draped and tight-fitting waist-line, make a graceful skirt and an all-around uneven hem-line.

Augustabernard makes this white satin evening dress, and centers the interest on the skirt treatment, where three large poufs are held by cartridge plaits. Below these, two panels just escape the floor, achieving a graceful hem-line. Saks-Fifth Avenue.



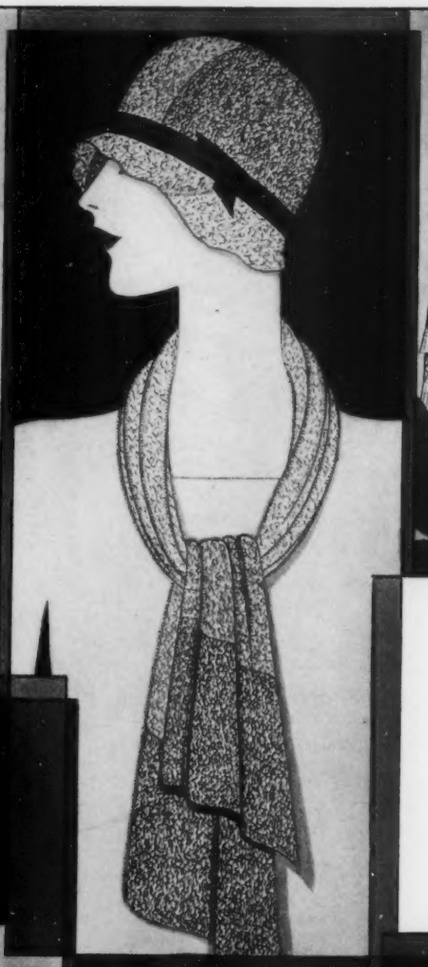
THE FORMAL BOUQUET RETURNS TO FAVOR

Chartreuse-green lamé and chiffon make an important evening ensemble from Frances. The three-quarter coat is of silvery lamé chiffon with a huge white fox collar. The chiffon gown, made over a lamé foundation, has an ankle-length skirt, transparent almost to the knees, and finished around the bottom in petals.

Patou's long and very tight-fitting black satin evening gown molds the slim figure in a most becoming manner. The skirt has the new long line in front. Flesh net is inset in narrow bands outlining the deep V décolletage both back and front. From B. Altman.

Svelte, slender lines characterize this evening frock from Patou called "Amour Amour". It is developed in the new color sponsored by this maker in his spring collection, the middle nasturtium shade which he names Capucine. Imported by John Wanamaker.

HATS AND SCARFS FEATURE THE ENSEMBLE THEME



Chanel's triangular kerchief scarf from Saks-Fifth Avenue, of white silk, red and blue striped with a double row of fringe in these same three shades.

A charming turban and scarf combination imported by Joseph, in which a Rodier silk lace jersey in brilliant flag colors is effectively employed for both.

A hat of fine natural bangkok trimmed with brown grosgrain ribbon. The Marcel Rochas triangular scarf is yellow with brown polka-dots. Dobbs.

Bonwit Teller imports a hat and cravat scarf of rayon from Rose Descat. The beige hat is banded with brown; the scarf is in shades of beige, brown, orange.

Like a man's ascot tie is a scarf of Patou's from Saks-Fifth Avenue. Of navy blue silk striped in red. Chanel's silver safety pin from Best and Company.

DOTS, PRINTS, STRIPES AND PLAIDS VIE FOR FAVOR

Finest navy blue silk baku is used for a close-fitting hat from Milgrim, piped with the same bordered print as the scarf in red, white and pale blue.

Knox makes a small hat of dark blue felt, trimmed with a plastron and facing of the same gay tri-color plaid of the three-cornered fringed scarf.

Paris wears scarfs thus, with a huge bow under the chin. Patou's scarlet cravatte silk with white polka-dots and red and white fringe, from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

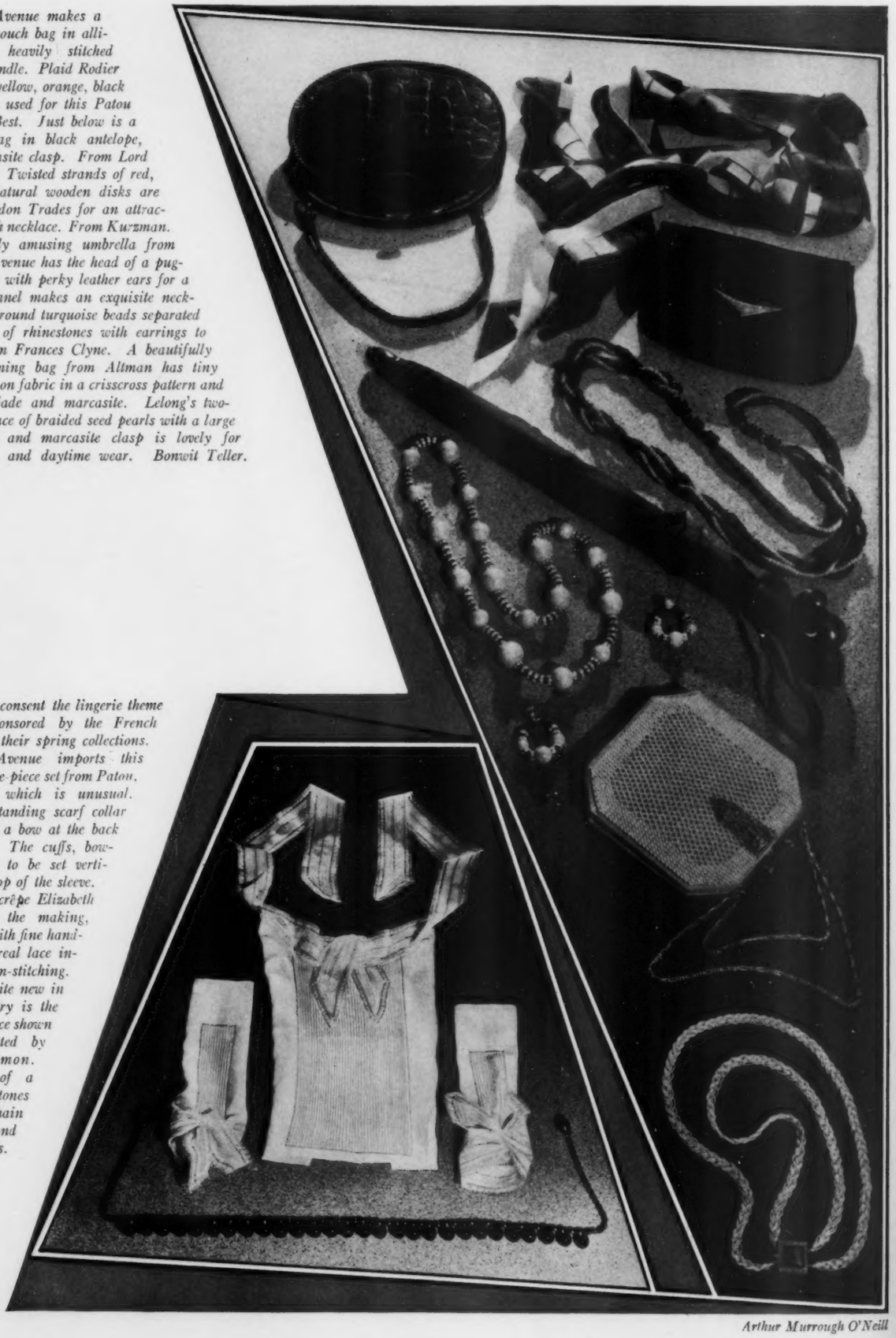
Agnès makes a delightful hat in rosy beige baku and enlivens it with the silk of the triangular scarf—red and white stripes with black border. From McCreery.

The natural baku hat, which Saks-Fifth Avenue imports from Maria Guy, shows its relationship to the scarf by the use of the same beige and red Rodier fabric.

PARIS SENDS US BRILLIANT JEWELRY

Saks-Fifth Avenue makes a very smart pouch bag in alligator with heavily stitched edges and handle. Plaid Rodier material in yellow, orange, black and white is used for this Patou scarf from Best. Just below is a chic little bag in black antelope, with a marcasite clasp. From Lord and Taylor. Twisted strands of red, green and natural wooden disks are used by London Trades for an attractive new beach necklace. From Kuzman. A delightfully amusing umbrella from Saks-Fifth Avenue has the head of a pug-nosed puppy with perky leather ears for a handle. Chanel makes an exquisite necklace of large round turquoise beads separated by rondelles of rhinestones with earrings to match. From Frances Clyne. A beautifully designed evening bag from Altman has tiny pearls woven on fabric in a crisscross pattern and a clasp of jade and marcasite. Lelong's two-strand necklace of braided seed pearls with a large square onyx and marcasite clasp is lovely for both evening and daytime wear. Bonwit Teller.

By universal consent the lingerie theme has been sponsored by the French couturiers in their spring collections. Saks-Fifth Avenue imports this charming three-piece set from Patou, the gilet of which is unusual. There is a standing scarf collar which ties in a bow at the back of the neck. The cuffs, bow-trimmed, are to be set vertically on the top of the sleeve. Sheer, white crêpe Elizabeth is used for the making, ornamented with fine hand-tucking and real lace inset with hem-stitching. Something quite new in costume jewelry is the Chanel necklace shown below, imported by Franklin Simon. It consists of a series of red stones strung on a chain of wood and gold rondelles.



Arthur Murrough O'Neill

AND OTHER NEW COSTUME DETAILS

The handsome envelope bag at the extreme left is made of black antelope and has a gold frame. From Bonwit Teller. Wanamaker imports a very lovely necklace fashioned of twisted strands of green and black glass disks. From Lord and Taylor comes a smart little black suède bag with a handle and an enamel frame. A belt for sports wear, made of heavy elastic in gay colored stripes, is imported by Best. One of Chanel's newest and loveliest necklaces with matching earrings is made of large blue and green melon shaped beads divided by rondelles of rhinestones. From Frances Clyne. A gorgeous long string of graduated yellow amber beads is imported by Altman. A chic bag from Saks-Fifth Avenue is made in a beige colored metallized Rodier fabric. Patou's black and silver bracelet is typical of the new barbaric jewelry. From B. Altman. Chanel's necklace of tiny pear-shaped crystals is new and charming. From Kurzman. Another smart necklace is made of blue and green beads and silver balls. Franklin Simon.

Scarfs continue to exert their influence on the spring mode. But they are scarfs with this difference—that they either relate directly to the costume which they complement or they match one's hat or hand-bag. It is just another development of the ensemble idea. Here is a delightful scarf and bag combination, a Reboux origination imported by Milgrim, in which shaded tones of gray and red form a striking color scheme. The long, narrow scarf of crêpe de Chine is fashioned of shaped pieces of red and gray held in with tucks at the back of the neck. The envelope purse is made of finely stitched soutache braid, shading darker toward the edges where it is bordered with a band of red braid.

Drix Duryea

SPRING CHIC IN TERMS OF FOOTWEAR

I. Miller makes an opera pump of graceful lines for evening wear, of white crêpe strapped and ornamented with gold and silver kid.

A Perugia shoe from Sommers, Inc., of navy blue kid, banded around vamp, heel and on the T-strap with lines of the French tricolor.

The Basque espadrille will be much seen on American beaches this summer. One from Saks-Fifth Ave. of plaid duck has red straps.

An evening sandal from Saks-Fifth Avenue, which in its contrasting fabrics, brown crêpe and beige satin, has a foreshortening effect.

A street pump from Martin and Martin of café au lait kid with pipings of bronze, and front ornament of the two shades in stripes.

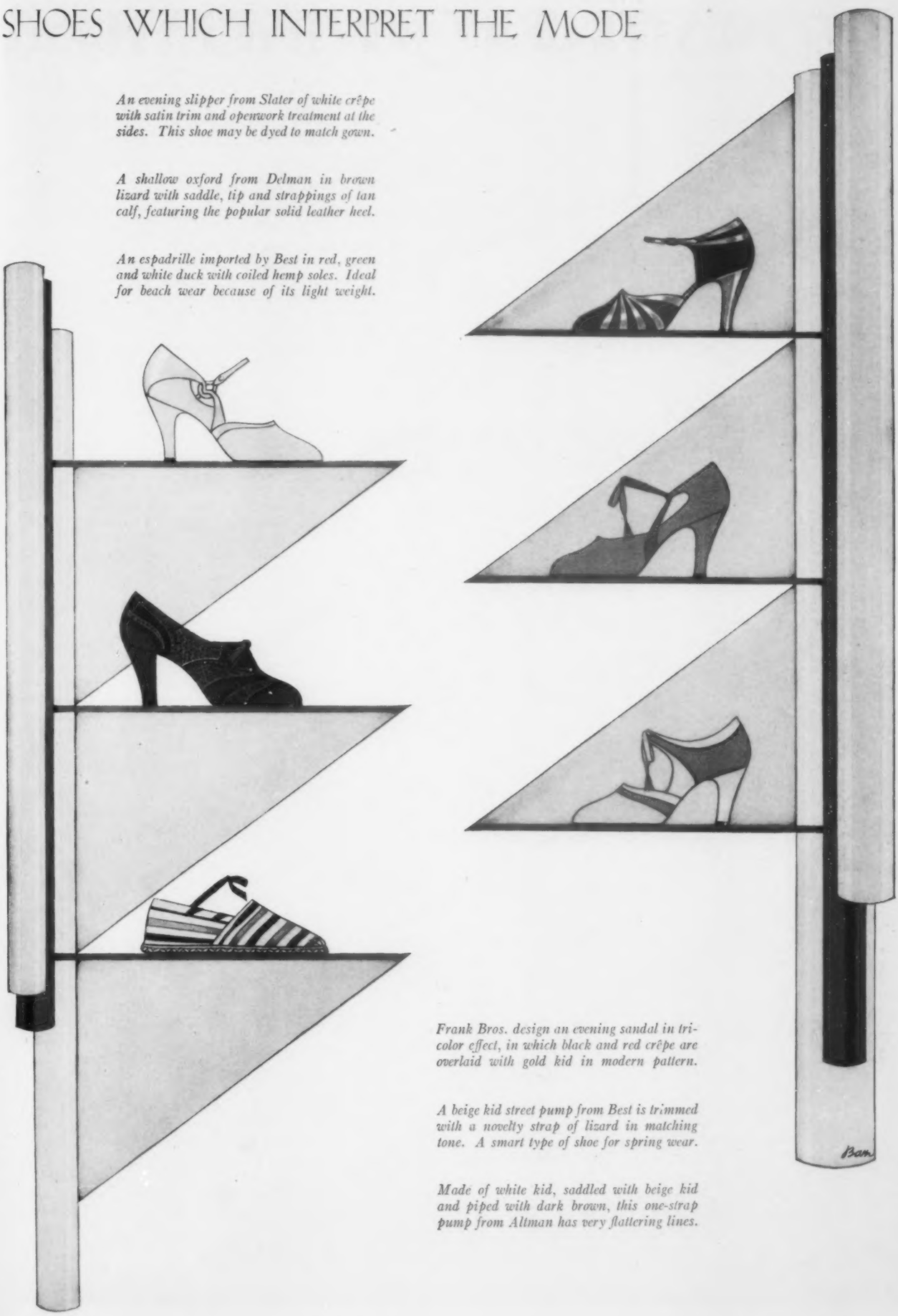
An oxford from Altman of excellent lines, in which white buckskin is overlaid with tan calf in interesting pattern. Solid leather heel.

SHOES WHICH INTERPRET THE MODE

An evening slipper from Slater of white crêpe with satin trim and openwork treatment at the sides. This shoe may be dyed to match gown.

A shallow oxford from Delman in brown lizard with saddle, tip and strappings of tan calf, featuring the popular solid leather heel.

An espadrille imported by Best in red, green and white duck with coiled hemp soles. Ideal for beach wear because of its light weight.

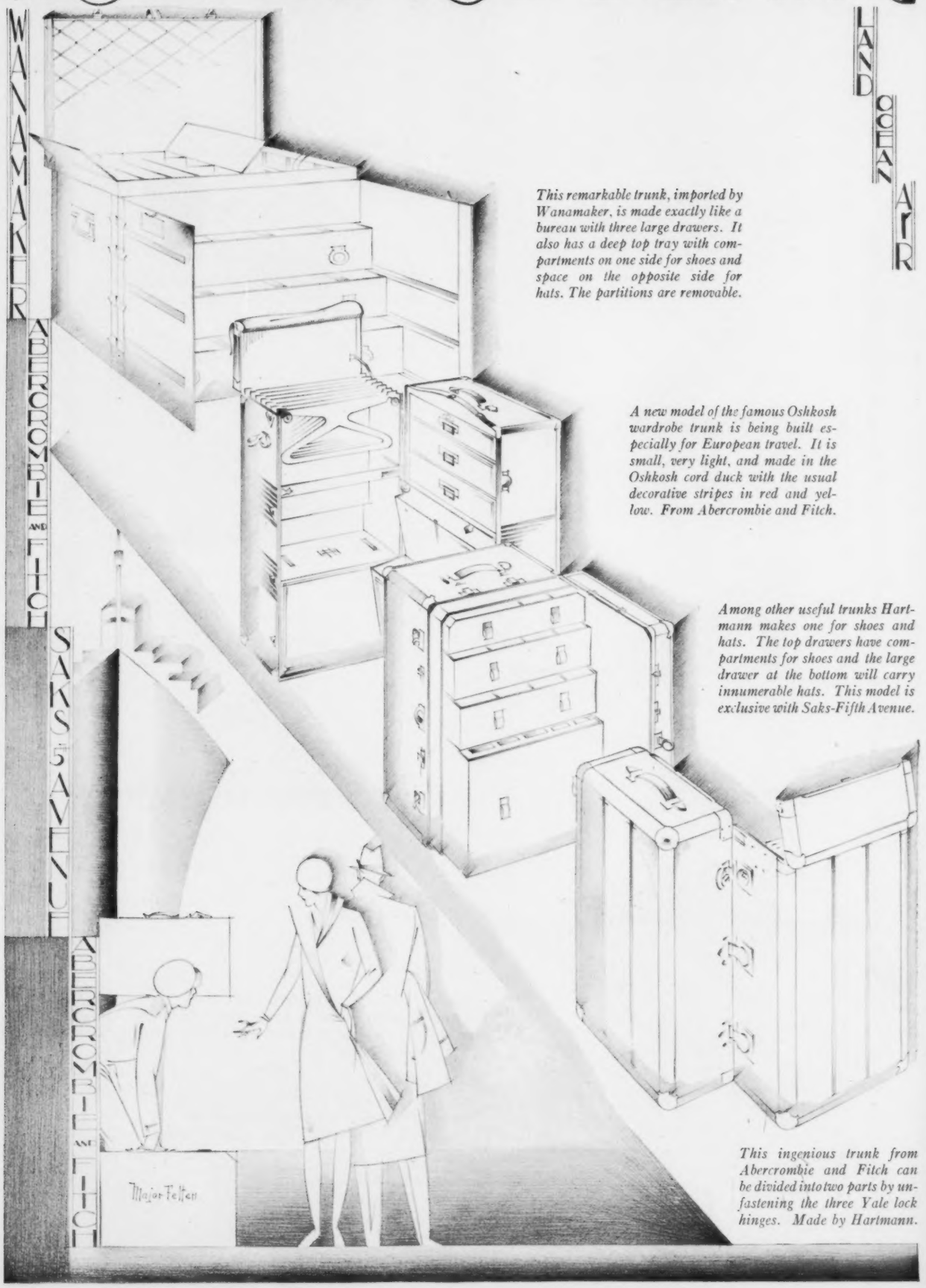


Frank Bros. design an evening sandal in tricolor effect, in which black and red crêpe are overlaid with gold kid in modern pattern.

A beige kid street pump from Best is trimmed with a novelty strap of lizard in matching tone. A smart type of shoe for spring wear.

Made of white kid, saddled with beige kid and piped with dark brown, this one-strap pump from Altman has very flattering lines.

TRUNKS THAT HOLD EVERYTHING



This remarkable trunk, imported by Wanamaker, is made exactly like a bureau with three large drawers. It also has a deep top tray with compartments on one side for shoes and space on the opposite side for hats. The partitions are removable.

A new model of the famous Oshkosh wardrobe trunk is being built especially for European travel. It is small, very light, and made in the Oshkosh cord duck with the usual decorative stripes in red and yellow. From Abercrombie and Fitch.

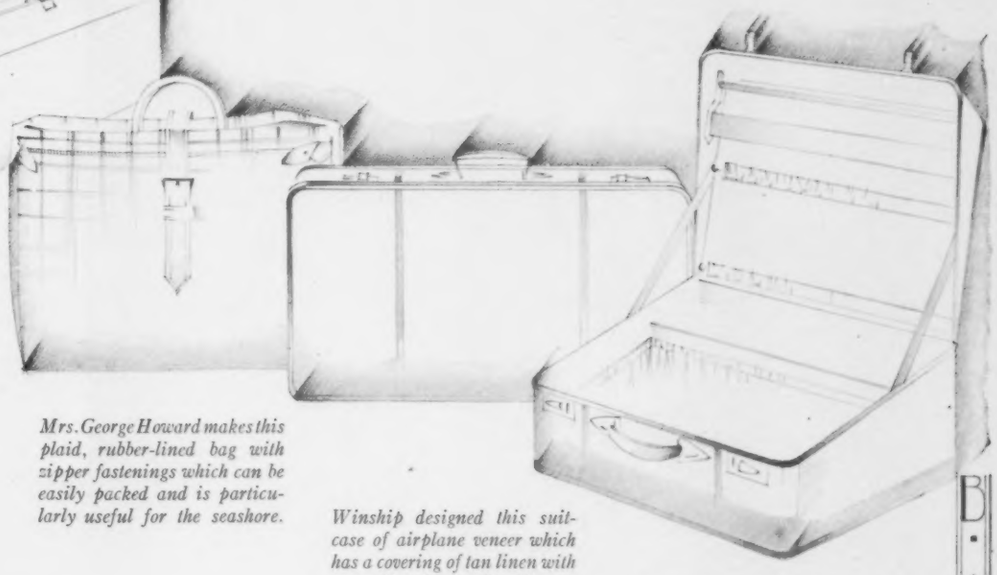
Among other useful trunks Hartmann makes one for shoes and hats. The top drawers have compartments for shoes and the large drawer at the bottom will carry innumerable hats. This model is exclusive with Saks-Fifth Avenue.

This ingenious trunk from Abercrombie and Fitch can be divided into two parts by unfastening the three Yale lock hinges. Made by Hartmann.

BAGS FOR EVERY KIND OF TRAVEL

LORD & TAYLOR

Above is an imported pigskin overnight bag with zipper fastenings and red morocco lining. It is collapsible and easily tucked away when not in use. Lord and Taylor.



Mrs. George Howard makes this plaid, rubber-lined bag with zipper fastenings which can be easily packed and is particularly useful for the seashore.

Winship designed this suitcase of airplane veneer which has a covering of tan linen with two red stripes. B. Altman.

Another case, made especially for air travel by Winship, is a compact little box which has space for a small wardrobe. B. Altman.

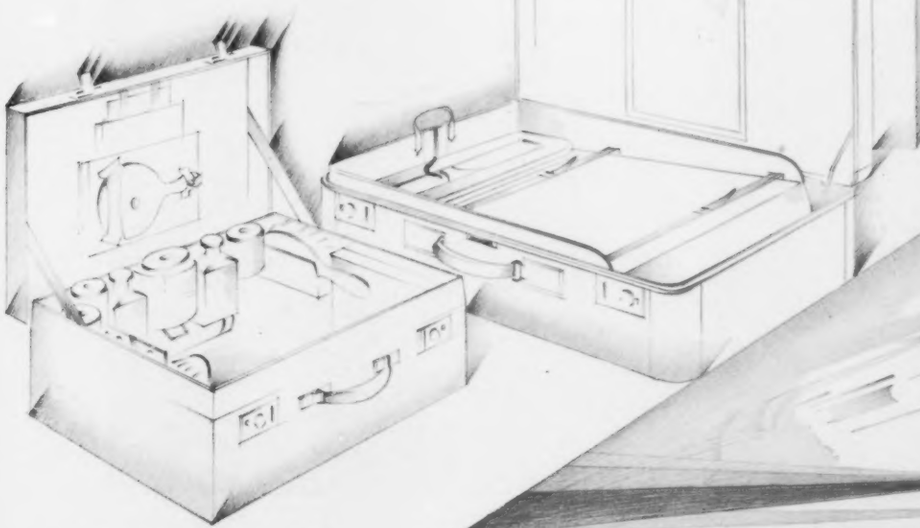
B. ALTMAN

At the right is a very smart Vuitton steamer bag in cowhide which is useful for carrying riding boots. Saks-Fifth Avenue

A shoe box in imported cowhide lined with corduroy takes care of twelve pairs of shoes in a very neat and convenient way. Also from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

A practical and useful piece of luggage is a light wardrobe suitcase with hangers for clothes and compartments underneath for hats and shoes. Lord and Taylor.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



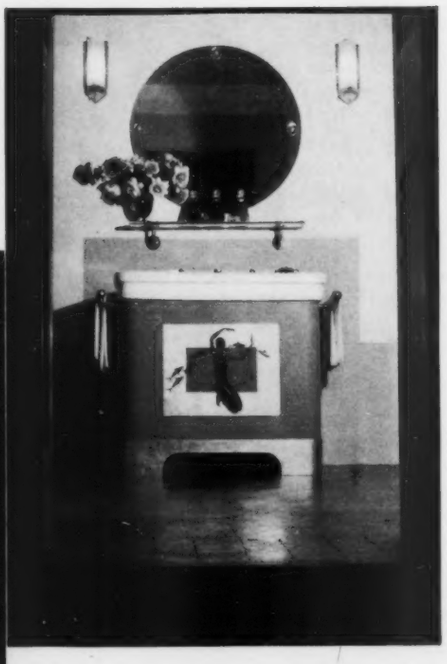
Lord and Taylor imports a stunning small-sized fitted bag, in pigskin with lovely silver fittings.

LORD AND TAYLOR

Only two rooms of the large Georgian house just being finished for Mrs. Charles S. Payson, the former Joan Whitney, on the Payne Whitney estate at Manhasset, Long Island, are sufficiently completed for photographing. The powder room on this page was decorated by Charles Baskerville, Jr., whose poster work and lacquer screens are well known along Park Avenue and where Park Avenue plays. The decorative focus of the room is the series of naiad panels in green enamel painted by Mr. Baskerville. The furniture is in lime-yellow satin. Specially designed flat lighting fixtures are built in the wall and table.

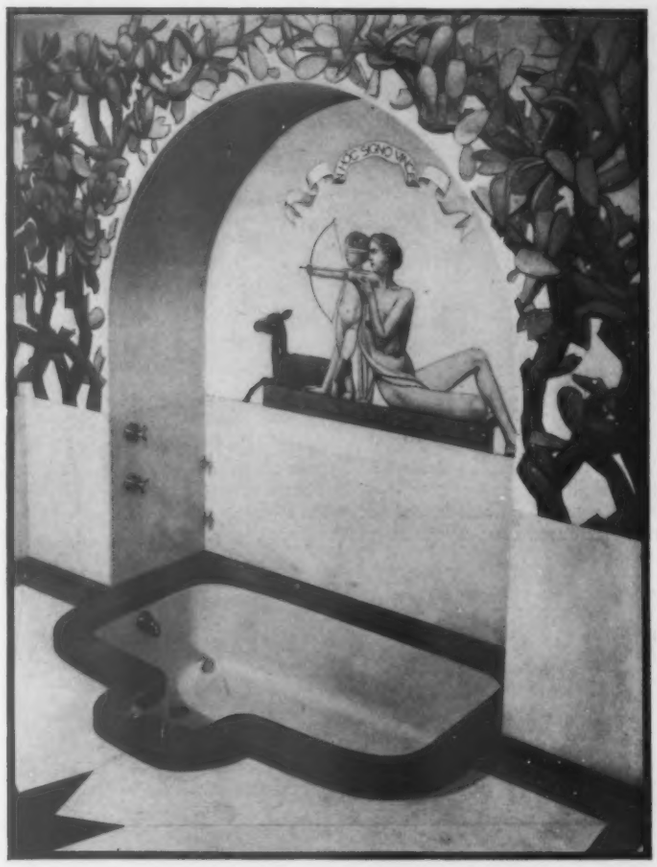
IN THE MANHASSET RESIDENCE OF MRS. CHARLES S. PAYSON

The photograph at the top of the page was taken from the entrance doorway. The view below is reversed, the door at the right giving upon the guest entrance to the house. The wood of the furniture and door is gray, with high lights silvered and a silver leaf border enframing the door decoration. The walls are in shades of faded rose.



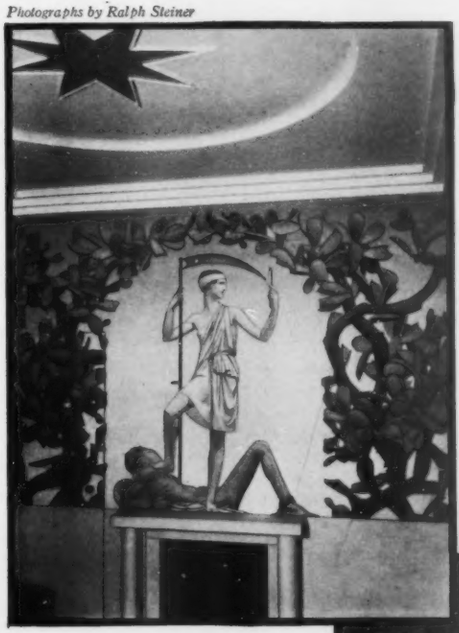
Above, the decorated basin screen. This little vanity-box of a room is daringly modern in color. Visualize crisp lettuce-green and lime-yellow, a sentimental rose, champignon gray, and silver. These, with the adroit lighting, are good psychology. They flatter slightly and encourage the gala mood.

TWO MODERN ROOMS FROM LONG ISLAND'S NEWEST HOUSE



Above the sunken bath in white and gray marble, properly niched, is a classical group of Eros and attendant nymph in the Parisian Hellenic manner for which de Monvel is famous, with an amusing use of a familiar Latin motto. The coloring of the conventionalized foliage background is a firm blue-green for the leaves, red-brown for the trunks. The figures are in warm sunburn tones. The effect is tropical.

Photographs by Ralph Steiner



Bernard Boutet de Monvel, starting as the son of a famous father, has firmly established his own position in France and England as an artist of taste and distinction. His decorative canvases for Mrs. Payson's bathroom are an outstanding example of his full-colored mural mood.

Mr. de Monvel's unerring decorative sense is seen in his formalized baby-faced amorini who guard the mirror and support the garland over Mrs. Payson's washstand. The Latin motto is made personal: "Know thou thyself." The foliage background runs around three sides of the room.

A Novel by Nancy Hoyt:

BRIGHT INTERVALS

Continuing the Romance of two young Americans who Start Out on their great Adventure in Paris

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

Résumé of the Preceding Parts:

THE placid outline of the Isle of Wight faded and was replaced by the sloping lawns of Southampton water. Lydia's heart thundered in her ears above the engine's noise. Nearby, an Atlantic liner sped out of the fog, and she noticed a smart young woman in black, whose eyes were also in mourning. She had a queer subconscious feeling that the figure staring down at her was herself, Lydia Graeme, a tired grown-up self, setting out on a long journey. Her hand clutched more tightly a small piece of cardboard—her pass to adventure. She was drunk with escape, tense with anticipation and a lively desire to know what was coming around the next corner.

"Lydia leaned out of the window to attract Bill's attention, her eyes and mouth crinkling and laughing as if they would spill over their precious content of mirth."

Lydia was the child of a dour Scotchman, Donald Graeme, and the exquisite Athene, who had been one of the famous trio of Stephanyi sisters. Since Donald disliked girl children, and Athene, because of her disappointment in Donald, could find no interest in brunettes, Lydia had been reared by her Aunt Alix and her grandfather, Andrew Stephanyi, head of the firm of jewelers which bore his name. At twenty, Lydia mournfully feared that the watering place where she lived with her grandfather would be her life-long fate. She thought of her mother and two aunts—Athene, the poet; Alix, the dancer, and Lissa, the singer. At twenty they had all been famous. But for Lydia, an amateur dramatic performance at Cambridge and an audience with Reinhardt had been her only efforts toward accomplishment.

Then had come an extraordinary meeting with Camellia Tarleton, dazzling favorite of the London theatre, the result of which was this journey of escape to London.

In London, Lydia found herself easily taken up by the amazing circle of people that revolved about Camellia. She attended the opening of Camellia's new show, and, after the performance, was swept along, with the rest of the actress's retinue, to a party at Ronald Grant's.

It was in Ronald Grant's drawing-room that Lydia first saw John William Norton. He stepped in from the balcony and they danced together—as if they had always been meant to dance together. And just as surely as Lydia knew that she loved him, she knew that he loved her.

The next day, in Camellia's dressing-room, Lydia received the news that a theatrical producer might have a small rôle for her in a few weeks. Suddenly she knew that this tidal wave that had swept over her, would stand in the way of her stage ambitions.

Bill met her at the theatre. In the first block, he began asking her to marry him and she to accept him. He brushed aside her acceptances until he made quite sure that she knew what she was about. It appeared he was from New England and was the son of a minister and college president. Finally, they hailed a dingy taxi and started off. The tension within the cab trembled with an intensity which was close to agony. He gathered her into his arms and leaned down to kiss her eyelids.

PART THREE:

AT THE end of six days Alexandra acknowledged them engaged; two weeks later Grandpapa, not without shrugging, caressing his beard and cabling his nephew in

"'Ah, you've been taught to regard me as the ogre from the north, have you not, now?' asked Donald Graeme."

New York, gave in, and when finally Lissa Stephanyi Arbuthnot asked them on a week-end together, the announcement might as well have been put in the *Times*, so surely was the betrothal recognized. Lydia's mother wired she was returning at once, a fact which suffused Lydia with pride, because Athene seldom canceled trips to please others.

It was thrilling to be the nymph that these three graces, all beautiful and talented, were garlanding. That Bill was made uneasy by her exquisite family Lydia took calmly, never doubting for a moment that it was a slightly embarrassed awe for so much loveliness which irked him. She was so sure that to everyone the mere name of Stephanyi meant taste and brilliance and fastidious discrimination that she made little or no comment on her relationship, feeling that he, poor lamb, who belonged to no such dazzling tradition, must not have his schoolmasters and dreary clerics rubbed in by contrasting them with her own people.

When Alexandra, in miles of green chiffon, swooped down on Bill and, kissing him lightly on his so aristocratic cheekbone, presented him with a faded ping-pong of Lydia at the age of five framed in an eighteenth-century gold miniature case, her eyes lit with pride. It literally never occurred to her that Bill would have preferred a neat relative in black charmeuse presenting him with a recent studio portrait of her framed in a clumping solid silver frame from Asprey's. Only chauffeurs had such preferences.

When her mother arrived at Royal Avenue, with seven yards of frail Carrickmacross and a first edition of John Donne in the original binding, Lydia felt faint with almost frightened appreciation, knowing the sentimental as well as the actual value of these priceless gifts.

Her mother, delicate as a carved Chinese rock crystal tree, recited, "Go and catch a falling star, get with child a mandrake root," laughed at its inappropriateness and gave them first the chorus of "Hymn to Proserpine," and then a short and playful fragment of an Epithalamium written specially for Lydia. Written especially for Lydia by the only woman poet alive, by her own incomprehensible extraordinary mother, who at forty-one looked twenty-five and as inspired as St. Joan! How could Lydia, throwing shy glances at Bill, which said "Isn't this wonderful?" have read in the hot sapphire stare which met her eyes any other opinion of the performance? As a matter of fact he was impressed by Andrew Stephanyi's present of a string of pearls, which, though they did not look particularly large, were, Lydia said, so perfectly matched as to be almost unique. And Donald Graeme sent a silver tea-set almost the double of the one Aunt Mary Norton had given his cousin, Helen, and very nice Bill found it.

If anyone had told Lydia that Bill privately considered the Stephanyis a bunch of loonies and most of their gifts as trash, she would never have believed them. As for regarding himself as her rescuer from a disorganized and slightly immoral milieu, it (*Continued on page 169*)

Copyright, 1929, by Nancy Hoyt.

Last-Minute Sketches from Paris

Maggy Rouff

White sports costume. Crêpe skirt. Jumper with stripes of darkest green and garnet.

Lanvin

White organdie painted with scarlet flowers, like ragged chrysanthemums.

Tailleur of brown and beige mixture tweed. Crossed piqué blouse.

Drecoll Beer

Goupy

Tailored frock. Black jersey blouse with bands of écru wool braid. Black crêpe skirt, bands of jersey.

Chéruit

Cape of white satin lunasol lined with silver lamé.

Havana reindeer piped with moire. Clasp of marcasite and carnelian.

Rose White

Brown French suède, with modernistic brass ornament.

Agneau velours and box calf. Any color. Gold and silver mounting.

Example of even all-round evening skirt, in black tulle. Jacket of tulle, embroidered in flat bead flowers.

Redfern

Evening gown in silver lamé with skirt lined with rose taffeta. Silver embroidery on revers and in center of bow.

Chéruit

Yteb

Maggy Rouff

Printed taffeta suit, black on pale gray. Blouse in alternate bands of white satin and georgette.

Lelong

Pale rose tulle, bodice straight and slim. Skirt flaring and much longer in back.

Worth

Two-piece jumper of fine jersey and skirt in crêpe. Both golden beige. Jacket in printed crêpe; yellow, black and beige.

Widely striped chiffon in flag blue, rose red, and creamy white. Blue embroidery, round armholes.

A Novel by Arthur Tuckerman:

" 'I've been happier, far happier, than I dreamed a human being could be, during the past week,' said Greta. 'Shall I tell you why? Because I escaped.'"

HIGH WALLS

Concluding the Story of a Girl who was not Afraid to Walk Outside the Gates of Convention

Illustration by W. Smithson Broadhead

Conclusion:

HER name was the *Prinz van Oranje*, and her home port Rotterdam. A trim little ship she was, with a spotless hull and dazzling white superstructure amidships. She maintained her twelve knots in a dogged Dutch way, perpetually pointing her blunt bow to the heavens, then diving, swooping, lifting her propeller high out of water, shaking herself like a wet terrier, kicking up a white fountain astern. The weather, on her departure from Natividad, favored her, however, for there were high, clear skies above and a steady trade-wind that held the sea down to a monotonous, heaving swell. And while she rolled and creaked her way southward, with the dark and rugged coastline of Calagua off her starboard bow, Greta sat huddled in her chair on the after-deck, trying to sun herself back to life, trying to escape from memories . . . .

Ramon would have her letter by now. She prayed that after the first shock he would understand—how she had read the stars, and had deliberately chosen the only possible course. He would suffer from the cruel swiftness of her decision, but no more than she was suffering now. She had acted, really, to preserve their love, not to kill it. She hoped that he would eventually realize this. . . . To keep it at the very fulness of its bloom, so that the fragrance of it, secure in each of their hearts, would scent the blank, empty years ahead. Memories. . . . She wondered if he, practical, manlike, grasping only at the tangible and disastrous fact of her flight, would comprehend the enduring beauty of what she had managed to preserve by the sacrifice. A stainless love, unmarred by an instant of doubt, or of divided purpose. A chapter of perfection; of life beyond the earth . . . Far better, that, than a gradual descent into realities, a growing preoccupation on his part with worldly matters, with an ambition which—though the worthiest a man could possess—would ultimately prove to be the enemy of their love. Quixotic, but true. She had sacrificed actualities for an ideal. A thousand women, she felt, might have stood by him, in her place, content with that return to earth. But she wasn't, she knew, of that fiber. She had reached her goal; attained a perfection beyond dreams. And this, at all costs, must be kept in a little room in her heart to which she could always retire when she felt the need.

She faced the future with a numbed indifference, an unconcern that verged upon mental death. Alexander Todd, perhaps, might bring her moments of happiness, by his complete and gentle understanding (*Continued on page 129*)

BOUILLON.... WITH THE TRUE FRENCH ACCENT

....by Campbell's famous chefs!

Clear soup, such as bouillon, has a very definite and distinct place in the family menu. It is to be selected for its bracing, invigorating effect rather than for supplying body-building nutrients. Bouillon, by reason of its delicious and stimulating meat juices, challenges the appetite and promotes digestion. Thus at the beginning of a meal, it induces a very delightful sense of well-being and prepares the way for the foods that follow.

Many times, too, a stimulating cup of bouillon is desired by itself, to refresh and revive. Its value in the sick-room is well-known.

Campbell's Bouillon combines a delicacy of flavor that is truly French and a fullness of strength that insures the utmost benefit. Only the most carefully selected beef is used for the broth of amber clarity, deliciously flavored with celery, onion, leek, parsley, herbs and seasoning. 12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

DIAMOND CIRCLETS OF RARE DISTINCTION

The lure of beautiful hands is great beyond words, but how much more potent the spell when diamond rings of rare enchantment adorn them.

Wondrously pure and flawlessly cut in exquisite square, marquise and emerald shapes—with platinum settings delicately chased in individual designs—the diamond rings of Brand-Chatillon are particularly fashioned to enhance the magic power of loveliness.

Marquise Diamond, 4.73 carat, with marquise on either side, $10,000.00

Emerald Cut Diamond Ring, 4.22 carat, with baguette on either side, $10,500.00

Baguette Diamond and Platinum Wedding or Guard Ring, $500.00

Square Diamond, 3.44 carats, with three baguette diamonds on either side, $9,000.00

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BRAND CHATILLON

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773-775 Fifth Avenue New York City

Savoy—Plaza

These excellent products have helped to make the Ogilvie Sisters famous.

THE COSMETIC URGE

By REBECCA STICKNEY

OFTEN in the springtime you notice that your hair is coming out in unexpected long hairs, not in the short, broken variety that results from careless brushing and combing. This is a warning of nature to take stock of yourself, for each spring and fall there are definite organic changes in the general system and a nourishing tonic is needed. A short, intensive treatment will correct this condition. Ogilvie Sisters, at 604 Fifth Avenue, are leading specialists in the care of the hair and scalp, and their large following of well-known women, here and abroad, is proof of their intelligent, efficient work. Their whole system is built on common sense methods.

To be perfectly healthy (there's no true lasting beauty without health), the hair must be kept antiseptically clean, must be exercised and nourished. Brushing with long bristles of a super-flexible brush, not hard short bristles which tear out the soft new growth, is most important, for the outer covering of the hair is the same horny substance as our nails, and the more you polish it, the higher lustre you obtain. Always brush upward and outward from the scalp in long sweeping strokes, and then rub your brush off on an old towel. You will be amazed at the amount of dirt and grime collected by the hair, even a few days after a shampoo. Shampooing, according to the Ogilvie Sisters, is a too often indulged-in evil. Once a month is enough for a normal scalp, and if the hair is oily, more frequent washings only aggravate this condition. An oily scalp and dry ends are most common, and indicate leaking glands, because instead of the natural oil going through the hollow tubes which carry the oil and pigment, it runs out and down the hair on the outside. Ogilvie Sisters' three tonics—for oily hair, for dry hair, and then the special remedy for falling hair and dandruff—are indispensable remedies. Also they have an excellent tonic for whitening gray hair and Alopecia Remedy for patchy baldness.

IN FRANCE, a Frenchwoman studies and cares for the hair-line of her face. Usually, if she be graced with a widow's peak, she brushes her hair straight back to accentuate it. However, a lovely hair-line recedes and grows thin with age. The facial creams we use are created specially not to grow hair, so they do not help to keep the hair-line nourished. Tight hats and powder cause extreme dryness to these fine first hairs, so Ogilvie Sisters have perfected Scalp Pomade which keeps the precious hair-line from receding and makes the growth which frames the face luxuriant and soft.

Try putting your hair in the best condition before your next permanent wave, and you will get results that you had never hoped for. Also, some people are erroneously under the impression that a finger wave lasts longer if it is left alone. The more you brush a permanent or finger wave, the lovelier the wave will be, and the less you have to set it. Brushing keeps the elasticity of the hair, and the wave snaps back into place, whereas, if the hair is dead and lifeless a wave soon straightens out.

If the male of the species would only consider these elementary rules, there would be far less baldness. The Ogilvie Sisters claim that baldness in men is largely a result of tightening at the base of the skull, which prevents proper circulation over and under the skull. For highstrung, nervous men there is a set of simple exercises, which have been developed to keep the muscles from contracting and pressing on the nerves at the back of the neck. These keep the spine young, giving absolute freedom of circulation between the shoulder-blades and the back of the neck to the scalp, because they get back to the natural source of supply. With all this information, every wife whose husband's locks are fast thinning should do a little light missionary work on him, with the inspiring slogan, "Where there is Fuzz, there is Hope."

DOROTHY GRAY has changed her entire line of powders, and has had new ones created in France. The first is a popular-priced powder with a delicious odor which can be used by almost any woman, and is soft, adherent, and fine-textured. The next is the lightest powder, of Jacqueminot Rose scent, and is really particularly suited to the woman who does not like a very made-up look. The third powder, the most expensive, represents the utmost in quality, and is an unusually fine-textured powder and for the woman who wants and will pay for the very best. All the powders come in seven or eight shades, which have been carefully selected to suit the complexions and tastes of Miss Gray's clientele. New finishing lotions, in the four usual shades and a delicate orchid for evening, offer a lasting base for these powders. Another new item, which cannot be passed by, is Dorothy Gray's new pimple lotion, a corrective preparation for blemishes that occasionally appear on the skin. A lotion of this type is indispensable to every woman at some time or other, and should not be confused with acne lotion, which is for a chronic disorder of the skin.

CARON CORP., 389 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

Delman's new evening sandal with the daring, high spindle heel; hand decorated crêpe-de-chine appliqued with blending kidskin. or you may have black brocaded faille which has a silver motif, and is trimmed with silver and gold kid. white moiré, which may be
tinted to match one's gown, is trimmed with silver and gold kid.
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LOVE CANNOT DIE

(*Continued from page 77*)

and to his daughter, and it was quite likely that any young man upon whom she cast favorable eyes would be subjected to heavy criticisms. But Guido seemed to have found favor there at once, and, indeed, it was hard for anyone to resist him.

PICTURE the three of them, can you, Signor, feasting off Rosa's dainties in a dim forest of crystal trees, haunted by birds of crimson and yellow glass, and replete with brittle flowers of every hue? What a setting for romance! The old man with his flowing smock, the two beautiful young people, so gloriously alive and happy. Ah, there were three clean hearts, I ask you to believe, Signor! They deserved the best of life, and accepted their lot as being just that—a fine philosophy and the only sound one.

After the meal, Guido, who was intensely curious, wanted to know all about how the glass was made, and old Naldi with pride explained the process to the newcomer, and let him handle the blowpipes. Guido put one to his lips.

"No!" cried the old man. "Not so—let me show you. One has to be very careful how the mouth is pursed—and then the breath, ah, that is the danger. One must always exhale—blow out. Then remove the tube quickly. Never inhale, for one inhalation means instant death. The liquid glass goes directly to the lungs, and that is fatal. Wait, I will make you something!"

Awed, the two youngsters watched while a pink cupid, light as froth, materialized out of nothingness. Guido leaned a warm cheek close to Rosa's.

"Look, it is an omen!" he whispered, laughingly. But Rosa shook her head.

"My love would be a more substantial thing than that," she answered soberly.

"Sometimes the frailest things are really the strongest!" said Guido, "if one cherishes them properly, at least. And for my part, I shall put this Cupid on the prow of my boat, and you shall see, it will never be broken—because I shall take care that it escapes all harm!"

He was laughing when he said it, yet there was a note of earnestness in his voice, too, and when he took Rosa back to the city, the Cupid crowned the tall *ferro* of his little bark.

SIGNOR, that day began a love-affair which surprised even Venice, where romance is in the very air one breathes. Old Naldi soon consented to their betrothal, and to everyone it looked like a perfect match—one of those rare, successful affairs, Signor, which give ordinary mortals the courage to go on attempting matrimony.

Guido took her with him wherever he could, and often at night you would see his gondola tied up among the crowds of little craft on the Lagoon while the two of them sat in the passengers' seat and listened to the serenade, his arm about her, their two dark heads together. Many times he would refuse a fare in order that they might drift out to the Lido, for the sea fascinated them both, strangely. Or sometimes they would sit on the fringe of the circle which met at her father's house, and listen to the talk. Hand in hand they crouched in the shadow, while the wise men, all master craftsmen of some ancient Venetian trade, discoursed wisely and at length upon deep subjects. On such occasions the audience was never so deeply enthralled as when Father Paulo, the confessor of us all, a venerable and very kindly man, held forth on immortality. His belief that no man really dies, often expounded in his clear, beautiful Italian, would have convinced the most skeptical, and offered great comfort to those who loved life as dearly as I. Rosa, too, loved best to listen to her priest, and, holding Guido's hand against her cheek, her eyes would glow with happiness at the assurance that she would never be parted from him and that death would mean only eternity together.

But more often the two would leave the wise seers to themselves, and go floating about the canals. All Venice soon knew the lovers by sight at least, and was looking forward to the wedding, for old Naldi was sure to make it a feast worth remembering. The date was set, and a month before it, with their love at the very verge of its consummation, with life shining ahead of them like a bright star, these two beautiful young lovers fell upon misfortune. Such a little thing, Signor! Ah! such a little, avoidable, unnecessary thing it was which shattered their romance!

ONE day Guido, at sunset, came to the island of Murano, as was his custom whenever possible, to fetch old Naldi from his work. Rosa was with him, and together they went looking for her father. But for the moment he was missing, and Guido, more in joke than anything, picked up one of the blow pipes.

"I'm going to make you a flower for your hair!" he cried, put it to his lips, blew, then caught his breath, and in a moment lay dead at her feet. He had inhaled the molten glass, Signor, and that was the quick end of him.

So you see, what a trifle came between them—just one breath and as a result, tragedy. It was not as though they had been separated by a great sacrifice: or by someone coming between them. If they had been already married, and their love had perhaps worn a little into habit things might have been different. But no, they were cut off clean in the very perfection of their love, and probably it was because of this that the thing, which came afterward, could happen.

When Rosa was able to get about again after the first shock of Guido's death, she went straight to Father Paulo with her trouble. All her life he had told her what to do, how to believe, so she felt that this time he must somehow help her. And he did. For everything the priest said to her she took for literal fact.

"Death," he told her, "is only a temporary parting. He is not really gone from you, he is near, he will watch over you and wait faithfully for you to join him!"

"But is he here now?" she begged. "Somewhere near me? Is he really watching me, Father?"

"Of course, my child!" soothed the priest. "If you believe in God, you must trust Him and know that you and Guido will be united in Heaven some day."

"But *now!*" cried the girl. "He is really near? He has not gone forever?"

"His spirit watches over you, without doubt, my daughter!" said the old man.

Rosa's eyes were too bright, and they fixed him with sudden, burning conviction. Then she went away, calmer than she had been since the great tragedy befell her. She talked no more about Guido's death, but kept much to herself, praying a great deal. And the substance of her prayer was that she might be permitted to see Guido, who was always near, watching over her. If he was really there—and since Father Paulo said he was, he must be—why could she not see him? If the dead did not go out into nothingness, why then need she lose him? She thought that it was only the weakness of her own belief which kept him invisible to her, and so prayed for greater faith, long hours on the cold flagging of St. Mark's, and beside her narrow bed. And then one day, in her own room, perfect belief finally came to her; the last secret doubt in her mind vanished. And as with glad heart she arose from her knees, she turned to find Guido standing by the door, his arms outstretched.

YOU, Signor, probably do not believe that Guido returned. For you have no need to recreate him, and it is only through need, coupled with faith, that such things can occur. Neither did the rest of Venice believe it, for in all that city there were only two people who needed Guido strongly enough to bring him back, and those two were Rosa and myself. When she came running to me the first time, telling me that she had seen him, I believed her at once, for true love, Signor, does not allow the beloved one very far from the heart.

(*Continued on page 126*)

LADY VIOLET ASTOR *is one of the most brilliant hostesses in English society, often entertaining royalty in her magnificent London house. But she loves best country life, and her serene beauty has the inimitable charm of the English countryside—hair golden as ripe wheat, eyes violet blue and exquisite skin as pink and white as a hedge rose.*

Lady Violet Astor leaving her London mansion for her early morning ride in Rotten Row, Hyde Park. Always impeccably turned out, she wears the formal English skirted habit.

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Lady Violet Astor

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Sweet as her shy name-flower, Lady Violet is yet a woman of convictions. It is no shallow vanity that causes her to give her skin meticulous care with Pond's.

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First, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening and always after exposure. Pat on with firm, upward outward strokes, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores.

Then, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away the cream and dirt. What an economy in towels and laundry!

Next, after a daytime cleansing, dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. It firms, tones, closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

Last—smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and powder base.

Give your skin this complete care during the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse with the Cold Cream and wipe off cream and dirt with the Tissues.

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LOVE CANNOT DIE

(*Continued from page 124*)

To her father, Rosa said nothing at first. But when she began talking with her lover daily, old Naldi soon wanted to know the meaning of her strange behavior. When she told him who it was he had heard her speaking to in the stillness of the night, he at once feared that she was going mad, and came to me for consultation.

"Her mind is sick!" he told me. "Her body is well and strong, but after a shock like that, something had to give way. Poor Rosa, poor bambina!"

"Why should you call her mad because she can see that which is invisible to your dull eyes, my friend?" I demanded. "Rosa is not crazy. She merely sees more clearly because she is more pure than we."

"Ah, Guilliamo, my friend!" said the father, "you can see no flaw in her perfection, as ever! But God give us grace to set her right again!"

When one we love is in such a plight as Rosa's, it is of course our wish, Signor, to keep outside people from knowing of the matter. But there was no sheltering Rosa from the effects of her conviction. Often she spoke of Guido, repeating to some friend what he had said, or referring to a meeting with him to which she must be off. So the neighbors came to avoid her, and touched their foreheads when they mentioned her name. However, Rosa did not seem to mind, but went about her business singing and smiling, and sewed on her bridal dress as though nothing had happened. Often she would stop at my post on the Grand Canal and chat with me on her way to market.

"Dear friend of my heart!" she told me, "to you alone I can talk of him without fear of ridicule. You believe me, don't you?"

"As I believe in Heaven," I assured her.

THEN one day Rosa did something which staggered the credulity of the most indulgent. She announced that she and Guido were to be married at St. Mark's on the day originally planned for. Everyone laughed, of course, except old Father Paulo to whom she went with the request that he perform the ceremony! *Sapristi*, Signor! Can you imagine such a thing? Poor Father Paulo must have been at his wits' end to know what to do. Simple and great as was his own faith, he could not realize how literally she had accepted his teachings, and to his mind, also, madness was close upon her. But out of fear of what might happen if he refused, he finally consented to go through with the ceremony at night, when the church would be empty.

It was just before this that Rosa's father was obliged to go to Rome, carrying some rare new glass pieces for installation in the famous Cellani collection. No one else could be entrusted with this mission and perforce he left Rosa in my charge. And so it was to me, fortunately, that she came with the announcement that Father Paulo had consented. I say fortunate, Signor, because to my mind true love is essentially a spiritual matter, and I could see nothing particularly strange about her desire to have the marriage service read over her. How could I tell what delicate chord in her brain might not be eased of its tension by the harmless performance? Indeed, who was I to say that the marriage, which had surely been arranged in Heaven if ever one was, would not actually take place?

But, *pauverina*, I did not want any mocking witnesses to be there, and I was glad when I learned it was to be at midnight. Father Paulo's wrinkled face wore a troubled expression when he spoke of it to me.

"God will forgive me if I am doing any wrong in granting her wish," he said wistfully. "They were so pure in their love, those children!" There were tears in the old man's eyes as he said it.

The night of the marriage was one of strange beauty, Signor. A moon that was made especially for lovers hung high above the dark glint of the canals, and the radiance of it dimmed the street lamps to the softness of candles before a shrine. A sweet wind was blowing softly in from the sea, and spring held her gentle carnival in the air. To the water-entrance of her father's house, when all save us were sleeping, came Rosa in her bridal gown, an unearthly vision of loveliness, the white veil making a sort of holy mist about her head, her white garments seeming to float about her, and on her face was an expression one could scarcely endure to look upon. It was as though the very light of Heaven came through her, and when she stepped into my gondola, and I poled her silently out into the night, she illuminated the small boat with a soft radiance.

At the bridge beside the Doges Palace we left the gondola, and Rosa slipped her hand through my arm. I was trembling so that I could scarcely walk, Signor, for as we approached the great front of the cathedral, so dark beneath the portico, so beautifully illuminated in its lace-work of ornament by the silent moon, I felt that I was certainly approaching something not of this world. The great Piazza was deserted save for one or two revelers at the far side, and we slipped in through the little door which, according to promise, Father Paulo had left open. There were a few candles burning on the main altar, but the rest of the church was in darkness. And on the altar steps Father Paulo was waiting, a ghostly figure in his robes, his white head bent. At the beginning of the nave Rosa slipped her hand from my arm and I saw her turn as if in greeting, to someone. A cold chill shot through me as she looked up at this nothingness and put her hand out as if to clasp the hand of another. Then with her head thrown proudly back, she swept away from me, walking in measured steps and with an invisible companion, toward the altar.

Signor, I heard music, soft and faint, as though the great organ whispered to itself. The church filled slowly with a luminous mist, and I leaned against a pillar, trembling, while Rosa knelt at the altar and the priest bent over her. Then a strange thing happened—so strange, so beautiful, so sweet! To that lonely wedding came all the saints of Heaven, Signor—they came down out of the stained-glass windows, out from the frames of the paintings over the minor altars. Even the little stone saints that stand outside on the pinnacles of the roof came to that wedding, trailing their heavenly robes, their hands folded in praise of all goodness, their tender eyes looking lovingly at my little Rosa kneeling there for her holy marriage. In crowds they came, softly; St. Joseph leading his little lamb, St. Cecilia with her garments waving softly like the music she had loved, St. Sebastian, the martyr, with his wounds, St. Anthony of Padua; all, all the blessed company left their places to kneel at Rosa's sacrament.

I am a man of fleshy habits, Signor, and alas, too often had I sinned to be able to see Guido himself. But the saints to whom I prayed regularly it was my privilege to behold, and I no longer doubted that the bridegroom was present. Then, in the midst of that strange company the priest pronounced them man and wife, and from outside came a great clamor of bells. The clock with the bronze figures—the one in the Square, you know it, Signor—was pealing out a revelry although it was not the hour for striking. All the ancient treasures of Venice, it seemed, were celebrating this most romantic of weddings. My head began to feel strangely, and then in a moment I knew no more. Everything went black before my eyes. And when I recovered, Rosa was gone, the saints had vanished, and the old priest was putting out the candles.

SOMEHOW, it had never occurred to me that Rosa would not go back to her father's house after the wedding. But she didn't. Instead, she went to the rooms which Guido had occupied before his death. These were two tiny chambers on the ground floor of an old house in the street of the Seven Flowers, which abutted on a small back canal. The landlord had been unable to let them because of Guido's strange death, and they had

(*Concluded on page 128*)

LET THE LOVELIEST MIRROR REFLECT THE LOVELIEST YOU

says Elizabeth Arden

THE Sun-Goddess of Old Japan was offended. She withdrew into a rocky cavern and left heaven in darkness.

From her sulks and from her cavern the Goddess of the Sun was enticed only when all the other gods finally succeeded in attracting her attention by making the First Mirror! Curiosity turned the trick; out came the Goddess to have a good look at herself! The ancient Japanese heaven blazed again into glory and "Honorable Fuji!" cried the Sun Goddess "why has no one ever told me my nose was shiny!"

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ILLUSION POWDER
A pure, vaguely scented powder, made for those who demand the extreme of quality. Tints: Illusion shade (a flesh tint), Rachel, Mat Foncé (a flattering shade for the average skin), Ocre (a sunburn shade), White, Minerva (a warm, natural color), Banana (warmer and deeper than Rachel), and Poudre de Lilas (a mauve shade for evening). $3.

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FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

LOVE CANNOT DIE

(*Concluded from page 126*)

stayed practically as he had left them, even his bright gondola remaining moored to its accustomed post outside. It was in these rooms, serene and happy as any normal bride, that I found Rosa after the old servant, Carolina, came to tell me she was missing. Rosa was occupied with some simple household task when I arrived, and refused to come home with me.

"Oh, no!" said she. "This is my place, now, and here I shall remain."

There was no moving her. What was I to do? I was fearful of making a wrong move. Any high-handedness was out of the question, and my fear for her position was curiously tempered by my strange conviction that she was not really mad at all—that Guido's spirit might actually be there, living with her. This doubt in my own mind rendered me powerless to do anything but agree that she remain where she was. But I left with a heavy heart, none the less, for I knew that this thing could not last; the neighbors, I feared, would see to that, and indeed, Signor, they did.

The Venetians are a very superstitious people, Signor, and easily believe in the evil eye, in witchcraft, and other foolish things. Also, they do not look with favor on a young girl who defies the conventions or sets out upon any business that they do not understand. The rooms in which Rosa had elected to live were already looked upon askance, and Rosa herself, with her lack of any concealment, helped to bring about the trouble. Before she had lived in Guido's rooms a week, ugly rumors were afloat about her. People avoided her when she went abroad, and, whispering, pointed evil fingers as she passed. But even so, they might have left her alone if it had not been for Angelo, the boy who worked for Vico, the butcher, seeing Guido's gondola under strange circumstances and starting the general alarm.

Long before this, I had written old Naldi that he had better come home. And in another twenty-four hours he had returned, but by then it was, as you shall see, Signor, too late.

It was at twilight that Angelo, the butcher's boy, going home from work, saw Guido's gondola, with Rosa sitting in the passenger's seat, speeding along the San Rafael Canal, wending its way neatly around corners, avoiding the anchored craft along the way, and, Madonna protect us, there was no one at the helm! Angelo clung to the rail of the bridge, paralyzed with terror as the boat passed beneath, and he saw it all clearly—Rosa smiling at nothing and remarking that the night was going to be fine, in her clear voice, as if to the gondolier. When the boat with its uncanny cargo had passed, Angelo came to life and ran shrieking to the nearest café, where he burst in upon the drinkers with his incredible story. And such was the general tension in the neighborhood about Rosa's affairs that the crowd of them rushed out on the heels of the frightened boy to see for themselves. At the next turn of the canal they caught up with the gondola, and *Santissimo!* it was as the boy said!

Ah, Signor, how can I tell you of what followed? From street to street the alarm spread. Out of their shops and houses and wine-rooms the people came running at news that the witch had been caught at her tricks! The sorceress had enchanted a boat and was being guided through the canals by devils! How they screamed curses! The frenzy spread through them like fire in a brittle house, the flame of superstition sweeping them on. All the old, old legends which had seeped into them from the early, cruel days came to the surface like filth from the bottom of the canals, and they poured through the narrow streets to the water's edge intent on wickedness. Many people in the crowd did not even know what the excitement was about, and merely added their shouts and threats to those of the initiated out of contagion. Cries of "Kill her! Burn the witch!" rent the air. "She is a curse, she has the evil eye!" Madness, madness, Signor! A crowd that came from nowhere in a moment, foaming, frenzied as a pack of mad dogs.

They dragged my poor Rosa from her gondola, and mishandled her shamefully. Then she managed to break away from the rough hands that held her and ran up the *calle* like a frightened deer, the mob close at her heels, shaking their fists, flinging curses at her and handfuls of mud, stones, old bottles, anything that came to hand. Then, at the very threshold of Guido's door, it happened, Signor, the terrible useless thing. A great cobble stone, flung by an unknown hand, struck her on her white temple, and she fell in a crumpled heap, while the crowd drew back, frightened into silence. They took her in and laid her on Guido's bed, Signor, the poor broken flower, her long black hair streaming from her bruised face, her hands limp as the petals of a faded rose. Then in a minute the great strong fish-wife who had carried her in, turned from the bed and crossed herself.

"Holy Mother have mercy on us!" she muttered. "The girl is dead!"

When they went to look for the gondola, Signor, it was gone. They could not find it anywhere. But I—I saw it, Signor. Just once. I did not know what had happened as yet, and I was returning from the Lido in my gondola with a passenger, an American gentleman like yourself, when, far out in a lonely part of the great lagoon, I saw the gondola which I knew to be Guido's, drifting out to sea under the full moon. It was a long way off, but in it I could see Rosa and a young man, and they were standing amidship, their heads together, their arms entwined, their faces turned rapturously toward the horizon.

"*Santa Maria!*" I gasped aloud. "What is that?"

The passenger turned to look where I pointed with trembling finger.

"Only an empty gondola," he said, "drifting out to sea!"

THAT HOUR

THERE was that day devoid of pride,
There was that hour in that day:
There are some things our souls decide
That our lips are afraid to say.

Wherefore we walked in a golden gloom
The sky a flushed pearl and the street
A black wet mirror and a bloom
Of peacock fans beneath our feet.

We felt our spirits breathe and strain
And stretch like tigers in a tower
And dig their nails into the brain—
While we talked trifles for an hour.

Joseph Auslander

PACKARD

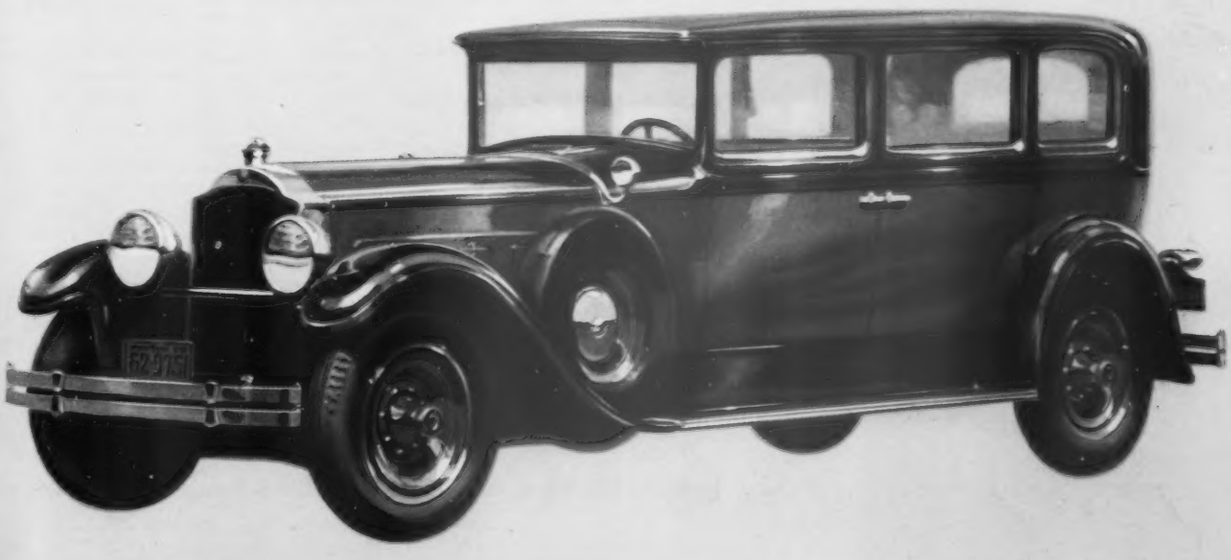
The Emperor Justinian codified and restated the principles of Roman law and conduct

Packard enjoys a priceless reputation in the fine car field. It has been earned not alone by the unchanging quality of Packard cars, but as largely by the established Packard principles of doing business.

"Packard principles" is not a mere phrase. These principles—settled rules of action in public relations—have existed in substance since the founding of the Packard company. As early as 1909 they were put in writing, and in 1925 carefully codified, simply stated and published for the benefit of the nation-wide Packard organization and its growing clientele.

Today these fixed principles guide every Packard man, from chief executive to humblest employee, in courteous, dependable and just dealings with appreciative customers. For Packard reputation is not only a reward—but a continuing responsibility. No Packard man is allowed to forget the significance of Packard's slogan—

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



THE fashion-wise woman attunes her hosiery to the most significant note of the entire ensemble—her own complexion. Among the thirty-two new Blue Moon shades you will find the ones most distinctively *yours*—in hosiery as beautiful as it is surprisingly economical.

Blue Moon dealers are featuring these numbers:

No. 77—Light service weight. Silk to a narrow Lisle welt and foot . . . **$1.35**

No. 55—Fine gauge Chiffon. All Silk except Lisle heel and toe . . . **$1.50**

No. 100—Pointed heel, light service weight. Silk to a narrow Lisle welt and foot . . . **$1.50**

No. 800—Medium-weight service, fine Silk to a narrow Lisle welt and foot . . **$1.65**

No. 300—Heavy-weight Silk, very short Lisle top and sole . . . **$1.85**

No. 501—Fine gauge, all Silk with Picot top . . **$1.95**

No. 200—Pointed heel, fine gauge Chiffon, all Silk, Picot top . . . **$1.95**

No. 600—Medium-weight service, all Silk, top to toe, super grade . . **$1.95**

No. 400—Extra fine gauge Chiffon, all Silk, Picot top . . **$2.25**

No. 700—Super-fine gauge Chiffon, all Silk, Picot top, **$2.50**

LARGMAN, GRAY COMPANY - 389 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 120*)

of her. . . . A steward just then approached her, intruding upon her thoughts, saying: "Madame, your mother would like to see you in her cabin."

She rose wearily; went forward, and down the companionway stairs. Mrs. Cass-Evans lay stretched upon her berth, inhaling the contents of an eau-de-cologne bottle. The port-hole was closed, on account of the running sea, and the tiny cabin was insufferably hot. A small electric fan droned, swerving in monotonous semicircles above her head. The woodwork creaked incessantly to the roll of the ship.

"CHARLES," her mother announced, "has been looking for you, I believe. You don't yet realize what happiness your return has brought him, Greta. He is a changed man. I thought at one time that he would go mad with grief when he believed you were gone."

"Must we talk about him, Mother?"

Mrs. Cass-Evans looked at her with some surprise.

"That sounds a little heartless, Greta. The man adores you."

"Perhaps—in his way."

Her mother sat up in bed, the light of a firm, indomitable purpose hardening her face.

"Greta. I want to talk to you—seriously."

"Not now, Mother—*please*. I'm desperately tired."

There was a warning break in her voice which Mrs. Cass-Evans deliberately chose not to notice.

"I simply must relieve my mind. I've been thinking so hard, these past few hours. Do you think you will marry Charles, Greta, when we get back to New York?"

Greta paled. She began to pace slowly up and down the narrow red carpet of the cabin, clasping and unclasping her hands. Trapped—again. . . . If only her mother had waited. If only she hadn't spoken today—of all days. In the very midst of her purgatory. . . . Oh, why couldn't there be any peace . . . any peace . . .

"Oh, Mother. How can you speak of this—now? After all we've been through. I'm not fit to talk, I tell you." Her voice rose to a note that had a hint of shrillness in it.

"But our troubles are over, dear. One can't put off the future indefinitely. What's the matter? What is on your mind? I'm only trying to find out how you feel toward Charles. Surely, when you met him again this morning, and saw the devotion in his eyes——"

"I don't want to consider the future, now. I—I'm content, as we are. And I don't want to marry Charles."

"Ever?"

"Ever."

"My dear child. This is so dreadfully definite. Why not?"

"Because—I—do—not—love—him." She enunciated each word slowly, concisely, as if speaking to a little child.

"Love! Love!" Her mother sounded both weary and irritated. "You would come to care for him as much as any man. We are not the kind of women who experience—," she hesitated, "the deeper passions. That sort of thing is left to cruder blood——"

"Mother! You are talking nonsense."

Mrs. Cass-Evans suddenly took up a handkerchief, began to dab at her eyes. Her voice became softer, weaker.

"I ought to tell you the truth, then. My heart is very bad these days. I was unconscious for hours after the earthquake. A doctor said that I should never be permitted to worry . . . I would like to see you settled comfortably, happily, before I——"

Greta wrung her hands. She realized, frightened, terrified, that her own nerves were on the verge of snapping. Taut—like wires. If her mother kept on; if she kept on . . . This must be stopped, at any price.

"I can never marry Charles, Mother."

Her mother's face seemed to grow smaller, sharper . . .

"You mean—that you are in love—with that consul man?"

"Yes!" Greta laughed, threw back her head. A wild, bright light was in her eyes. She spoke rapidly, her voice shaking. "It's your own fault. It's your own fault! You've goaded me. Goaded me into telling you what may kill you. But there's a limit to human endurance, which you don't seem to recognize, and never have recognized! I'm going to tell you now, because you wouldn't let me alone. Twelve hours I've been with you, since we met this morning, and every single moment you've been at me about Charles—because of that will of yours which must dominate, dominate, dominate! Charles Winbridge! Do you think I'd tie myself up for life with that dressed-up apology for a man? I'd rather, far rather, jump into the sea to-night! Now listen to me. You've got to! I've listened to you enough in the past, heaven knows . . . Here's something for you to remember, to think over, all your life—" Words, phrases, leaped to her mind, poured from her lips exultantly—the sharper, the crueller, the more they pleased her. A hundred little tortured moments of misery in the past, rose to her mind; egged her on.

"I've been happier, far happier, than I dreamed a human being could be, during the past week. Shall I tell you why? Because I escaped. Because I was free from your eternal plotting and planning of my life. Because I could laugh at hypocrisy and miserable, cringing conventions. Because I've loved, as I never knew a woman could love—beyond anything you could possibly imagine or understand."

She suddenly collapsed into a chair, her body wracked with sobs. Terrible, choking, moaning sobs, as if she were spilling forth her very heart. Mrs. Cass-Evans got up from the bed, swaying, with a strange, fixed stare in her eyes like a blind woman; and came toward her.

"Greta! Greta! You don't know what you're saying."

"I do! I do!" Her clenched fist pounded upon the arm of the chair. She raised her face, quivering, tear-stained, tortured with grief, her mouth twisted into an agonized semblance of a smile. "I'm glad. And I'm proud! Do you hear me? Now, perhaps, you'll keep quiet about Charles Winbridge. Do you think that a smug creature like that would be satisfied with me—now?"

She rose, groping blindly for the door.

"Greta! Stop! You must listen to me!"

Her mother's voice was sharp, peremptory. Incredulously Greta realized that the iron spirit wasn't broken, defeated, yet.

"Before you leave my cabin, I must warn you. You're not in a fit condition to reason. Don't be rash, Greta. Don't throw your life away——"

"What do you mean?"

She paused, her hand upon the knob of the door, sobbing, seeing the white, stern mask of her mother's face through a veil of tears.

"Charles need never know," her mother said softly.

Someone close by gave a hysterical scream. It sounded queerly like herself, as she fled from the room; groped her way down the reeling, swaying corridor to her own cabin.

ONCE again the velvet tropical night came on, and the sea gliding past the low white rail of the ship, was like dark glass filagreed with silver caught from the stars. To Charles Winbridge, absorbed in pleasant reveries as he paced the deck, it seemed a night designed for love, for the declaration of what existed in a man's heart. Greta had returned from the land of death to him; and here, surely, under the benign stars, was the occasion to prove his love. Grateful for her salvation, thankful to be under his protection once more, she would—with perhaps a little coquettish attempt at prevarication—surrender. His interview with Mrs. Cass-Evans had been highly satisfactory. She had sent for him after dinner; and he had gone to her cabin. He had found her in a grave mood, yet entirely amicable toward him. It had even seemed to him that she

(*Continued on page 130*)

The Bridal Gown
Specially designed to individual order or ready for immediate selection . . . also the entire bridal wardrobe including the smart going-away costume.
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STRICTLY RELIABLE FURS

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Established 1865 — *Still Under Same Ownership*

HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 129)

was showing a certain affection for him—in the way, for instance, she had patted his shoulder. The substance of what she had to say to him was simple enough: She had been through terrors enough to kill a woman of her age. She no longer felt strong. Her heart had been greatly weakened by the experiences of the earthquake. During those tragic days together, she had come to know him much better, and now possessed full confidence in his capabilities, his integrity. Greta, she declared, couldn't do better . . . And she summed up her little speech by urging him to pursue his courtship in a delicate, gentle way, feeling confident that Greta would eventually appreciate the value of his devotion. Not to be discouraged. That was her message. Bending over her hand, he had assured her that she had given him new courage; that he would never rest until he had won Greta . . .

Thinking over it all, as he paced the deck, there was one point upon which he couldn't agree with her. She had, for some obscure reason, begged him to proceed slowly; perhaps wait a week, or longer, before again making any definite advances. Here she was wrong, he felt sure. This was the night of all nights. If he allowed several days to elapse before he declared himself, she might even suspect that he had ceased to care. The first day of her return to his company must be marked, stamped for all time, by a confession of love such as she had never before received. Psychologically, the moment had come to act.

He paced the deck impatiently, his eyes constantly fixed upon the open door leading to the companionway stairs. She, like her mother, had failed to appear in the dining-salon, for dinner. Presumably she was resting. But, sooner or later, she would come out for her evening stroll, as had always been her custom on the *Orinoco*. In his elation it seemed to him that the battle was very nearly won. Certainly, her mother was a tremendous asset to him. Greta, always devoted to her, would want to make her happy, in her now weakened condition. As for love, why, ultimately she would learn to love him. Why not? Her type of girl knew exceedingly little about love—before marriage. They had passing fancies; that was all . . .

TOWARD ten o'clock he saw her emerge from the companionway in a light cloak, and hurry aft. He fancied that she might have seen him; was hurrying away from him on purpose. Woman's wiles . . . He smiled as he stole after her swiftly, silently, on rubber soles. In the spacious semicircle of the stern he caught up with her; found her leaning over the taffrail, gazing at the ship's wake, a ghostly path under the stars, curving toward the horizon. He crept up to her, put his arms around her; and—before she could release herself—kissed her. The touch of her lips inflamed him. His carefully arranged little speech vanished from his mind. Hatless, his hair blowing in the cool night wind, he held her closer to him, murmuring: "Greta! Greta! How I love you. How I've waited for this—" Subconsciously, he was a shade annoyed to discover that she was taller than he . . .

She struggled, pushing him away with a strength that surprised him. But he was not worried. He had half-expected this. Always she had been shy, resisting. He preferred her to be like that . . . Then, suddenly glimpsing her white, set face, the rigid poise of her body, he was afraid.

"Greta! What is it? Why do you look at me like that? Did I frighten you? Speak to me."

"Leave me, Charles. Leave me, I beg you——"

Her voice horrified him. So tense, and low; so strained.

"You're tired, dear. I'm sorry I startled you. Look. Here's a chair. Sit down, and we'll have a quiet little talk."

She did not move.

"For heaven's sake, leave me. Can't you see—I came up here, to get away from—everybody."

The strained quality of her voice puzzled him. Could she be—playing with him? No. She was serious, desperately serious. But she must be made to listen to reason. He couldn't retreat now. That would put him in a bad light. She would think him weak, and afraid of her. He'd go through with it, he decided. Now was the time to reveal to her his determination, his strength of character. She'd admire his virility; succumb to it, as all women succumbed to a display of manly purpose. That was what they wanted, really . . .

"Come to me, Greta." He approached her, arms outstretched. She stepped away, her back against the ship's rail, pinned there, at bay. A shaft of light from a ship's lantern fell upon her face; and he saw that her eyes were wide, staring at him with a kind of fascinated horror. That look of hers numbed him; made his hands grow cold. Something of her desperate fear was communicated to him.

"My dear. What is the matter? I only wanted to show you how I——"

Her hands went up to her ears. She shook her head frantically.

"I don't want to hear you! I don't want to hear you!"

GREAT heavens, she was actually sobbing! Her nerves were overwrought by all that she had been through. How she must have suffered. Perhaps he was forcing things too hurriedly . . . He adopted a new tone toward her.

"Greta, my dear. Please! It's all right. Don't be afraid. All your troubles are over now, don't you understand? I come to protect you, and to love you. Won't you trust me?"

Something must have snapped with her. Trembling, but her voice strangely calm, she said: "I don't love you, Charles Winbridge. I warned you to leave me, but you would not go. Now, listen to me. When we get to Panama you are to leave me. I cannot see you again. This thing is finished. Finished. Don't you understand?"

Still he would not listen; could not believe. He breathed heavily, puffing out his cheeks.

"Calm yourself, Greta, please. All along you've led me to believe——"

"That is a lie." She spoke quietly and deliberately, without venom. "I never led you to believe anything."

He couldn't believe that it was her voice, Greta's voice, speaking so coldly, so utterly devoid of any feeling. A sense of intolerable injustice swept over him and banished his caution.

"You've got to tell me what you mean by this. I've done nothing to earn this treatment. I——"

She was sobbing again, her back turned to him, her fists thumping upon the ship's rail.

"Oh! Leave me quickly. I don't know—what I might say. I don't want to hurt you. Go away——"

All his obstinacy welled up within him. There was something hidden here; something that she was keeping from him. She couldn't do that. She'd have to play fair—if he knew it. He wasn't going to be made a fool of—not after that talk with her mother.

"You're talking nonsense," he said harshly, and seized her by the shoulders, turning her around so that she faced him. "Listen to me. You know that we're to marry—eventually. For some reason you're playing a game—stalling. But it's understood between us, isn't it? What do you think I took this trip for? Ask your mother. She approves. Often she's told me how glad she'd be. To-night she gave me her consent. More than that, she expressed her wishes very forcibly. Do you believe for a moment that, under such circumstances, I'd give up—just because you happen to be in an unpleasant mood? I want a valid reason——"

She actually struck out at him then with her fists, hitting his shoulders, his face, with a rain of sharp, vicious little blows.

"Oh, you fool! Let me go! I warned you, didn't I? I told you to leave me.

(Continued on page 132)

Now FORTY may fence WITH SEVENTEEN

Hormone-starved cells revitalized by this great German discovery.

TO be old at forty in the eyes of men—what needless tragedy! These are the years when womanhood should be in rarest flower.

For she has lived. The gaucheries of boarding school have dropped away. Her wit is keen and broad her understanding.

Until today, forty has been the farthest bounds of youth. Time to look backward instead of ahead. Time to fold the hands and make way gracefully for the younger generation.

But now the old order has changed. The woman of forty who loves life need not go into the discard. Her complexion is no longer a calendar of her birthdays. Wrinkles and crows' feet no longer handicap. Now forty may fence successfully with seventeen.

Science outwits time by hormone revitalization

Nature begins early to tear down the beauty she has built. She works from within, but she marks her destruction for the world to see. Into the face of a woman who is yet twenty-five, time starts etching lines.

Under the skin, tissue cells are dying. Starving, by *hormone famine*.

At twenty-five, the hormone output of certain glands of internal secretion dwindles. Its meagre supply fails to nourish the subcutaneous tissue cells. Gradually they die and the tissues break down. On the surface of the skin wrinkles and crows' feet appear.

Now science has found a way to outwit this destruction of beauty! Amor Skin penetrates the epidermis and feeds into the hormone-starved tissue cells the hormones of a vital species of young dasypodine animal.*

Revitalization begins! Gradually dying cells live, living cells multiply! The tissues grow stronger—firmer—younger! They taut—shove up from beneath, and *push* the wrinkles out of the skin!

FROM MEDICAL JRL. AND RECORD, FEB. 1, 1928
"I suggested Amor Skin to several persons and . . . there was such a pronounced change in the complexion and in the consistency or firmness of the skin, that it surprised mutual acquaintances, who knew nothing about the treatment . . . but spontaneously inquired about the cause of the change, although their attention had not been called to it."
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Amor Skin marks the climax of revitalization by youth hormones

Amor Skin is the culmination of years of research on the subject of cell revitalization by hormone substances. It was perfected by a famous German specialist in organotherapy, and marks an advance in the knowledge of the endocrine glands. It is used by women of wealth and position all over Europe.

Now it is being formulated in slightly larger quantity and offered to a limited number of women of America. Many of them are already using it with startlingly apparent results.

It comes in two strengths—Amor Skin Number 1, of single strength, and Amor Skin Number 2, of double strength, for more obstinate cases.

The genuine Amor Skin is always packed in the characteristic lamp-shaped package and each package is numbered and sealed.

Its use is astonishingly simple. Its success depends upon a night-by-night application.

But when you start using Amor Skin, don't look for an overnight miracle. Remember that Amor Skin has millions of dying tissue cells to bring back to life. You must give it time to perform this revitalization.

Begin your treatments at once and be faithful in your applications. In a few weeks' time the wrinkles will begin to fade, the skin to firm. Youth comes rushing back!

**Amor Skin hormones are taken from the glands of a species of vital young tortoise.*

Our present source of supply will permit only twenty thousand women in America to buy Amor Skin during 1929.

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I should like to know more about the scientific way in which Amor Skin erases wrinkles and returns youth to the skin.
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AMOR SKIN NUMBER 1 (SINGLE STRENGTH) $16.50 . . . . . AMOR SKIN NUMBER 2 (DOUBLE STRENGTH) $25.00

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For days between Spring and Summer, this is the perfect dress . . . the tierred silhouette in satin as sleek as a black tulip petal, with the delicate touch of embroidered eggshell organdy.

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PALM BEACH

YORK HARBOR

BAR HARBOR

HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 130*)

But you wouldn't listen. Your egotism couldn't conceive of a legitimate reason for my not marrying you. So now—I'll tell you the truth."

He seemed unable to move. He stood there helplessly, arms dropped, jaw drooping, staring at her.

"I love him, Charles. I love Ramon. That is all. It's so utterly simple—if you only choose to understand. I love him. Do you think, dare to think, that you can force your will against a tremendous thing like that? For years and years I've been dominated and crushed by people like you—and Mother, conspiring together for what you chose to call my good. But I'm free now. I'm free!"

She flung out her arms wide, in a gesture of exultation. At the sight of her so proud, so defiant, a gust of fury shook him. He raised his clenched fists.

"I'll kill him! I'll search for that blackguard, and kill him with my own hands."

How absurd he was, with his hair blown in the wind, his fat, puffy cheeks inflated with rage, the truculent pose of his round, pompous little body. Something made her laugh aloud, a clear, ringing laugh.

"Kill him, Charles? Why should you? And where would you find him?"

For a moment she thought that he was going to strike her.

"I'll go back there on the first ship, do you hear me? And I'll find him, if it takes me months. The blackguard!"

She crushed her hand against his mouth.

"Shut up, Charles. I don't want to hear your filthy thoughts. Better go to bed and sleep over it. Better think it over. In the morning you'll feel differently. I know you better than you know yourself."

He was staring at her, a shaking, miserable spectacle of a man. "What has happened to you? Are you mad? How you've changed. Have you no pity?"

"Pity?" She looked at him bewilderedly. "You ask *me* for that? No, Charles. I'm afraid I can't spare any, just now, for you."

She turned away from him and proceeded slowly down the deck. He watched her, stricken by a tremendous, awful thought. Why, according to his tenets, she was—now—a bad woman . . . And, horribly, she had never, never seemed so desirable before . . . He saw her pass under an electric lamp; aware that there was a curious strength, an invincibility in her bearing, the poise of her head. And she was beyond his reach. Beyond his reach. . . .

THEY were sitting on the terrace of the great white American hotel facing the harbor of Colon. The morning was cool, with high, bright skies and a steady trade-wind blowing from the sea. Beyond the garden, the rustling palms, Alexander could see the rectangle of the swimming-pool, silver in the morning sun, the bright red and blue figures of bathers moving leisurely about its margin; and could hear their occasional shouts of laughter. How tranquil, how clean and civilized it all seemed. Motors were gliding up the concrete driveway to the hotel door. The groups of people on the terrace were well-dressed, prosperous, happy. Their very conversation indicated a preoccupation with worldly trivialities: an excursion . . . good shops . . . a place where one could dance . . . It was hard to believe that less than three hundred miles away, across that sparkling expanse of sea, fresh as green paint in the sunlight, Natividad lay mangled, in ruins; men and women were dying of disease, starvation . . .

He glanced at Greta, sitting beside him. She was dressed in white, his favorite for her, since it accentuated the brilliant gold of her hair, the blue depths in her eyes. She was trying to concentrate upon a newspaper, but her face was troubled, paler—he thought—than usual. Alexander was distinctly puzzled. Recovered now from the shock of seeing her again; from that astounding encounter in the hotel hall three nights ago, there was still a great deal he did not fully understand. Details. She and her mother had walked into the hotel, ghosts from the past, just as he had emerged from the dining-room. But with them there had been no Cousin May, no Charles Winbridge. Over an excited little supper in Mrs. Cass-Evans' bedroom they had told him the tragic news about May. But Charles . . . He perceived at once that they were inclined to be evasive on this subject. Yes. He was alive; had journeyed to Colon with them, on a Dutch steamer. Where was he now? They replied, with apparent unconcern, that he was quite likely on his way to America . . . There had been a small fast steamer for New Orleans sailing from Colon that night . . . But they had preferred to stay over for a day or two, to rest.

He had silently studied Greta, and had found her changed. But he knew that he had learned most at the instant of meeting her, in that moment of swift comprehension which is granted when one who is very close to the heart is suddenly and unexpectedly encountered; when the image of the memory is sharply contrasted with the actual physical presence. A fleeting instant of revelation . . . Yes. It was then that he had understood what had happened to Greta. She was so vital; so much more vividly alive. Her personality—he tried to express it to himself in clear terms—was no longer dormant; it was something tangible, colorful, potent. And there was a burning beauty in her eyes which he had not remembered before . . . As if by some natural law of compensation, Mrs. Cass-Evans had ceased to be her powerful and dominating self. To Alexander she appeared crushed. An old woman, only to be pitied. Her greeting when she met him had possessed that perfunctory, unemotional quality, that complete lack of enthusiasm or surprise which he associated with the very old.

SOMETHING had happened. Something had occurred to alter their lives. Their very characters. The stories of their experiences during the earthquake, and of Greta's flight with Ramon to the mountains, had been outlined to him by Mrs. Cass-Evans, who had added: "Naturally, it was an unenviable position for a young girl. I thank God he behaved decently . . ." And he had then caught Greta staring at her with a mute astonishment. During the following nights he had lain awake for many hours; had finally evolved what seemed to him the only possible solution. He noted that in the daytime she and her mother were on polite speaking terms, but that was about all. They passed little or no time together, alone. The thing became perfectly evident. It was Charles Winbridge's absence which gave him the most valid clue. Charles, who had professed eternal devotion . . . Greta put down her newspaper suddenly, as if reading his thoughts. That was a familiar occurrence between them, he remarked; that unspoken mental harmony.

"You've been doing a lot of thinking these days, Toddy," she said. "I suppose you've guessed—everything."

The matter, then, was on her mind as much as on his. He was relieved to discover this. During the past two days there had been a dividing wall between them. It had always been like that: impossible for them to maintain anything but a relationship of the completest frankness. He had no wish to pry into her affairs. But something—something must be said, to put them back on the old basis. The present situation wasn't tolerable.

HE GRIPPED his chair at her words, all at once afraid. He mustn't, he warned himself, encourage her to reveal anything which she might conceivably regret afterward. On the other hand he couldn't be a hypocrite, and pretend that he was perfectly at ease concerning her. He chose his reply with great care.

"You mean, that you're in love with Ramon?"

She nodded.

"I mean more than that, Toddy. Do you understand? I thought you would.

(*Continued on page 134*)

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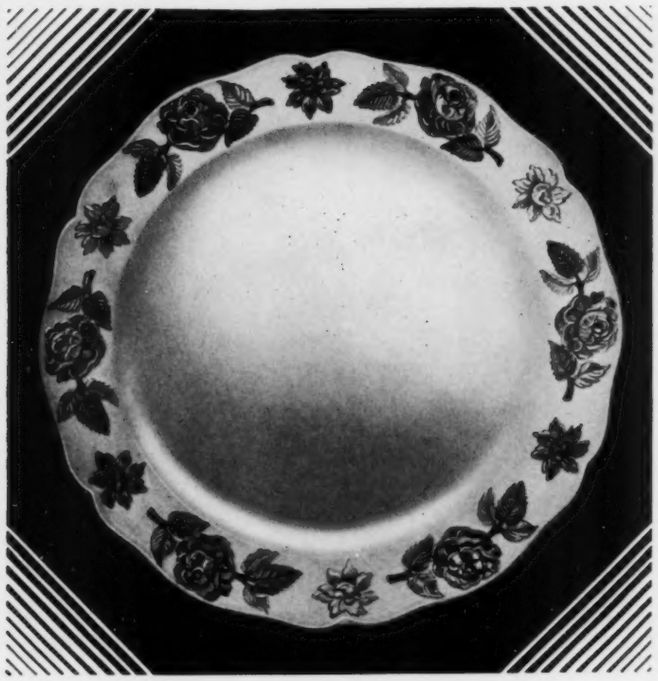

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HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 132*)

I knew this morning that you had—guessed."

"Why?" He took her hand; stroked it tenderly.

"You were kinder. Less aloof——"

His throat seemed to tighten. All his old affection, his love for her surged up within him. It was evident that she wanted to tell him what was in her mind. But he couldn't let her go on, in this vein. Even their precious friendship didn't entitle him to anything in the nature of a confession from her. She must keep the secrets of her heart intact, in spite of herself. After all, he knew—everything, now.

"Greta. Please— You need not say any more."

"But why shouldn't I?" There was no hesitation or fear in her voice. Only a clear and ringing directness. "You see, I probably need you now—your advice and encouragement—about as badly as I ever did in my life. I need every bit of your sympathy and affection. I've just made such a—tremendous decision. Although I loved Ramon from the moment we met in Panama, I've left him—of my own accord. What happened to us, up there on the island, was as natural as the stars rising, the sun dawning. I'm not going into that . . . I wouldn't do you the injustice of believing for an instant that *that* might touch our friendship. And I know you're to be trusted . . . if anyone in the world is to be trusted, because you understand, just as Father would have understood, the—the inevitableness of it all. But I must make it clear that I've acted of my own free will. That is only fair to Ramon. And, now, I'm glad you know, Toddy. If anything, it brings us closer——"

Still stroking her hand, he gazed out toward a blurred, hazy vision of the sea.

"And—Charles?" he asked softly.

"I told him—everything."

IT SEEMED to Alexander that he was only beginning to learn the true strength, the simplicity of her character. That gallant, direct bravery; that unequivocal facing of issues. He was convinced now that her father's spirit lived within her and guided her soul, lighted her path.

"Naturally," she continued, "Charles took it hard. I never saw him again—for which I was, of course, grateful. He remained in his cabin all the way here. We didn't even catch a glimpse of him the night we landed; but the purser told me that the moment our ship docked he'd gone ashore to a steamship agent to get a passage for America."

"He didn't, then, try—to see Ramon?" Alexander asked slowly. There was a sardonic curl to his lips, an almost venomous expression foreign to him, and which surprised her.

"He threatened to, I remember."

Alexander nodded several times, fingertips poised together judiciously. A silence fell between them, until he gathered courage to say:

"And so, you've left Ramon, for good?"

"I escaped, Toddy, with Mother."

She told him hurriedly, nervously, of that morning visit to the cathedral, of his welcome by the populace, of the conclusions she had reached and her note to Ramon the night she had left Natividad. Her tone was different now. It had a pleading note to it, as if she were seeking his approval for her actions. It was on the tip of his tongue to ask her what she proposed to do with her future; but he restrained himself, realizing that she could supply no adequate answer. She could only go on bravely, with memories to sustain her. Memories . . . He smiled bitterly. The more he considered it, the more appalling became her renunciation. He was not at all convinced that she had done the right thing, either for herself or for the man concerned. She wanted, he understood, to preserve intact the memories of a perfect and beautiful love. That was all very fine and noble. But it wasn't practical. It involved a future of inhuman suffering. He had an inherent distrust of quixotic motives. He had seen disaster wrought from such things. After all, he, Alexander, had lived for over half a century now. He was justified in claiming to have some knowledge of life. He knew the aching experience of an existence devoid of any close union with another human heart. That, all along, had been his mistake; the search for an impossible ideal, which had left him exactly where he began—alone. Dreary, futile years . . . Far better, he thought, that she should face bravely the inevitable but trivial disillusions, and go forward hand in hand with him—if they were meant for each other, as the trite but inescapable saying put it. Some of this reasoning he tried to communicate to her. But she would have none of it.

"Can't you see, Toddy, that I'd be interfering desperately with his ambition?"

"Ambition—for what?"

"To lead his people to regeneration."

"He could accomplish that just as well with you beside him. Perhaps better. You've left the personal equation out of your reckoning, Greta. He's a man, a human being—not a god."

"I couldn't live in Natividad—permanently. He told me that it was impossible. Northerners die there, of sickness. You have to be inured by birth to that climate."

Alexander became all at once vehement.

"You're sacrificing yourself to an ideal. This is a material world, child. One has to look after oneself. When you have happiness in your grasp, hang on to it, as you would your very life."

"Oh, Toddy, and tie him down?"

"No. No. Lift him up. Nothing so lifts a man as the right woman. You know that in your heart. Every woman does."

"And where would we live?"

"Hang the future! Go there, to Natividad, for a few months. I'm telling you to grasp at facts. You love him. Stick to him. Give the thing a fair trial."

"He wouldn't be happy——"

"The chief cause of unhappiness is unfulfillment," he told her. "Examine the alternative. Through his whole life he would be weighted down by the thought that you had escaped, and by the possibilities that he had missed by that single act of yours. Don't you see?"

There were tears in her eyes. She released her hand from his; got up from her chair.

"It's a point of view—but I can't admit that you're right, Toddy. I don't think I'll discuss this with you again. I thought I could—stand it, better . . ."

She left him brooding; staring out to sea, wondering whether—after all—he was a sentimental old fool, or whether the beauty which had suddenly lighted her life and departed had left her slightly unbalanced. There were women like that, turned from the normal course of existence by a great love, so blinded, so shaken, that they became fanatical in their pursuit of some holy and unattainable ideal. He could picture her throughout the years, a spiritual remnant of herself, aloof from the world, alone with her thoughts—her darkest enemies.

A ship was entering the harbor, a lean, narrow, antiquated steamer. Clouds of mustard-colored smoke were billowing from her raked scarlet funnel. He could see her name—*La Tunisienne*—in gilt letters under her old-fashioned clipper bow, and the French tricolor fluttering gaily at her stern. She didn't hesitate at the harbor entrance, but came maneuvering toward the docks, with a kind of Gallic inspiration, until she was lost from view in a forest of masts and derricks and a patchwork of many-colored funnels.

An American naval officer, standing near him, volunteered: "Another boatload from Natividad. I read her signals . . . Poor devils."

Alexander sat on, brooding, hardly hearing him.

HE STAYED there for a long time. Perhaps an hour. It was nearly lunch time when he entered the hotel, and went to the office on a chance that there might be some mail for him. There was a crowd at the desk, as usual, clamoring for rooms. Bellboys jangling keys. Rows of suitcases lined up in the center

(*Concluded on page 136*)

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HIGH WALLS

(*Concluded from page 134*)

of the hall. Stout travelers in Palm Beach suits. Ladies with floating blue veils, cameras, and guide-books. A stranger accidentally pushed by him, said, "Pardon," with a curious yet wholly familiar inflection upon the last syllable. Alexander looked up hastily and saw Ramon O'Reilly.

He was standing there, talking to one of the bellboys, a massive figure in white, his broad shoulders looming up above the rest of the crowd. His wide-brimmed hat of straw was clutched in his big brown hands. Upon his dark face there was an expression of despair.

"You say—that this lady has left Colon?"

Alexander, waiting until the conversation was over, thought that the boy, a West Indian mulatto, appeared frightened.

"Yaas, sah. Dat lady, Miss Cass-Evans, she hab departed from heah lahst night for New York."

Alexander's head swam . . . Gone . . . last night. Good heavens, what was she trying to do? Why, the very future of two lives hung there in the balance, dependent upon the outcome of that moment. A profound sense of responsibility, of the need for some form of decisive action, gripped him. At the same time he was conscious of being furiously angry with Greta. One couldn't—tamper with life, in that fashion . . . Alexander saw Ramon O'Reilly put on his hat, turn to the door of the hotel, walk wearily out into the sunshine.

"Señor O'Reilly. Do you remember me?"

He turned, startled. Even in that moment of bewildered agony his manners were irreproachable. Off came the wide-brimmed hat. He bowed. A smile spread slowly over his troubled countenance.

"Indeed, I do remember you, sir. You are Greta's good friend."

Alexander saw the wince of pain as he made the statement. The man had grown visibly older, he thought. There were touches of gray about his temples; his face was deeply lined.

"They tell me," Ramon said, "that she left here last night. *Dios!* That is something which I cannot understand. Before I left Natividad to find her, I looked up the ships sailing from here to America. There was only one, a small one bound for New Orleans. I did not think——"

They were standing on the white concrete ramp of the drive. A car approached them, signaling imperiously. Alexander led Ramon to a bench in a palm grove, and here they sat down.

"You expected to see her here?" Alexander asked.

Ramon was studying him, his expression inscrutable. Alexander knew that he was being cautious; on the defensive. Then, suddenly, the man broke down there before him.

"I cannot pretend to you," he said. "This means life to me. There are certain things which she did not understand, and which I must make clear to her. She jumped to conclusions. If you know her address, I beg you give it to me——"

Alexander, looking at that dark, bowed head, sighed. Then calmly he proceeded upon the first and only deliberate step of interference in his life.

"My dear man," he said. "She is here, up-stairs in her room."

THE clean, neat streets of Colon were deserted at that hour, the houses with their blind white faces shuttered against the afternoon glare. The sky was an intense hot blue, the shadows under the arcades deep pools of indigo. The air was heavy with a sweet, scented silence. An old Chinaman, drooping in a chair among his vivid silks at the entrance of a store, cooled himself with an immense palm-leaf fan, and eyed Greta curiously as she passed with Ramon.

She was dressed in white; wore a small delicate little hat of black Bangkok straw. Her hair—everything about her—was done to perfection. She seemed so—aloof . . . The very tone of her voice was essentially impersonal; correct and controlled. Beside her he felt awkward, and conscious of the informality of his own attire. For the first time since he had known her he felt at a disadvantage in her presence, convinced that any influence he might once have had over her had now departed. She had been taken back by the world in which she belonged. A sense of the futility of his visit oppressed him. This wasn't, at all, what he had sought . . .

"I couldn't let you go away without seeing you," she was saying defensively. "Not after Alexander had told you——"

"Greta, why do you put off matters in this fashion?"

She changed the subject hastily.

"What is the state of affairs in Natividad?" she forced herself to ask.

"A great deal has been accomplished." He, too, welcomed the change in conversation. It lessened the unbearable strain between them. And at least it served its purpose, enabling him to mark time while he formulated convincingly the remarkable news he had to tell her. "The new government has been formed, a careful blending of the right and left wing. Some young, some old—but good, honest men, all of them. The fever has been stopped, and three shiploads of food are due any day from the Red Cross. Things will begin to adjust themselves automatically from now on. The military party has been granted a reasonable voice in the new Liberal government. Their grudge died with Alquila, an endless agitator. And young Martinez has proved unexpectedly able. Already the people worship him. Oh, I have no fears for Calagua when I am gone."

"Gone?" She stopped abruptly. "What do you mean, Ramon? You can't leave them. Oh, no—not that. After all I——"

He smiled down upon her.

"I may go back, from time to time. Under the constitution, you know, I could never have a permanent position in the government, for the simple reason that I am still, as I always have been, an American citizen. I have just three months' work before I leave."

"Leave—for where?" He did not miss the note of fear in her voice.

"I have received a cable from Washington. They did not accept Alquila's denunciation of me up there, because they never recognized his military occupation. He was an outlaw, in their minds. Instead, they sent a new Consul to Natividad, and are transferring me from what they choose to term 'a politically embarrassing post.' After three months' leave I am to be promoted and go to Cuba—to Havana."

"But, Ramon!" she cried. "How about your ambitions? Your very life is bound up in Calagua."

His eyes were misty as he turned his face toward the sea, gazed across it, as if—almost—he beheld his beloved coastline of dark mountains away out there beyond the horizon.

"That is of the past," he said. "If only you had consulted me, and told me your fears . . . I could have explained. This is not a life work, *carita*. In three months' time I will have accomplished all that it is humanly possible for a single man to do. I intend to complete the edifice of this sound, sane government, and to teach these people to rule themselves. More than that, I cannot do. My future does not lie there. I see that plainly now. Your departure from Natividad helped me to reach that conclusion. I am human, *carita*. I am as other men. Your flight was cruel, but it taught me great truths. My future is——"

"Where, Ramon?"

"Here—beside me," he said simply.

In his words she recognized, with a final struggle against herself, the inescapable fact of his victory. She hadn't compromised. She hadn't surrendered an inch of ground, until a force far beyond her power to oppose had conquered her; a force which, surely, took precedence over everything else in life. With a little sigh she relinquished the struggle, and turned her shining eyes to meet his. But the high walls, and the darkness they had encompassed, were behind her now. Forever behind her. She was still, always would be—free. . . .

(*The End*)

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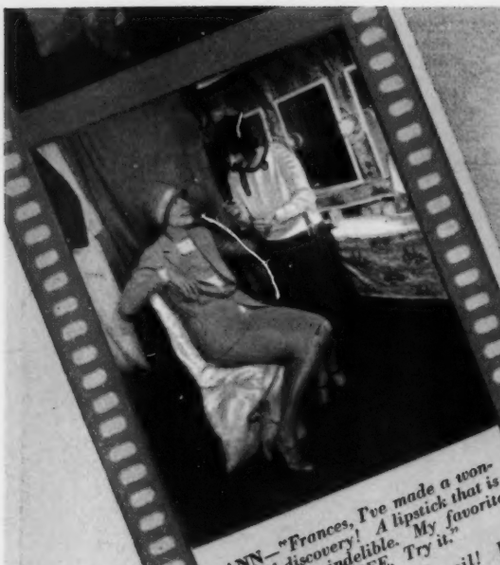

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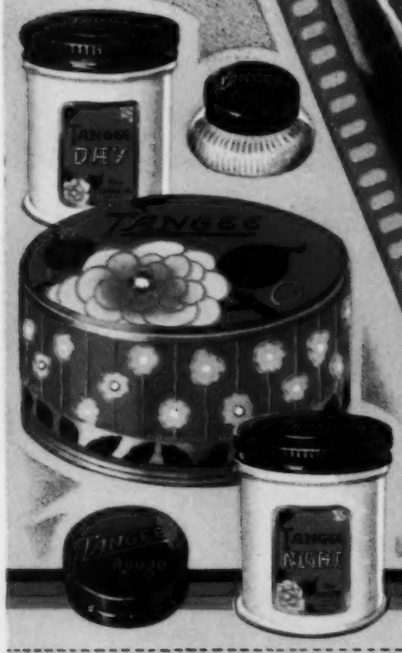

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FINGER-TIPS

(*Continued from page 91*)

"We don't know the numbers."

"Can't we reach Mr. Patterson?" inquired Sergeant Kelcey, locking his fingers placidly across his stomach and shifting his hips in the broad armchair.

"That's just it," said Monk, massaging his cigar savagely between his jaws. "The old man said he'd be at the Savoy—Indianapolis—for supper. We can't reach him anywhere till then." He halted and yanked out his watch. "That's . . . seven hours. Lord! We can't wait seven hours."

"Nobody else has the combination?"

"Except Wescott," said Monk bitterly.

"Safe was only installed two weeks ago, Sergeant," explained Allard. "It's the very latest in solid-steel fronts. Mr. Patterson's idea; the old man had a hunch he might get robbed . . .

"Thing's half a mile thick, nothing but wheels and screws and heavy steel plates—you'd have to rip down half the bank to force it. No, you'd never get it open in a million years. It'd take a mechanic every bit of ten or twelve hours. No, if it comes to that, it would be quicker to wait till we can reach Mr. Patterson by wire this evening, and get the combination from him then. We'd save time. No use to force it, I'm afraid; it's the best safe on the market."

"Guaranteed burglar-proof," added Monk over his shoulder with elaborate sarcasm.

"How about the safe company?" pondered Kelcey. "They must have a record."

"I thought of that, too." Monk crunched his cigar-butt to a pulp, and thrust a crumpled telegram into the Sergeant's hand. "You know the old man. Read this— '. . . compliance with president's request, have destroyed record of combination number . . .' Patterson *would* think of a thing like that," he growled.

"If we could stop those bonds," said Allard, rising nervously and circling the floor again past his partner in the opposite direction. "If we could only cancel them before Wescott tries to dump them off. If we only had the numbers . . ."

"Yeah," said the Sergeant thoughtfully. "That's it, all right. If!"

"We *got* to do something. We *got* to do something." Monk flopped on his knees before the safe and rattled the handle futilely. "We *got* to."

"That's the thought I can't stand," agreed Allard. "I hate to think of his getting away with it so easily. All this time here we are, and Wescott may be . . . anything at all. If we could only get inside the safe just for a *minute* . . ."

"Not a chance." Monk sank back on his thighs and swabbed his forehead. "Not a chance in the world. Every number is different. If I were only a safe-cracker . . ."

"If only you was Click Keenan, now," grinned the Sergeant.

Allard glanced at him inquiringly over the flame of a new cigar.

"The safe-cracker," explained Kelcey. "Click Keenan. You know; did the Guarantee Savings job in Chicago."

"The Guarantee Savings Company?" echoed Allard, pausing in amazement. "Golly, he *must* be good."

"He's only the best safe-cracker in the industry, that's all—or was," said the Sergeant. "He's doing a ten-year stretch here in Marquette now. Still has about five or six."

"Well, he couldn't crack this safe," said Monk. "That's why the old man bought it."

"There isn't any safe made Keenan couldn't crack," said the Sergeant loyally.

"Well, he couldn't crack this one." Monk bit off the end of a fresh cigar, and removed the stub from his tongue with the nail of his little finger. "By the way, Sergeant," cordially, "will you have a cigar?"

"I don't mind if I do," said the Sergeant, removing his hat and laying a handful of cigars evenly in the crown. "Thanks."

"THERE'S that United Steel paper the old man got in last week," resumed Allard, pacing the floor again. "That was still in the safe, as far as I know. That would be a terrible thing to lose. That was all negotiable."

"And the Tin Plate stock," reminded Monk, as he circled past him in the opposite direction. "We *got* to do something, that's all. Anything." He halted darkly, and watched Kelcey methodically stuffing the crown of his hat with cigars. "By the way . . . light up, Sergeant."

"No, no, thanks," smiled the Sergeant, placing the swollen hat upon his head, and unbuttoning his coat. "The lieutenant might not like it while I was on a job. No, I'll just put a couple in my pocket," politely, "and smoke them later."

"How about getting Keenan over and try?" suggested Allard. "It wouldn't hurt to take a chance. Marquette's only twenty miles or so."

"No, I don't hardly think you could," replied the Sergeant, buttoning his coat again over a bulging pocket. "I don't think so. He's a queer boy, Click. One of the nicest fellows I ever see. But I don't think you could get him to open your safe."

"Sure we could," said Allard. "I know the warden, he'd do it for me in a minute if I asked him. Johnny Benson," he explained to Monk, "he's got an account here. Sure, I know Benson would let him come if he was guarded."

"That isn't it," said the Sergeant.

"You mean he couldn't?" snapped Monk.

"I mean he wouldn't."

"But we'd pay him," said Allard. "We'd make it worth his while."

"No, you don't know Click," smiled the Sergeant. "He ain't that kind. He don't work exactly for money. He's an artist. And smooth? I've seen that boy come out of the Ritz in New York dressed so's he'd make any of them millionaires look like waiters. I tell you, the bunch on the force has a lot of respect for that fellow. He's always played clean. We followed him for ten years and we never got a thing on him. Not a thing. Not till we caught him on the Farmers Trust job."

"Was that the fellow?" marveled Allard. "I read about that."

"Only ten grand, that's the funny part of it. Usually he wouldn't look at chicken-feed like that. He was framed, that's all." The Sergeant leaned back and frowned confidentially. "Yeh, and between you and me I know who it was. A dirty thing, too. His own wife. Of course, they haven't got anything on her, and they can't exactly prove nothing; but they're pretty sure. She's living with another fellow now, a friend of Click's, and she's got a lot of dough. And it's Click's money. Where else could she of got it? Yes, sir, a woman can do things sometimes, I tell you, a man would never do. A good-looking dame, too. It's funny. I'd swear it was her voice tipped us off by 'phone. Click doesn't know about it himself, for certain. I guess he suspects, though. He's kind of broken up. You see, it's been four years." He shook his head. "'Tst! Four years."

"BUT couldn't we force him to open the safe?" interrupted Allard impatiently. "Couldn't the warden *make* him do it? He's a prisoner, isn't he?"

Kelcey shook his head. "You don't know Click. You couldn't force him to do anything. He'd play 'possum on you. He'd only say he couldn't. Just put yourself in his place . . . No," significantly, "you got to offer him something to work for."

"There's enough in the safe . . ."

"The stakes he's interested in are bigger than anything you've got in that safe," Kelcey answered slowly.

Allard paused and eyed the Sergeant questioningly. "You mean his freedom?"

"Now, listen, remember I didn't suggest that to you. It was your own idea."

"Sure, sure," said Monk impatiently.

"By the way," innocently, "how well do you know the Governor?"

"The old man plays golf with him now and then," said Allard quickly. "He has a drag with the Governor, because he gets beaten by him every time."

(*Continued on page 138*)

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Orinoka

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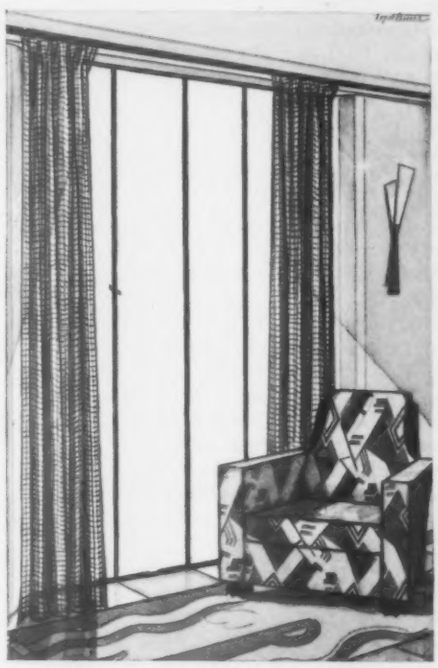
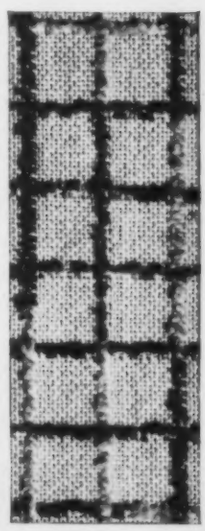
of Variegated Chenille





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This fabric is especially effective in a sun-room, for light brings out the splendor of it, and neither the brightest sun nor washing will fade it. The colors are so nicely varied and the design so simple, that they blend perfectly with other furnishings. The texture is fine and sturdy.

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Orinoka

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Such women adore a Basic Treatment as brief and effective as this. You have only to cleanse your skin, first, with Marie Earle Essential Cream. (You will find it the most luxurious cream in the world.) Smooth on another application of this same Cream to nourish your skin, adding a little Cucumber Emulsion (right on top of the Cream) to increase absorption. When the skin has absorbed all it will, wipe away what remains. And conclude with a toning dash of Soothing Freshener Lotion. And that's all, but make-up, of course, and the new Marie Earle Powder.

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A treatment at the Marie Earle Salon will open up new and enchanting vistas of beauty for you. The measured stroking of creams into your face (without stretching or smacking, ever!) will leave your skin marvelously soft and smooth. The feathery touches about your eyes and deeper vibrations down your back release all the tension that makes you look wrinkled and tired. And a fetching make-up by these experts will send you out feeling entirely pleased with yourself and the world. Do experience this soon. The Salon is at 660 Fifth Avenue, between 52nd and 53rd Streets.

FINGER-TIPS

(*Continued from page 137*)

The Sergeant lowered his voice. "Do you suppose that Mr. Patterson could get the Governor to knock off a couple of years for Click?"

"Sure, he could fix that, I should think." Allard glanced dubiously at Monk, and then nodded easily: "Sure, tell him we'll take off a couple of years. Anything."

"I don't know, Jo." Monk twirled his cigar thoughtfully between thumb and forefinger. "I don't like it. Suppose he *did* open the safe, what good would it ever be to us afterward?"

"I thought you said he couldn't open it."

"I know he can't," indignantly, "but suppose he did. I think it's a risky thing. I don't know."

"Every minute we're wasting is so much the worse for us," warned Allard, "and so much the better for Wescott . . ."

"All right, go ahead. Do what you think. Telephone Benson."

"Now, listen," said the Sergeant, "don't say nothing about my telling you, will you? It would only make trouble. I'm not supposed to know anything about it, see? Don't let on I suggested Click, will you?"

"Oh, tu-tu-tu," soothed Monk, flapping his extended fingers. "Get that off your mind, Sergeant. That's all between us. Sure."

"Do I just say Keenan?" asked Allard, lifting the receiver off the hook and holding his hand over the mouth-piece. "Click Keenan?"

The Sergeant nodded, and strolled toward the door.

"He won't be able to open it," grumbled Monk, pacing the room again in endless circles, "but tell him to hurry."

"Benson? This is Mr. Allard of the Illinois Mutual Bank . . . how are you?" He glanced over his shoulder, lowered his voice. "Benson, Sergeant Kelcey here has just suggested . . ."

FOUR years had done things to the lines in Click Keenan's face. Prison had slacked the taut creases at either side of his mouth, and they looped loosely now from his silent lips. The quick, nervous muscles beside the corners of his eyes were baggy; his lids drooped over sullen pupils that held no hope in them. His forehead was still furrowed with little hardened wrinkles from which the meaning had long since departed, like the empty channels and passages of an abandoned ant-hill. Once it had been a sensitive face; the narrow nose, the swift curves of his chin were still there, but they had been imperceptibly thickened and coarsened. It was as if four years in prison had removed all the bones from his face, and left a blurred and shapeless mass. It gave the illusion of being somehow swollen.

He lifted his head heavily, and moved it once to the left and once to the right. "Thank you, Mr. Benson," he answered dully, "but tell them no."

"It's your chance, Click," urged the Warden earnestly through the bars of the cell door. "They could do a lot for you."

"No." The deep voice held a haunting echo, like a room from which all the furniture had been removed. "Tell them I can't open it."

Hope was the quality that was gone from that face, as it turned very slowly away from the Warden and stared at the gray floor again. There was no resentment there; nor hatred nor even curiosity. Impatience had left him; but there was no patience in its place. His eyes were dead; they regarded but they did not see. They did not look inward or out. It seemed he had not thought for a very long time.

"Click, I tell you, Mr. Patterson's got influence with all the big ones. You can't tell what he could do for you if you worked this favor for him. Suppose he got the Governor to knock off a couple of years . . ."

It was curious that the first reaction which stirred in that empty face was pain. He had stopped thinking; why must they make him think again? Why couldn't they leave him alone? Why couldn't they forget him, as he had forgotten everything? He did not want to remember. He was half-awake, fighting consciousness, like a man with a wound who knows that his hurt must commence again when he opens his eyes. He had killed hope, because as long as there had been hope so long had there been pain. Now he was contented; why did they want to give him hope again? Leave him alone; leave him alone. The Warden's voice was persuasive, tempting, through the fog behind his eyes. He shook his head. He only wanted to sleep.

". . . if you opened it for them, Click. Think what it might mean. The Governor would do it if Mr. Patterson asked him. Supposing he knocks off two, three years. You're due something for good behavior, kid. Why, look, you'd be out in no time . . ."

CLICK opened his eyes. He was awake. Hope was there in his face now. Only after four years had he succeeded in laying that pain; and now he knew it would never go again. It was good to feel hope once more. It belonged to him. After all, she was still his wife. It was four years since he had seen her; but she was still his wife. She belonged to him. He still wanted her; that was the funny thing. He had never quite realized that before this moment. It did not matter what she had done to him; not now. It did not matter what he had thought of her, over and again, before he had stopped thinking of her. Strangely, there was no hatred in his face, when his eyes opened. She was living with Jake Olney, they had told him. Well, he would kill Olney. Not from any hatred of Olney; merely to win her back again. There was no doubt in his mind that he could win her back. He wanted her; and he always got what he wanted. He would be strong and work for her; he would be tender for her; he would give her things. She was still his wife.

The Warden was talking softly, persuasively behind him in the doorway of his cell. He stirred. He was in a cell. There were many things struggling for life now in his face. The lines quickened, the muscles quivered beside the corners of his eyes. The tiny, trivial memories of her; they were slowly crowding back into his face again. She belonged to him. He would find her, and he would win her back. Those little memories; they belonged to him, too. She was nuts about riding in a dining-car, she had told him. That was outside Utica; they were coming back from New York. She had said she liked to look out the window and high-hat the apple-knockers standing around the baggage-truck on the platform. He had laughed. Now he almost smiled. Well, he would take her riding in dining-cars again. They'd travel; he'd show her. The little things she would do to make him happy; they all belonged to him. She would rest one elbow on the pillow beside him at night, and smoke and read, and he would drop off to sleep staring at the center of her back, feeling warm, with the faint odor of cigarette-smoke lingering in his nose. That belonged to him, to feel warm once more at night, going to sleep. She made him eat at the Ritz; she had said he looked swell in evening clothes. She laughed once when he beat up a taxi-driver who she said had insulted her. She liked him to be strong. And she taught him to read good books: Bruce Barton, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," E. Phillips Oppenheim. She wore her black hair pulled back so tight from her temples that it lifted her eye-brows; she looked almost Japanese. She taught him to pronounce *au gratin* and *soufflé*. She made him lay off drinking once; she said it was too risky because it made his nice long fingers shaky. She would stroke his fingers and lay them along her cheek, and say how they earned more money than if he had followed his own idea and studied music or something instead. She was proud of his fingers. Those things; they still belonged to him.

Warden Benson was saying: ". . . if you could. It's worth the chance, kid, anyway. They said over the phone you probably couldn't, but I knew better. 'His hands haven't lost their knack yet,' I said. I told them . . ."

There was indignation and wounded

(*Continued on page 140*)

One of the

Smartest Brides in Washington

MRS. EDWARD CORTLANDT PARKER

chooses this silver for it's "Distinguished Beauty of Design"

HER distinguished connections in Baltimore and Washington—her recent brilliant wedding at Emanuel Church, Baltimore—her delightful blonde beauty and sparkling personality — make Mrs. Edward Cortlandt Parker one of the most interesting and important brides of the season.

Mrs. Parker's new home is in Washington. There, as a leader in the smart younger set, she entertains charmingly.

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Graciously, she has consented to reveal one of her very personal decisions as an important young hostess—the selection of her silver.

Mrs. Parker's choice was Gorham Sterling, in the beautiful Fairfax pattern.

As she says—

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"I selected the Fairfax pattern because I admire its exquisite simplicity. What a magic touch this Gorham artist had, to create such perfect things as are these Fairfax pieces, from coffee spoon to dinner knife!

"Fairfax has such classic lines and yet it so marvellously fits into the most modern table setting . . . It has the timeless beauty of a superb design."

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To many distinguished brides, their Gorham Sterling is—as it is to Mrs. Parker—"a most treasured, most admired possession."

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Nowhere in the world is there a more gifted group of artists-in-silver than the Gorham designers. In their delicately precise hands, silver, the subtlest, the most elegant of metals, achieves the sweeping grace, the distinction of sculpture. On each lovely Gorham piece they bestow the indefinable touch that comes only from a genius of design.

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Your jeweler will be proud to show you the Fairfax and many other beautiful patterns in Gorham Sterling. The Gorham Company, Providence, R. I., and New York City.

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The Flavor-Sealed PROCESS

- SAVES FLAVOR
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Saves all those natural flavors and savory juices lost in water and vapor by usual cooking methods—for Flavor-Sealed Ham is first vacuum sealed in its individual container and *then vacuum cooked* the exclusive Hormel way . . . Saves labor—for it is thoroughly cooked. Requires no parboiling. No bone, no skin, no surplus fat to remove . . . Saves time—for it is instantly ready to serve cold. Fries in 3 minutes. For Baked Ham, merely heat through and brown—there you have it.

A fitting masterpiece for the formal dinner. An indispensable reserve food. Popular with the thrifty housewife because economical.

At leading stores, or write, naming dealer. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

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HALF SIZE PACKAGE
HORMEL Flavor-Sealed HAM
WITH ALL ITS NATURAL JUICES
HORMEL Flavor-Sealed HAM
THOROUGHLY COOKED READY TO SERVE
WHOLE HAM 6 to 10 lbs. BAKES IN 60 MINUTES

ALL ITS FLAVORS SEALED IN

FINGER-TIPS

(*Continued from page 138*)

pride very suddenly in his face. They thought he couldn't! He'd show them. He'd like to hear them say that about his fingers. His hands were clever; his hands wouldn't fail. She had stroked his fingers, and said how proud of them she was. Talking about his hands. Click Keenan's hands.

He stood up. "All right. Let's go."

IN THE president's room of the Illinois Mutual Bank, later that morning, it was very quiet. Allard and Monk had ceased their pacing; they leaned back against the desk and watched in fascinated silence, the white ash of the cigar between Monk's fingers lengthening unnoticed. Opposite them, in the corner, the Warden sucked impassively at a briar pipe. Sergeant Kelcey had ceased chatting with two prison-guards in the doorway; they held their breath. The air was so still that the tobacco-smoke flattened and rippled in horizontal planes; it settled upon the desk and crept stealthily across the dark mahogany. The impatient honking of traffic in the street was indistinct and far away.

Click Keenan knelt on the floor before the steel door of the safe. His face was eager with confidence. For the moment his features seemed to have sharpened; the narrow chin, the deep clefts beside his mouth were firm and tense, and a multitude of nervous muscles in his cheek twitched and hopped like the insect-life under an upturned stubble. His fingers could not fail; his fingers were clever. They knew. They were sluggish at first and slow; but somewhere there was the spark in them still. They would play easily over the cold knob, twisting it, feeling, listening. They would explore it softly like a musician seeking for a chord. They would strike it once, like accurate lightning . . .

He shifted his hips, bent forward, flipped his arm with the careless gesture of a conjurer shooting his cuff. The group stirred and gathered closer. Warden Benson nodded confidently; Monk watched with a skeptical frown.

The ash crept out upon the end of the cigar; trembled; broke.

His fingers. What was the matter with them? Why did they take so long? They were groping over the knob with fumbling patience, like the spreading hand of a blind man. They had never been uncertain before. His gestures were all right, he knew; his wrist was bent, the forearm slanted as it should be. This was the way he had always done it before. Simply turn the knob, pat the knob, listen. All the necessary motions he had followed carefully; they came back to him automatically, and he performed them one by one. He had the skill; and yet there was no spark. He could not understand. He knew that he could not fail. Click Keenan fail?

He sat back upon his heels and studied his fingers dully.

MONK jabbed a match against the side of a box on the desk beside him, waited till the sputtering flame had steadied, then dragged it comfortably into the white tip of his stubby cigar. "You see?" he said to Allard. "You see what I told you?"

"It was our last chance," moaned Allard. "It isn't my fault he's forgotten how."

"He's nervous," said Benson. "Give him time."

Monk grinned. "It's a good safe, you mean. That's why. Oh, I've heard of these fellows. Sure, you read about them. It's all very well with the hick banks, but he couldn't open a safe like this. Nobody could."

Warden Benson smiled. "Click could, Mr. Monk. Once."

"Perhaps it's been too long," suggested Allard. "Perhaps he's lost the knack."

"No, I don't think it's quite that, Mr. Allard," replied Benson, tamping his pipe thoughtfully. "No, I wouldn't exactly say he's lost the knack. I tell you; it's a funny thing. It's prison psychology, that's all. He's nervous."

"What's he nervous about?" demanded Monk. "He's perfectly safe here."

"Well, all I know is, he'd feel different if this was his own job. Outside, you see, he'd be alone. Then he'd always have the nitroglycerine and stuff to fall back on. He might never use it; he's never had to, yet; but just the thought that he *could* use it if he wanted to . . . do you see what I mean? And then, at a pinch, he could always give up and go away. All those things give him something. He goes at it more easy. He's not so . . . intense. Here it's different. It takes longer."

"But it's important," Allard whined. "Every minute counts."

"Ah, he'll never open it," said Monk. "I bet you he'll never open it."

"Give him time," said the Warden calmly.

"I'll bet you five dollars he'll never open it."

"I'll take you on that." The Warden turned his back easily: "Ready to try again, Click?"

"Come on, Click," said Sergeant Kelcey impulsively. "Come on, kid. Make out I'm after you again, if it will help you any."

"Think how important it is," prompted Allard. "Think of Wescott . . ."

"All right, Click," said the Warden.

His fingers. Yes; that was where the trouble lay. Click stared at them, blunted and calloused. Four years had done that. They had been tapering and sensitive once, like an artist's hands. There had been an active brain in each of their tips, feeling, listening, reasoning, sensing every object that they brushed. In the dark they would quiver and bend before him like delicate antennæ. They never groped; they darted, they touched, there was a spark . . . Now they were dull. Now they were dead.

HE PICKED up a nail-file from the carpet and ran it once more over the insensate tips. He drew it gently back and forth, back and forth. She had been so proud of his fingers. She had kept them neat, manicured them, held them like four living things in the palm of her hand, stroking them, laying them for a moment along her cheek. He rasped the file slowly across the hard skin, wearing down the thick broken nails to the quick. It was delicate work; his face beaded with a nervous sweat. Just so far he must go, and no further. The first hot stab of pain in his finger-tips, the tingling warning was enough. He sensed the moment to stop, before he should draw blood. Above all, there must be no blood. Careful, Click; careful. He laid down the file and tapped the point of his forefinger upon his knuckle. He picked up the file, and brushed it once gently across the red, raw blister pulsing at the tip. Again he touched the spot to his knuckle; the tiny shock darted up his hand to his wrist, and his whole forearm throbbed for a moment. He bent forward.

And it was curious, as he fumbled the cold knob in vain, that the first thing to leave his face was pride. That was slowly destroyed; that left him, and the confidence and the eager ambition went with it. His features seemed imperceptibly to blur and coarsen, as he twisted and spun the knob helplessly; his jaws sank, the firm clefts beside his mouth slackened and sagged. The nervous muscles in his cheeks crept into deep wrinkles and hid. There was terror in his face now, slowly changing to despair. It was true. Click Keenan had failed. His fingers had betrayed him; they had lost their knack. Benson was right: prison psychology was a funny thing. Four years had been too long. His fingers had forgotten. *His fingers.*

He cupped his hand across his eyes.

In the silence Benson asked softly: "Click?"

Keenan shook his head.

"Well, Benson," said Monk briskly, "you owe me five dollars."

"Click," Benson urged quietly, "do you want to come on back now?"

"But . . ." Allard interrupted incredulously, "how are we going to get at the safe?" He glanced at Kelcey. "You said he could do it. This was our last chance.

(*Concluded on page 142*)

The New GUNTHER Portal

A Journey That Took 109 Years . . .

. . . from Number 46 Maiden Lane to 666 Fifth Avenue . . . from downtown New York to the heart of today's fashion center . . . from a quaint two-story shop to spacious salons of exquisite taste . . . .

Smartly simple in line, modern in feeling, this new building is an appropriate setting for the *mode moderne*,—a tribute, also, to the Gunther tradition of style and taste. Advance models in Furs are now on display.

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Inspired by the Mode
Made for the Mode
and worn with Genuine Pride

When one looks at the jewelry of semi-precious stones illustrated, one recalls the exquisite hand work done by craftsmen of another age, so completely does it capture the art of the old world masters. Yet these pieces of

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Makers of WACHENHEIMER Jewelry constitute a group of master craftsmen engaged in the work of creating rare and unusual effects with silver and precious stones.

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WACHENHEIMER
BROTHERS, INC.
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FINGER-TIPS

(*Concluded from page 140*)

Did he know what he'd get if he opened it?" He turned upon the Warden. "Did he understand that Mr. Patterson would ask the Governor . . . ?" He appealed pitifully from one to the other. "Do you suppose he really *tried?*"

"Sure he tried," said Monk. "He failed. It's a good safe."

"Come on, Click," repeated Benson under his breath.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute!" Allard flapped his hands frantically. "Listen! Wait a minute. Don't let him go like that. He doesn't realize, maybe, how important this is! Listen! Tell him it's important! Tell him it means a lot to us! We'll give him anything he wants, if he gets it open. He's got to. If Wescott has the whole day to . . ." He winced. "Tell him how well Mr. Patterson knows the Governor. He calls him Eddie. 'Hello, Eddie.' Tell him we can get five years off his sentence. Ten years. Anything. We'll give him his freedom. Tell him . . ."

CLICK'S head had snapped back suddenly. His eyes opened.

"Why, he can't give up just like that. Tell him we'll get him off right away. To-day. Listen, Click," desperately, "do you hear that? Freedom. The minute that safe door swings open, you'll be free. I give you my word. You can go home. You . . ."

Allard choked for words and glanced appealingly at Monk.

"Sure, I'll telephone the Governor myself," offered Monk promptly. "I'll call him up. Sure."

"Click . . . do you hear . . . ?"

"All right, Mr. Allard," said Benson. "He hears."

Click nodded. His fingers were trembling now, so that he could hardly hold the file. It slipped and bounced upon the sensitive tips, helpless as a canoe in a heavy sea. Careful, Click; careful, Click. He frowned, and his face contracted with the effort to steady himself. Easy, Click; easy. His shoulders were convulsed with regular, silent sobs, like a man in a chill. Freedom. Do you hear? You'll be free. You can go home . . . He shuddered involuntarily. The little file swerved, and then drew back too heavily across the tissue-thin blisters on his fingers' ends. Four round drops of blood clung suddenly to the tips.

He whipped them off upon his trousers. The file dropped unnoticed beside his knee; he brushed the back of his hand across his eyes. Four more telltale drops of blood hung from his fingers. Well, it was all over. He had done it now. The red spots blurred, widened and contracted, swam unsteadily before him like copper coins under water. He brushed his knuckles across his eyes again. He could not see anything now. His eyelids were wet and hot, and he shut them; in the dark he held his hands out before him.

He touched her temples, and then her dark hair. It was drawn back tightly from her forehead, cold and smooth, like the wet back of a seal. He felt her black eyebrows, arched like a Japanese over shadowy eyes that he could never see behind. His fingers brushed the cold round lids, stroked her cheeks, and followed the cool curves of her chin to her lips. They had been full, moist lips; they were cold now as cold steel. He rested his fingers for a moment upon her lips, as if he could warm them and they would speak. His fingers fluttered restlessly, they dropped down, they tapped the cool roundness of her shoulder, they crept down her arm to the elbow, they traced the marble curves of her arm back to the shoulders again. These things belonged to him. He would warm her to life through his fingers, and she would belong to him. She waited there before his groping hands. She was waiting, cold and silent, for him. The hungry tips of his fingers wavered and rested at last upon her cool breast. There was a shock. It had stirred. It moved toward him.

It was only the door of the safe swinging open under his fingers.

Monk was the first to break the silence. "Well, I don't see how *that* happened."

Allard stared at the heavy door swinging idly out into the room. He grasped the Warden's hand. "Well," impulsively, "thank you, Benson. I can't tell you how grateful we are to you. That's saved us a lot of trouble and . . ." He called excitedly: "Are those B and L bonds safe, Frank? . . . thank you, really . . . If you'll excuse us a minute, you don't mind if we . . . You understand . . ."

"Tin Plate . . . here's all the other stock. Not a thing missing. What do you know!" exclaimed Monk, backing out from the safe and turning triumphantly. "Not a blessed thing missing, Jo, do you hear? Wescott never even got into this safe. Just what I told you. We had all this trouble for nothing. Can you beat it?" he laughed. "All for nothing!"

"This looks like . . . Frank, here's the list of those securities he got from the other room. Don't you think a telegram . . . ?"

THEY returned a few moments later beaming, chatting earnestly, the papers clutched in their hands. Allard glanced up in surprise at the empty room. "Oh . . . ah . . . where's the others?"

"They left," said Sergeant Kelcey, settling himself easily in the deep armchair. "They all went back to wait."

"He never touched a thing," chuckled Monk, shaking his head reminiscently. "All this excitement, and Wescott never got near it. Golly, what fools we'd have been now if we'd tried to force that safe! Eh? What did I tell you, Frank? Ha! . . ." He bit off the end of a fresh cigar, and removed the stub from his tongue with the nail of his little finger. "Have a cigar, Sergeant?"

"I don't mind if I do," said Kelcey, reaching over and stuffing a handful into his coat-pocket.

"Never touched a thing! By the way . . ." Monk paused and frowned. "Before I forget it . . . there was something I promised to do."

"Do you mean about Click?" asked Sergeant Kelcey eagerly.

Monk turned upon him in amazement. "After seeing how easy he opened that brand-new safe? He's too clever to be loose. We wouldn't feel secure a minute. No . . ."

He stared thoughtfully at Allard, and then his face brightened. "I know what it was I meant, Jo; gentleman's agreement. Remind me not to forget to give that five dollars to Benson, will you?"

MIRACLE

OUT of bitterness, beauty springing,
Piping its poignant note forlorn.
Out of bare earth, fruit trees flinging
Clouds of loveliness to the morn.
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O miracle! from ancient wrongs,
Out of death comes new life flooding,
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Dorothy Bennett

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Beauty Specialist

As the years pass, they leave their marks upon your beauty. Faint lines will etch themselves around your eyes. Your throat muscles will droop. Subtle changes will manifest themselves in the tone and the texture of your skin.

I have devoted my life to sparing women these tragedies of age. I have searched the world, conducted exhaustive experiments, studied and worked without pause for over thirty years to create preparations whose work begins where Nature's ceases. And my reward is the radiant, lasting beauty of the millions of women who have heeded my advice.

Among my creations you will find preparations for every skin, every age and every purse. Unguents that erase the years from ageing faces, lotions that urge the skin to renew itself, washes that banish impurities at the first touch. The scientific answer to every need and every mood of your skin.

Remember, on the road to beauty there is no standing still. Science can help you move forward—toward ever-increasing loveliness. Determine now how you will look one year, five, ten years from now. Begin *today* to build your beauty for *tomorrow!*

The Basic Beauty Treatment for Every Skin—Cleanse with the youth-renewing Water Lily Cleansing Cream. Contains rejuvenating essences of water lily buds (2.50, 4.00), Rejuvenate the face and eyes with Valaze Extrait—a benediction to fatigued faces (2.50, 5.00). Next, wake the tissues with the youthifying stimulant, Valaze Eau Verte (3.00, 5.00) and follow with the bracing astringent cream, Valaze Emailline (1.75, 3.50). Finish with Valaze Skin-toning Lotion (1.25). Complete treatment—a two month's supply—with full instructions 11.00

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—the skin-clearing masterpiece—should be part of the daily regimen. Corrects freckles, sallowness 1.00, 2.50

Flabby Skin—Double Chin, Baggy Eyes—Pat into the skin daily, Valaze Georgine Lactee—a permanent muscle bracer and tightener for sagging contours. 3.00, 6.00

Oily Skin—Blackheads, Large Pores, Shiny Nose—Wash the skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special. Gently penetrates the skin, dissolving blackheads, dirt and impurities and closing the pores. Use instead of soap. 1.00

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New Youth for Tired Eyes—Crinkled Eyelids—Valaze Youthifying Eye Cream—this remarkable new creation restores firmness and smoothness to tired ageing eyes. Brings back youth to shrunken eyes. 1.25, 4.00

To Smartly Accent Your Beauty—Helena Rubinstein's Gypsy Tan Foundation 1 oz. tube, 1.50, 2 oz. bottle (2.50)—sunproof and waterproof—with Gypsy Tan or French Ochre Powder (3.00), Red Geranium Lipstick (1.00) Valaze Persian Eye Black (Mascara) 1.00 and Valaze Eye Shadow (1.00)

Visit Helena Rubinstein's Salon
A complete service for the scientific treatment of your skin, hair, hands and eyes . . . expert advice on home treatments and make-up. Even a single treatment will prove a revelation to you. Write to Helena Rubinstein describing your skin and hair and you will receive a complete beauty regimen.

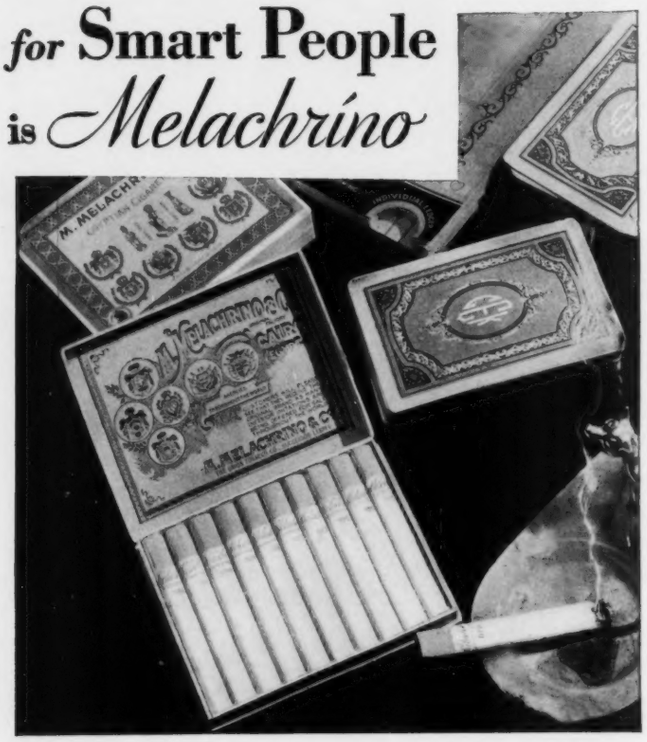
Tune in on Helena Rubinstein's "VOICE OF BEAUTY" National Broadcasting Chain and Associated Stations May 2, 16, 30; June 13, 27; July 11, 25; and every second Thursday thereafter at 11:30 A. M. Eastern Standard Time.
Intimate talks on the scientific care of your beauty. Consult local radio column for future programs.

PARIS **Helena Rubinstein** LONDON

8 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

BOSTON—77 Newbury Street CHICAGO—670 N. Michigan Avenue PHILADELPHIA—254 South 16th Street

The first rule of Good Bridge *for* Smart People is *Melachrino*



MELACHRINOS, like Bridge itself, have the greatest appeal to people of intelligence and good taste. Their cool, slow-burning Turkish tobacco—the most prized and costly tobacco grown—affords an easy, pleasant relaxation during the keen contest of minds at the bridge table. That's why smart hostesses who plan for the pleasure of their guests and the success of their parties, serve Melachrinos.

A delightful and unusual way to introduce yourself and your guests to this fine quality cigarette has been worked out in the Melachrino Introductory Offer. This offer consists of 60 Melachrino Cigarettes—Cork tips, Straw tips and Plain ends—a score-pad with the latest rules of contract bridge, and two packs of beautiful cards on which we will imprint your own monogram. This offer is really an unusual value—$4.75 ordinarily—but by using the coupon you need pay only $2.50.

The cards are the famous gilt-edge Congress Cards and *have no advertising of any kind on them.* Under a special arrangement, monograms will be imprinted quicker than usual. Just fill out the coupon, printing the initials of your monogram plainly. Your first package will convince you that MELACHRINO IS THE QUALITY CIGARETTE. 10 for 15c. Large package 30c.

NO FLYING ASH to burn your gown . . . Melachrinos are firmly rolled . . . unlike ordinary, loosely packed cigarettes, a Melachrino *holds its ash until you flick it off.* You needn't worry about burning expensive moire or frail chiffon when you smoke Melachrinos.

MELACHRINO *Cigarettes*

MILD AND COOL

The Union Tobacco Company
511 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen:

Please send me your introductory offer of 60 Melachrino Cigarettes, the score-pad with the latest rules of contract bridge, and the two packs of the famous Congress Cards, bearing my monogram, for which I enclose $2.50. G. 5-29

*Name*_____ *Initials*_____

*Address*_____ *City*_____ *State*_____

A TROUSSEAU FROM PARIS

(*Continued from page 69*)

"They were most important, for they were designed for the principal occupation of a bride's existence. Every woman in society spent half her time receiving and paying calls. What a bore it was! It had its own etiquette, very rigid, I assure you, and it simply had to be done. I remember going to stay with the Cornells in Buffalo, Katharine Cornell's great-grandparents. Every one called on me, I had to return all the calls, and when I left, I had to make the rounds again, leaving more cards with 'P. P. C.' on them. We used to be shown into a formal, often cold, reception room, and the hostess sometimes took ages to come down. She found it as great a bore as we did.

"The first break was the introduction of 'days.' I had been visiting in Toronto just before, and it was great fun. One wore one's best, because one was sure to meet some of the men that one dined and danced with later, and there were tea, and open fires, and flowers, and everything was pleasant. Sometimes the hostess wore a 'tea-gown.' They came from England, you know, and were first worn by the hunting set, who did not care to take tea in muddy habits, and wanted a costume that allowed a bit of lounging after a long day's run. If you had ever worn our corsets you would appreciate the merits of a tea-gown. I think they were mostly founded on Sarah Bernhardt's stage costumes. She was the rage, at the time."

"What did you wear with your visiting toilet?"

"A sealskin, of course, in winter. Mine came from London, and was trimmed with beaver, and I had a wide beaver hat, turned up at one side with a great curling feather. Oh, yes! I looked very nice, much nicer than you look now, I continue to think. My best afternoon gown was a gray cashmere, embroidered in a design of grapes in heavy silk. It came from Paris, and I was very proud of it."

"Was it long?"

"Very long, and edged with a *balayeuse* under the hem. It was an art, I can tell you, to manage it properly. One had to swirl it round, arrange it with one hand, and leave just a touch of one's frilly *balayeuse* showing round one's feet. Some women practised before a glass for hours, picking up and draping their skirts. If you did not have a maid, changing and renewing the *balayeuses* in your skirts was quite an occupation."

"You had no sports clothes, as we call them, whatever?"

"I did not ride, so I did not need a habit. The international set, the ones that went to Europe at least once a year, and were as well known in Paris and London as in their own homes, all rode, I think. We played tennis, but we did not have special dresses for it, that I remember—just what we happened to be wearing. Yachtswomen wore blue serge, and white flannel, then as now. Cut off the skirts, straighten out the lines of the jackets, and the costume has changed very little otherwise. Some women swam, but many more just splashed about, and the bathing-suits of that time were more suited to splashing than to swimming. In winter, women skated. They had to have rather shorter skirts for that, of course, but *you* would call them very long. Legs were a mystery, in my day, even on the beach, for we wore bathing-suits with frilled pantalettes nearly to our ankles. A glimpse of a pretty ankle caused more excitement in those days than an entire figure could hope to arouse to-day."

"And your evening gowns?"

"The dinner dresses were square necked, sometimes high in the back, and often had elbow sleeves. You did not dine in full décolleté unless you were going on to a ball. Our ball-gowns were certainly cut very low, but they were never absolutely sleeveless—some sort of a little arrangement over the shoulder always. They contained masses of material, but it was often quite diaphanous, though scrupulously lined—no transparent skirts, in *my* day. They often had bodices of velvet or satin and immense skirts of tulle or tarlatan, looped, flounced, or draped, sometimes caught up with flowers. They used to tear very easily, and the dressing-room was always furnished with sewing materials, and maids ready to take up rents so that one could go back to the ballroom. I had a black velvet bodice, I remember, that I wore with different tarlatan skirts for ages. For dinners, I had a heavy black satin, with rose-pink ruches, and a huge soft bow in the back, lined with rose-pink satin. You could almost wear that gown to-day. My best ball-gown was a pink taffeta trimmed with plaited frills, and an enormous train.

"And the wedding-gowns?"

"It seems to me that they have changed very little. A lovely white gown, often satin, in any style that was most becoming, with a lace or tulle veil, and orange-blossoms. That is just what brides wear to-day, isn't it?"

THERE are two bridal gowns sketched on pages 66 and 67, one from Patou, and one from Lanvin, so you may judge for yourselves. A wedding-gown may ignore prevailing fashions, now as then, and the convention of long sleeves, and very slight décolleté, obtains in Europe at present as it did in the 'eighties.

I have not included the so-called sports clothes in this trousseau, but on the pages of sketches from Cannes, and on the Last-Minute pages, you will find some of the newest ideas in these types. As for playing dresses, every bride will have her own ideas of what is most comfortable for tennis or golf, and the principle of the thing has changed in no particular. For the morning, Luza has sketched two costumes from Louiseboulanger, one in tweed, with the new very long blouse in Rodier's tuslikasha, printed with a design of a yacht pennant in blue on pale beige; the other, a most useful "dressmaker" suit of printed crêpe de Chine, a golden beige with a line plaid in white. "Dressmaker" suits are very good this spring; on the Last-Minute pages there are several different versions of them, including one that is a real tailleur. When it is really becoming, there is no more useful costume than a tailored suit, provided that it is worn with impeccable accessories; and it was prominently featured in several important collections, this spring, including Patou's.

A BRIDE'S afternoon clothes, or after-luncheon clothes as some people prefer to call them, are important, because she will probably be the guest of honor at many afternoon occasions, teas, receptions, and bridge parties. The gray one from Lelong, sketched on page 68, is particularly charming, with its wise use of fur away from the face. It is hard to imagine a really formal afternoon ensemble without fur, even in summer, but our American summers are too warm for fur collars. Lelong has solved this problem nicely. The frock that goes with this coat is in gray georgette, slim and straight to below the knees, with uneven godets set into the stuff to give fulness at the hem, more fulness in the back than in the front, and a hem-line that dips slightly in the back besides. Another afternoon coat should be added, in addition to this one that makes part of an ensemble, and it should be in a color that allows it to be worn with the frocks of crêpe de Chine, plain or printed, chiffon, georgette, or even lace, which a bride will add to her trousseau in accordance with the occasions that require them. The printed ensemble from Lelong will also be found extremely useful, because it has a little jacket of the same material. Most of the spring collections show jackets with their printed frocks; in some houses the print makes the jacket, while the frock is plain. They add hardly anything to the warmth of a costume, and enable one to wear it in the street without an extra wrap.

The evening ensemble is important, especially in these days of skirts long in

(*Concluded on page 145*)

A face powder . . totally new . . *vitally* different

so keyed to present day Fashion and conditions of living that it comes to you as a revelation of beauty and protection

POUDRE
Le Début

***POUDRE LE DEBUT*—CONTAINING NEWLY DISCOVERED BENEFICIAL INGREDIENTS NEVER BEFORE USED IN A FACE POWDER**

Certainly, today, a woman demands of her face powder qualities which a few years ago she would hardly have considered important.

We are living . . . playing . . . more in the sun, more in the wind. The skin demands a *protection* that *ordinary face powder cannot afford.*

Furthermore, skins have more warmth and color—tan is increasingly fashionable. Face powder must adapt itself to these new conditions. And even more important, face powder can no longer be merely a mask that "covers up." It must be of a subtle tone and texture that harmonizes with your natural skin tones and blends with your skin texture . . . and becomes, in truth, a very part of your face.

No easy problem to solve! Indeed, it required two years of intensive research and experiment in scientific laboratories—and constant consultation with authorities on Fashion—to create *Poudre le Début.* And it required entirely new ingredients never before used in a face powder to give it the qualities that women are so insistently demanding.

A product of modern science . . . and modern fashion

Poudre le Début is distinctly a product of the best dermatological knowledge and the best style authority available. Totally new—vitally *different*—absolutely *safe.*

And what an exquisitely lovely powder it is . . . incredibly velvety . . . smooth . . . fine . . . spreading with a delicate translucence and adhering indefinitely! A powder that is not only safe in every respect but actually beneficial, for it contains certain basic porperties which protect against the ravages of the sun and wind and the score of different things against which, today, the skin must be guarded.

And a powder with a texture and range of tones so carefully chosen that it blends perfectly into your skin.

FOR LIGHT COMPLEXIONS:

Pearl—for the fair skin with color.
Pearl with Glow—a warm tone for the fair skin with little color.
Naturelle—to match the medium-toned skin.
Sun-Tint—a tan for the fair skin.

FOR BRUNETTES:

Rachel—for the brunette with color.
Rachel with Glow—a warm tone for the brunette with little color.
Ocre-Rose—a warm tone for the olive skin.
Sun-Tan—a tan for the brunette skin.

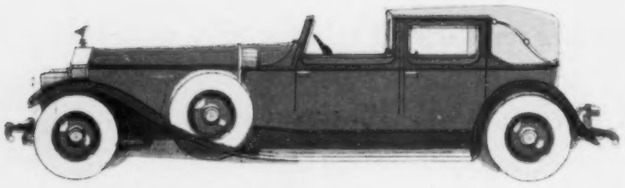
With a fragrance—typically le Début

Poudre le Début is a member of le Début family of fragrance—a blossomy elusive *odeur*—too delicately sophisticated to be anything but smart and utterly feminine. . . . And it comes in the gayest box—the most modern in design that ever graced your dressing table.

Surely *Poudre le Début* is as near a custom-made powder as you could find anywhere—a powder which brings you all the smartness and beauty and protection you demand.

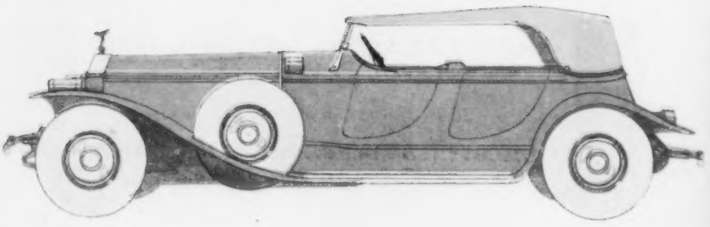
You will find *Poudre le Début* at any of the better shops.

RICHARD
HUDNUT
NEW YORK · PARFUMEUR · PARIS



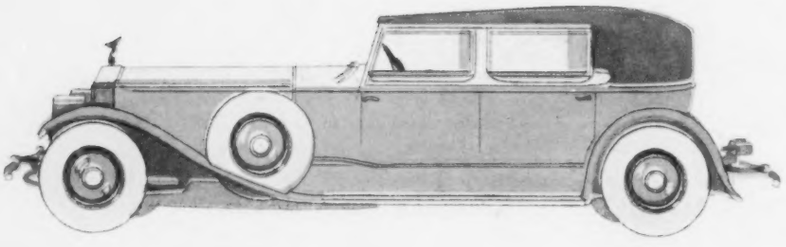
ROLLS-ROYCE TROUVILLE

Imperial cabriolet for town and country use, with de ville front and canvas top. Designed and created in Paris.



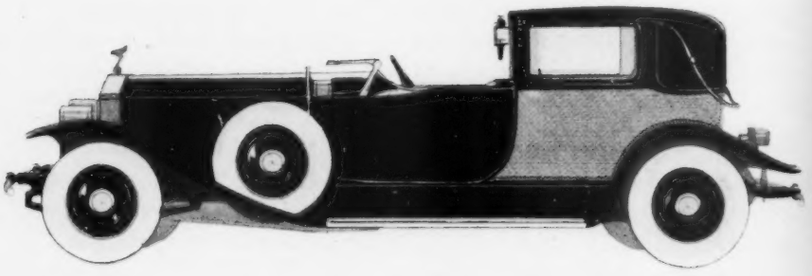
ROLLS-ROYCE SPEEDSTER

Four-passenger phaëton with streamline doors, knife-blade fenders, and tilted khaki top. Coachwork by Brewster.



ROLLS-ROYCE
IMPERIAL CABRIOLET SOUPLE

Convertible for summer or winter driving. Seats seven. Owner or chauffeur driven. Designed and created in Paris.



ROLLS-ROYCE TOWN BROUGHAM

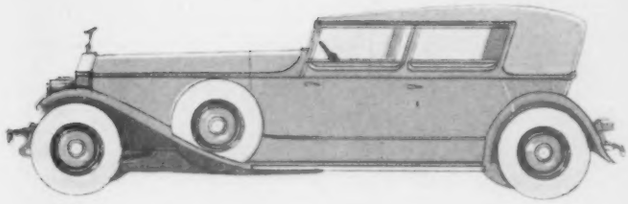
An exceptionally smart design in black and wicker. Passenger compartment seats four. Coachwork by Brewster.

THE MOTOR CAR, TOO, HAS

In a *faubourg* of Paris, in a side-street in London, in a sky-lighted *atelier* in Brussels—scattered through England and the Continent are a handful of gifted motor car designers. They do not design many cars, for they have the artist's passion for perfection. They create for the few who know and can afford the beautiful. Every design they sign must be a masterpiece in line and color. . . They are the Lanvins and Patous of the motor car.

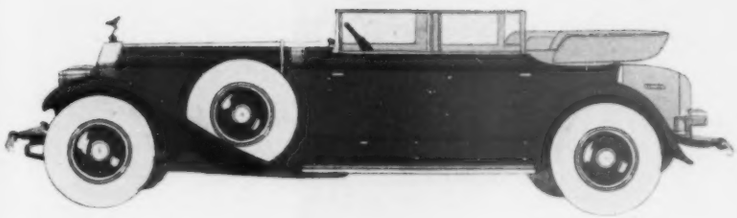
Because the Rolls-Royce chassis is itself so perfect as to be an inspiration, these masters design chiefly for Rolls-Royce. As the sketches come from their drawing boards, they are turned over to Rolls-Royce's exclusive Bureau Inter-

ROLLS-ROYCE



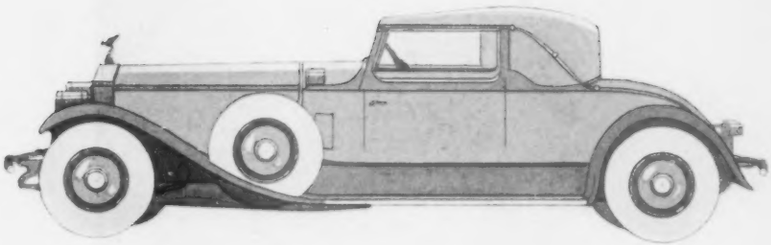
ROLLS-ROYCE COLLAPSIBLE SEDAN

An enclosed sedan and open phaeton in one. Slanting doors and canvas top. Designed and created in Paris.



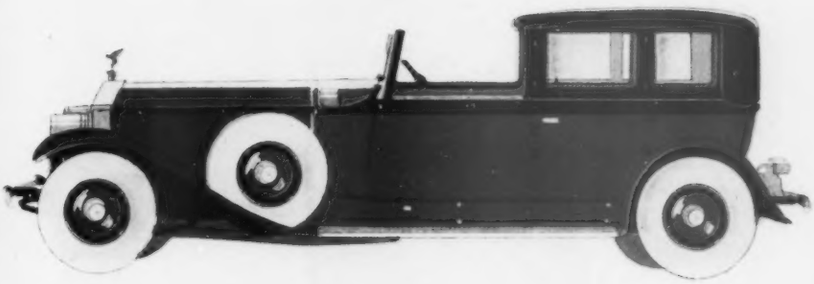
ROLLS-ROYCE NEWMARKET

Four-passenger convertible sport touring sedan. Canvas top. Upholstered in leather. Coachwork by Brewster.



ROLLS-ROYCE VENDOME

Four-passenger sport coupe with collapsible canvas top. Upholstered in leather. Designed and created in Paris.



ROLLS-ROYCE ST. ALBAN

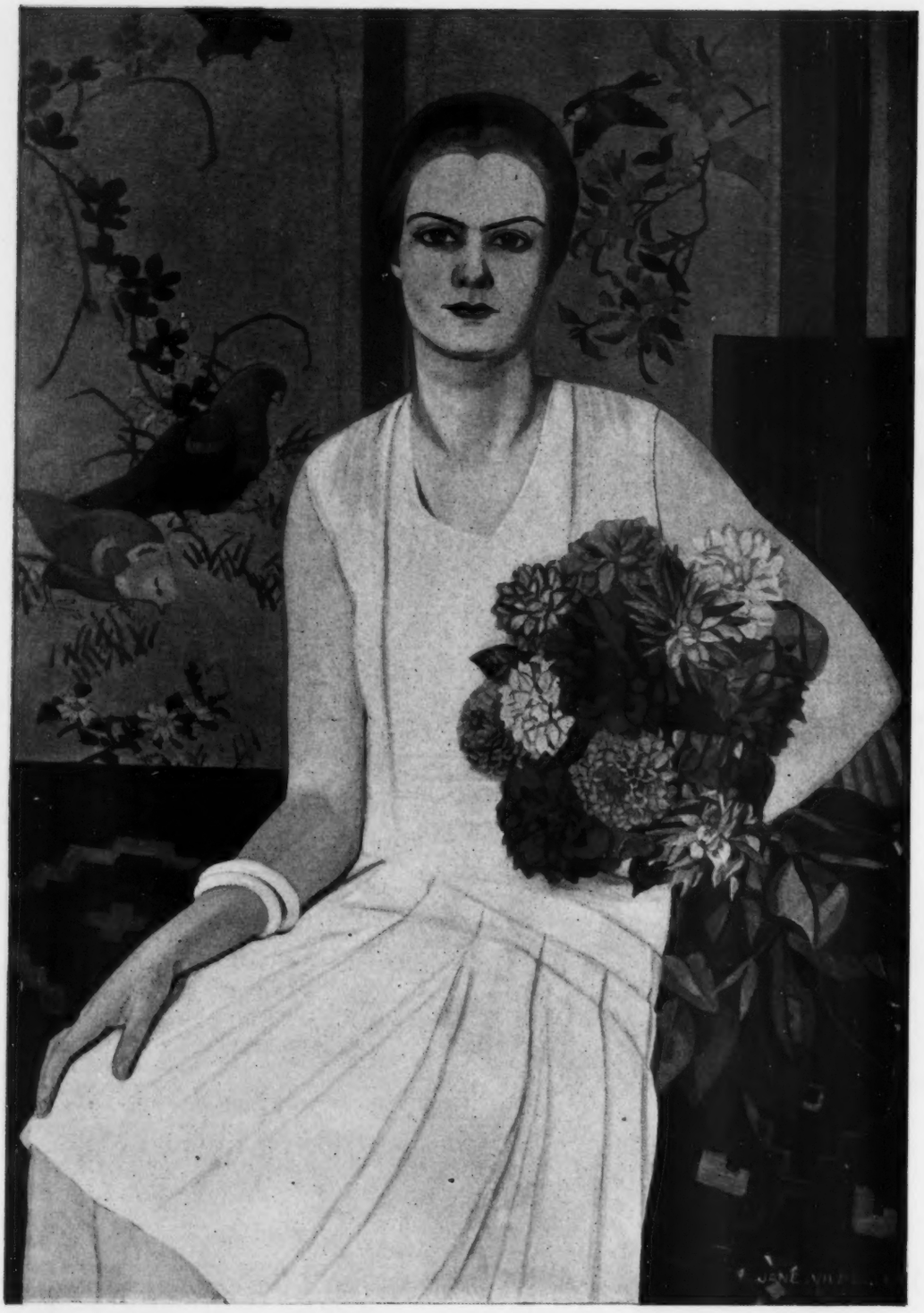
Town Cabriolet with de ville front. Can be converted into enclosed drive limousine. Coachwork by Brewster.

ITS LANVIN AND ITS PATOU

national du Dessin, in Paris, which correlates the artists' drawings with Rolls-Royce manufacturing practice. These splendid designs are then forwarded to America and made available to Rolls-Royce patrons—to *you*. You may have one of them translated directly into wood and metal and soft broadcloth—or Rolls-Royce designers will adapt one to your own ideas. Either way, your car is as unimpeachably correct as a gown by Lanvin. Either way, it is an "original," created for you alone.

Reproduced on these two pages are eight of the newest conceptions of European designers, created exclusively for Rolls-Royce, and executed chiefly in Brewster coachwork. Your own good taste will tell you how very, very smart they are.

ROLLS-ROYCE



CHENEY SILKS

CHENEY WEAVES

This is to be a bright hued summer, at least so far as our clothes are concerned. For the colors of the flower garden will promenade every fashionable resort and country club : : : An important fabric will be Frostkrepe whose frosty sparkle gives every color a tingling lusciousness. It drapes exquisitely and lends itself to the intricate detail of feminine tailored frocks.

A TROUSSEAU FROM PARIS

(*Concluded from page 144*)

the back. If the evening wrap is of the same color as the gown, the effect of the long fish-tail of skirt below it is much more harmonious. Brides should wear white, of course, and this will be in many respects a white summer. At Cannes, I saw many more white evening gowns than colored. The evening ensemble from Augustabernard is very bridal, indeed.

Of course, if a bride loves color, there is no reason why she should not wear it. The pale pinks, especially the flesh tones, pale blues, pale greens are still most acceptable for evening; brilliant reds are permissible; yellows are coming in, especially in the blended yellows and oranges of the new printed chiffons, that I called "autumn colorings" in the fabric number.

Thin black holds its own and a bit over. There is a lovely black tulle gown from Worth on page 71, with one of those charming little jackets, traced with strass embroidery, that are just as good as ever. Notice the length of the skirt, for tulle frocks are really long, even in the front, as you see in this model. One still sees great numbers of them, especially for dancing. The white gown, from Worth, makes one of these contrasts that are a feature of our piquant evening mode. It is as slim as possible, long only at one point, and that toward the front, and is made, in the original model, of wedding-ring velvet. The ornaments in the front are odd, for they are made of black marble! Worth shows this gown with black and white marble bracelets, perfectly plain, polished thick circles, to correspond. Here is a new idea in costume jewelry.

Another evening wrap, to wear over different gowns, should be added to this wardrobe. It may be of heavy satin, or of velvet, and a color that "goes" with the rest of one's frocks should be chosen. A serviceable color is beige, or tortoise-shell, with fur as handsome as one can afford, and lots of it.

Useful are the great scarfs, almost evening capes, of the type that Chéruit has made famous. They are lighter and cooler than fur-trimmed coats, take up little space in traveling trunks, and cost far less than elaborate wraps. I saw a pretty one in deepest dahlia velvet worn with a white gown with deep red flowers on the shoulder, red slippers, and red jewelry. They are made in all sorts of materials, such as chiffon and velvet, combined.

On the Last-Minute pages are evening gowns of several different types, all of which were chosen from the Spring Openings to be shown at the Bal de la Couture by the houses themselves, as representative of what they thought most interesting in their own collections. They illustrate several points in the latest evening mode, and are full of suggestions to a prospective bride; while among the sketches from Cannes are some of the most interesting types actually worn. You will also find a lot of information about details both for day and evening on the pages from Cannes.

AND now for the important question of millinery. You may cut the number of gowns in a trousseau to a minimum, if you like, but you will want to splurge on hats. There is no reason why you should not, even if you are to spend a honeymoon in traveling, for most modern hats are easily packed, and a moderate hat-box will contain a great many of them, especially if you pack them one inside the other. Felts, fabrics, and the new soft flexible straws all stand this treatment very well. Of course, a wider brimmed straw hat will take more space, but it may occupy the center of the box, with the less fragile models set close around it.

Agnès has invented one of the cleverest hats I ever saw, which Baron de Meyer has photographed on page 78. It is in heavy black satin, lined with white or cream, or even pale rose satin, and it is modeled on the shape of the skiing caps that one wears at St. Moritz. The side flaps that come down over the face are adjustable, and can be bent and turned in any way that is becoming, close down over the ears, or rolled back, perhaps on one side only. The strings may tie in the back, or be brought up round the head, and tied in the front. She makes this same hat in supple antelope for motoring, when it may be tied under the chin. This Protean shape allows a woman infinite latitude in arrangement, and is becoming to all faces on this account. She is also making new turbans of a shiny black straw braid (you see one on the pages from Cannes); new felts trimmed with silk scarfs in several shades of the same color (also sketched); and a charming moderate sized *capeline* in black parasisol (linen weave straw) trimmed with heavy black satin ribbon. Every day there is something new in her salons, which are crowded with eager clients from morning to night.

At Reboux's the salon has been completely transformed. It is now one big room, with fluted cream walls, and a new parquet floor. The windows are hung with straight curtains of plair brown, and at intervals all round the walls are set standard mirrors, with triple glasses, before which the hats are fitted. The chairs are plain light wood, upholstered in brown like the curtains. At one end of the room is a great wooden table, with a mirror top, on which are strewn attractive bunches of flowers, wallflowers, narcissus, and combinations of blossoms that look as if they came from an old-fashioned garden. The lighting is particularly interesting. It comes from two huge white vases, set in the center of the room, exactly like the ones on the Ile de France. They are an invention, I believe, of Sue et Mare. This gives a flood of soft light, which hits the ceiling and is reflected back in a fashion that flatters any face, young or old. At the end of the room are glass *vitrines*, also brilliantly lit with invisible lamps, in which are bags and scarfs, and chiffon handkerchiefs, decorated with applications of fish, antelopes, triple hearts in three shades of red, or a cock; all set in the center, one color on the other.

HERE, in this ultra-modern setting, the hats are shown to special clients. They are no longer hung on a forest of racks for all the world to see and paw over. Your *vendeuse* brings you a big box full of the type you want to see, and you try them on, one after the other, to the great detriment of your coiffure. The new feeling is piratical—that is the only word for it. Felts and flexible straws alike are turned up sharply in the front, with points over each shoulder, one invariably longer than the other. Even the thin feather of a typical rover of the Spanish Main sometimes decorates one side, limp and bedraggled, as he would have worn it.

There are quantities of little black hats, made of the new flexible straws, usually turned back off the face, and long on one side, almost guiltless of trimming. There are rough mixed straws, black and white for choice, close fitting, brimless on one side, with quite a brim on the other, usually at the right. There are little felts cut in a hundred variations; and felts decorated with applications, oddly shaped, of another color; also *Moyen Age* looking affairs, turned up, trimmed with scalloped velvet cockscombs in two colors. Quantities of sets of scarf, hat and bag, often black and white spotted, or checked, with an application of bright color at one end of the scarf, circles, or modernistic triangles. Scarfs of all kinds, many in three and four colors, of crêpe de Chine beautifully patched together. Important straws, smooth, supple, exotic, one turned up off the face, pointed at each side, and trimmed at the left with a twisted knot of two shades of pink chiffon that hangs to touch the shoulder. Another in golden tan straw, with a twist of matching velvet, and a velvet pretzel over one ear, under the brim. Vagaries to suit all tastes, you see. It is out of this welter of hats that will come the three or four models which will be known as the Reboux's of the season.

Carlin Comforts

A Woman's Bedroom by John W. Root

Selected for the Metropolitan Museum of Art

We are permitted to announce that by invitation of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, we participated in the recent Exhibition of Contemporary American Design. In the illustrated setting the Bedspread, Pillow and Chaise Longue Throw, which received so much favourable comment from interior decorators and the visiting public, were designed and created by the Carlin Shops. We are devoted exclusively to intimate and divine feminine things — Silken Puffs and Pillows, Couch Throws, Chaise Longue Covers and Blankets, Pajamas and Bed Jackets and Travel Accessories — lovely beyond expression but modestly priced.

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THE fondest dream of woman, since the dawn of time, has been to live in the memory of those whom she loves.

With the intuition that is her birthright, she knows that..... *remembrance* may be invoked with the aid of a ravishing scent.

From Paris, Ciro sends Chevalier de la Nuit—the "Knight of the Night"—a strangely compelling fragrance, that haunts the senses like a soft refrain. Languorous, magical—it is the very breath of Romance.

Many charming women (and men—world-wise in their choice of gifts) have chosen Chevalier de la Nuit as the perfect way to say, *"Remember Me!"*

CHEVALIER DE LA NUIT
"KNIGHT OF THE NIGHT"
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GARDENIA SAUVAGE

Captured—the elusive essence of the *wild* gardenia! It breathes of a wilderness of sweetness. It *lasts*—and weaves a memorable impression that out-wits Time and Circumstance.

DOUX JASMIN

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Ciro Products are distributed thruout the world—only in packages made and sealed in France—identical with those you would buy in Ciro's Paris Salon, no. 20 Rue de la Paix (New York, 565 Fifth Ave.)

IN THE ROYAL DAYS OF EDWARD VII.

(*Continued from page 93*)

of Herr Merey, who decreed that henceforth Prince and Princess di Teano would no longer be received at the Austrian Embassy.

It appears we were in disgrace three months before we discovered it, as the hospitality of Palazzo Chigi was then very different from what it had been in Count Lutzow's day, and no noticeable entertaining went on there. Then a young attaché of the Austrian Embassy, Comte S., who had just received the news of his appointment to another post, decided to give a farewell ball at the Grand Hotel. We were not invited and we failed to notice the fact. I knew him very little and there was no particular reason why he should ask us. But the youth, who did not shine in the way of brains, instead of keeping quiet and obeying his Ambassador's orders without attracting any attention to the matter, began to go about telling everyone in Rome that he had not been able to ask us to his party because his Ambassador had forbidden it; he regretted it, but we were taboo at the Embassy!

This stirred up a regular hornet's nest, and all the young men of Rome banded together and said as they considered this statement to be an insult to Italy, they would not attend the ball. Herr Merey realized that he had made a *gaffe* in trying to wage war for political reasons against a representative Roman and one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting, so he lost his nerve. At the last moment I received a very humble letter from Comte S., saying that by an inexcusable misunderstanding our invitation to his ball had gone astray, and that he hoped my husband and I would come. I answered, thanking, but alleging a previous engagement, and there the matter ended.

Herr Merey used to try to bow rather anxiously whenever he met me, but my eyes were always fixed on a point a few inches above his head.

Soon afterward we were invited to an official dinner at the Foreign Office, given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Marchese di San Guiliano. All the ambassadors were present and the Austrian Ambassador and I seemed fated always to be bumping into each other. He complained bitterly to a colleague that he had never meant the *brouille* to go as far as not bowing; he simply meant not to receive us, and this subtle distinction seemed to make the story still funnier.

Next winter all the nice Austrians at the Embassy, Prince and Princess Lichtenstein, Comte and Comtesse Thurn and others began calling on me again. I was very glad to see them, as they were all quite charming, but I could not resist a little chaff. "How is it that you are allowed to associate with me this year?" I asked.

"Oh!" they said, "we just decided to do as we liked. *Nous n'en pouvons plus de ce petit rond de cuir!*"

And then the war came and swept them all out of Rome. But I must now go back to earlier years.

IN THE Spring of 1903 I was appointed *Dama di Palazzo* to the Queen of Italy, which for political reasons annoyed my father very much.

Fortunately it was done very quickly and by the time he got to know of it the appointment was already *un fait accompli*, so beyond scolding me severely for not having consulted him in the matter, there was nothing more for him to do. My father argued that as he held the hereditary charge of Prince Assistant to the Holy See, it was a want of consideration on my part to accept an appointment at the King's Court which placed me officially in the "White" camp. He pointed out how absurd it was not to be able to invite me to his house when he gave an official reception.

On the other hand, my new family not only was "White" but violently anti-clerical, and my father-in-law, who had been greatly devoted to the late King Humbert and was a personal friend of the Queen Mother, would never have allowed me to refuse the appointment. So I found myself between two fires of family arguments.

I have always been thankful that my father's political feelings were not able to influence the matter, as it has been a great joy and honor to be at the service of my Queen, whose affectionate kindness has never failed me in all these years.

But not long afterward Leo XIII. died and the new Pope, Pius X., had very different ideas and gave no importance to the "Black" and "White" distinctions that had divided Roman society for so many years. Consequently he granted a collective family audience to my father with his daughters and their husbands. After I had been thus received by the Pope my father was pacified and felt he could also receive me, even on official occasions!

Soon after my appointment at Court, the Kaiser and the Crown Prince of Germany came to Rome on an official visit, and I started Court duties at the Quirinal for the first time. According to the usual etiquette, the King and his suite drove through the gaily decorated streets to the station to meet the Kaiser, while the Queen and her ladies-in-waiting stood in the *Sala dei Corazzieri*, the long hall at the top of the staircase, to receive the royal guest on his arrival.

I remember, while we waited, the Queen lectured her ladies on the necessity of being extremely serious and dignified during their presentation to the Emperor and his suite. It seemed that during the last royal visit—that of an Eastern potentate—the King had noticed a certain amount of smiling and giggling in the groups of the Queen's ladies, which had been a contrast to Her Majesty's extreme seriousness and dignity. He had requested her to tell them that this was not to occur again. Her lecture had the desired effect, for on that occasion and on all similar ones during this long stretch of years, I have always noticed that the Court ladies looked preternaturally solemn.

THE Kaiser's arrival was a very magnificent affair, though somewhat theatrical. His suite consisted of about thirty officers, all at least seven feet high and wearing very gorgeous uniforms. Their appearance was more impressive than their conversation, for I remember struggling hard to find some topic which would "go", when I had some of those beautiful creatures near me at lunch and dinner. But beyond a few stock phrases nothing could be extracted from them.

On the other hand, the Kaiser and the Crown Prince were of quite another style, full of conversation and jokes, and it seemed to me that the royal visit went off very merrily.

The official reception given by the Mayor of Rome at the Capitol was a very grand affair. The beautiful palaces on the three sides of the Piazza were linked together on this occasion by specially built covered bridges, so that space was practically unlimited. The museum of statues was also thrown open and looked wonderfully well, all brilliantly illuminated.

My uncle, Prince Prospero Colonna, younger brother of my father, was then Mayor of Rome, and though we all solemnly paraded arm-in-arm through the many halls, between serried lines of bowing guests, all sorts of little jokes were being whispered from one exalted personage to the other in the procession. Finally, while all the guests remained outside, the Royal party was conducted to the little room where stands enshrined the gem of the Capitol Museum: the Venus Capitolina, which for the occasion had been specially lit with rose-colored lights.

The papers of the next day reported that the Mayor of Rome had attracted the Kaiser's attention to this world-famous masterpiece, and that the visiting Monarch, much impressed, had remained some time in silent admiration before it. What

(*Continued on page 148*)

Sunni . . .
a Gladsome Shade for Early Summer Wearing

Imagine a stocking that has caught and held the mellow gold of sunlight in its meshes. Such a shade is Sunni—the glorious new McCallum triumph. Styled to follow summer's favored colors, Sunni is keyed to those lovely bright-hued costume tones: the radiant blues and yellows, chartreuse; to colorful prints; to beiges; and to white and black ensembles. A shade of surpassing beauty—worthy of the famous sheen that is *parallel-knit* into every pair of McCallum stockings.

Sunni is but one of many style-tested McCallum shades for summer—shades that offer an unfailing guide to hosiery smartness.

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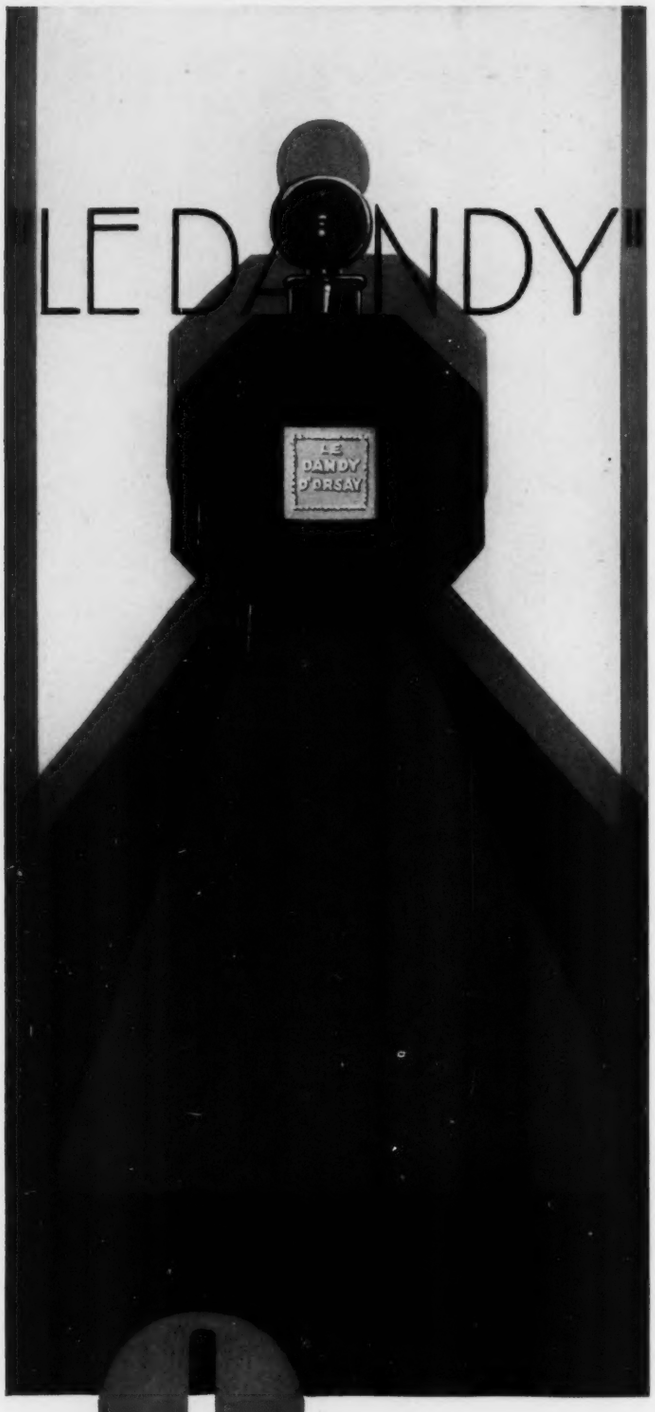
"YOU JUST KNOW SHE WEARS THEM"



IN THE ROYAL DAYS OF EDWARD VII.

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really happened and what I heard was this:

My uncle said: "Your Majesty, may I present my official wife?" And the Kaiser, putting his hands on his knees, doubled up in roars of schoolboy laughter.

Meanwhile I was having quite an amusing time in the background with the Crown Prince, who had developed a childish admiration for me and was nervously tugging at my dress and whispering: "I've got a rose in my helmet for you; I've been keeping it all the evening. Can I pass it to you now? But for goodness sake, don't let Papa see us!"

The feat was successfully performed without King, Queen or Emperor finding out our behavior!

How undreamed of was the war in those days! The great Court banquet ended with the most cordial speeches pronounced by the King and the Kaiser and everybody's health was drunk.

The Kaiser's speech, being in German, was lost on me, but I remember distinctly the last words, spoken in excellent Italian:

"*Bevo al bel sole d'Italia, e al gentile popolo italiano!*" (I drink to the beautiful sun of Italy, and to the charming Italian people.)

THE Crown Prince remained in Rome for a few days after the Kaiser's official visit had ended, and he spent his coming-of-age birthday in Rome. In those days he was a nice boy, extremely young for his age, with a "gutter-snipe" face which inspired gaiety. He celebrated his birthday with a dinner given at the German Embassy at Palazzo Caffarelli, which now exists no more, having been pulled down during the war. He had stipulated that he was to ask only the people he wanted to ask and no "duties". My husband and I were invited, but I do not remember that it was a particularly amusing evening. After that I never saw the Crown Prince again, but he continued to write to me and send little gifts for some time after he left Rome. I find among my papers this letter from Herr von Jagow who was then Ambassador in Rome, and later Prime Minister in Berlin during the war.

Kaiserlich Deutsche Botschaft,
Palazzo Caffarelli,
Rome,
ce Vendredi.

Madame:

Voici l'adresse que vous m'avez demande:

Seiner Kaiserlichen und Koniglichen Hobeit dem Kronprinzen des Deutschen Reichs und von Preussen—Potsdam.

Cela vous paraîtra un peu long et barbare, mais vous vous y habituerez vite, car le petit Prince est un bon épistolier et ne permettra pas a votre plume de secher.

Mille hommages
Jagow.

The next time I saw the Kaiser was in Norway, when the steamer I was touring on anchored near his yacht in the port of Odde. He found out that my husband and I were on board and sent for us to come to tea with him, entertaining us most cordially. I must say he was the only German I ever met who was agreeable and light on hand. His spirits were rather too boisterous.

There was an old gentleman on board the royal yacht who had been very friendly with my father-in-law in the past, and was therefore interested in meeting us. When the moment came for us to leave, he had wandered off and was not to be found. The Emperor yelled for him and search parties were organized. Finally he came hurrying along the deck of the Hohenzollern.

"Hurry up!" said the Emperor. "They are just off." And he aimed a kick at the old gentleman, nearly precipitating him down the companionway. This mark of imperial condescension convulsed his suite.

I saw the Kaiser again in London in 19—, when he and the Kaiserin and their daughter visited King George and Queen Mary.

The ball in their honor at Buckingham Palace was a very magnificent affair and the Kaiserin was evidently got up for great effect. She certainly looked extremely well. Her white hair was well arranged, and she wore crimson velvet with an exceptionally long train. As she sat on the Royal dais, it covered a considerable part of it and swept over the edge on to the parquet floor beneath, getting in the way of all the other Royalties, but certainly making her a very prominent figure.

On the occasion of this royal visit the monument to the late Queen Victoria, in front of Buckingham Palace, was unveiled. I had seats with some friends quite close to it, and it was an impressive sight when the gates of Buckingham Palace opened and the King and Queen, Kaiser and Kaiserin, Queen Alexandra and a host of minor royalties all streamed out together. In the light of subsequent events it is curious to remember them all very "chummy" on that lovely summer morning, chatting together, and the best of friends!

But to return to the official royal visits in Rome.

A week after the Kaiser's in 1903 came the late King Edward's, and I was then presented for the first time to him who for several years afterwards, in fact until his death, gave me so many proofs of kindly friendliness, and whom I always remember with the utmost devotion.

King Edward's official visit was utterly different from the Kaiser's. There were no theatrical effects of gigantic officers and glittering uniforms; the key-note was simplicity with impressive personal dignity. His suite only numbered seven, and among them were Lord Hardinge (afterwards Viceroy of India), Sir Frederick Ponsonby and Sir Hedworth Lambton (now Lord Meux), and a more charming group of typical British gentlemen it would be hard to find.

King Edward was not very well in health that year, and found the heat of the opera house on gala nights very trying. In fact, one of his suite told me he nearly collapsed on reaching the privacy of his room after one performance. But his splendid pluck carried him through, and no word of complaint ever let our King and Queen or anyone else know of his fatigue and discomfort.

He was particularly gracious to me on learning who I was, as he had been a friend of my grandmother's and had often stayed at Lord Walsingham's country place in Norfolk when he was the Prince of Wales.

So the first evening at the Quirinal, King Edward asked me to come and sit near him after dinner and spoke to me for a long time about my English relations. I was very young then and rather shy, as I had only just been appointed at Court, but his wonderfully courtly manner put me at my ease. He ended by saying: "I would so like your photograph, as I have always been such friends with your people. I wonder if you have one you can spare me?"

LATER a member of his suite told me that the King had said very nice things to him about my personal appearance, and had added: "But it runs in the family, for her grandmother and her mother were two of the loveliest women I have ever seen."

In the summer of that year, 1903, I went as usual to London to stay with my grandmother, for happily it was now an understood thing in the Caetani family that I should be allowed to continue this habit of all my life. An American friend, Mrs. John Drexel, whom I had met in Rome in the winter and had come across again in London, suggested our going together to the Ascot races and there I met King Edward for the second time. As soon as he recognized me in the crowd

(*Continued on page 150*)

TWO FURNITURE PIECES expressive of Valentine-Seaver artistry are illustrated . . . A love-seat of exclusive lines, covered with imported frieze fabric, most exquisite in its quality and coloring. The single, full width, down cushion and unusually low seat are suggestive of deep lounging comfort . . . In the chair, *modern lines* have been deftly suggested, without the *extreme flare* so commonly seen. Covering is of a rich frieze. The cushion is filled with soft, resilient down. The side panels are of beautifully grained mahogany . . . Valentine-Seaver furniture is, of course, for those who can tell quality without assistance from the price tag. Considering the long years of its life, the cost is of secondary importance . . . Better dealers everywhere feature Valentine-Seaver. If you do not know where to see it in your community, please write us.

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IN THE ROYAL DAYS OF EDWARD VII.

(*Continued from page 148*)

he came down to speak to me, and asked me to come up and lunch with his party. I remember he placed me on his right hand and Mrs. George Keppel, who was afterward to become an intimate friend of mine, sat on his left. This was the beginning of my first real London season. I made new friends at every step and invitations simply rained, and after that I "did" the season for six weeks every year up to the time of the war.

The memory of King Edward remains as a golden ray in my picture of English life, and I am glad I saw the last years of his reign, for with his passing something died which can never return. He had the grand manner of Louis XIV.—the tact, the courtesy and the same enjoyment of the best things of life as "le Roi Soleil". Knowing this, people offered him their best and were glad to have it to give.

For him, the beloved sovereign and guest, were the most beautiful old houses, the most perfect of English gardens, the priceless pictures, the massive gold and silver plate. The best orchestras played softly throughout dinner, the most exquisite food was served in royal profusion. England's most delicious fruit, peaches, nectarines, white and purple grapes, scented raspberries and gigantic strawberries, were displayed before him. England's roses and her sweet-peas, her carnations and her lilies, were massed in his path. The loveliest women in England decked themselves in their most carefully chosen dresses and their most beautiful jewels to meet him. For King Edward the best only was good enough, and the best was joyfully provided. It was the luxury that money alone could never buy, for it was the luxury created and concentrated by centuries of blessed British ease and prosperity: the luxury of fastidious selection of the best.

I can still see King Edward at the State balls at Buckingham Palace, leading out his partner in the opening *Quadrille d'honneur*. I do not think any other man could walk through a quadrille with so much courtly grace as he did. Sometimes he wore gorgeous uniforms, sometimes a kilt, sometimes Court dress with breeches and the diamond Order of the Garter sparkling on his shapely leg, but the effect was always the same.

In those days quadrilles were still danced at balls in Italy, therefore I was one of the few people in London who knew all the figures and could go through them without a hitch. Whenever I was summoned to take part in the royal quadrille, this knowledge of mine made me very popular with my partner, who was thankful to be pushed and pulled through the ordeal, for there was nothing King Edward disliked more than seeing people make a muddle of the stately dance. And, on the other hand, as it was never performed anywhere else except at State balls, naturally none remembered its intricacies.

TALKING of this, I remember a rather amusing incident that occurred one year. I received my invitation to the Buckingham Palace ball, together with a special entrée card which gave me the right to go in by a private entrance reserved for "big-wigs", thus avoiding the crowd of other guests.

On the morning of the ball a special messenger came from Court to tell me that I was to take part in the opening royal quadrille—a very great honor—and that I was on no account to be late. In the afternoon a second messenger came with a large card on which the names of the people taking part in the royal quadrille were printed, together with their respective positions round the room. My partner was to be H.R.H., the Duke of Connaught, brother of King Edward.

When evening came I adorned myself with my best frock and jewels and sent for a humble "four-wheeler", as my extremely small allowance did not permit me to hire a carriage when in London. But as I approached Buckingham Palace an enormous crowd blocked the streets, gala coaches were passing with coachmen in white wigs and groups of powdered footmen hanging on behind; every sort of smart carriage rolled by and the policemen were quite firm in not letting me pass. I parleyed with one through the window of my dusty "growler", showing him my entrée card, my voice shaking with fear at not being in time for the quadrille, which would have been too dreadfully rude for words.

The policeman was an angel to me—as they have always been, bless them.

"Well," he said, "no one is allowed to drive through the entrée gate in a cab and" (this with a certain tone of mild rebuke) "I don't know that anyone has ever tried, but it isn't nice for a lady to walk all alone through this crowd with her pretty jewels on, so I'll take you along."

So I skipped out of my "four-wheeler", and clung to the policeman's arm; he swam along, making a way through the mob with his other arm and got me into the precincts of Buckingham Palace. I remember running breathlessly up the stairs and reaching the ballroom just as the gentlemen-in-waiting were beginning to hunt for me all over the place.

I was subjected to a lot of teasing over this incident, but I found one fellow sufferer. Lord Kitchener told me that he also tried to drive through the entrée gate in a cab and was stopped by the police. But he was a big, strong man, and able to get through the crowd far more easily than I.

KING EDWARD loved racing, and bridge after dinner. In his later years, when I knew him, he also liked a game of croquet, which gave him a certain amount of gentle exercise. He was not at all a good player, and it was rather difficult to find people bad enough to play against him, so that he should sometimes have the pleasure of winning.

I once spent a few days at Sir Ernest Cassel's place at Newmarket, Moulton Paddocks, while the King was also a guest there, and croquet was played every evening after the races. When it was found out that I had not played since I was a child, my services were immediately required as the King's adversary, and I did my duty nobly, missing the easiest hoops and keeping him therefore in the best of tempers.

One day, though, I felt desperate and gave a mighty smack with my ball; it flew across the ground, straight through the right hoop (I didn't even know it was the right one!) and, continuing its glorious career, hit the King's ball straight into the rose bushes. But by the icy stillness that followed, I realized that never, never was such a thing to occur again.

I remember a week-end party at Mr. Alfred Rothschild's place, Holton, the King again being chief guest. Mr. Alfred was a darling little old gentleman with two big white curls on either side of his face and the most gentle manners imaginable. Everything at Holton was most carefully thought out for the comfort of his guests. He had a fleet of little pony carriages, each driven by a diminutive groom, and their mission was to follow guests walking in the gardens so that they could get in whenever they felt tired. I went for a stroll with a young man of the party and we tried our best to lose the pony carriage that was pursuing us, but with no success. We raced up every flight of steps we could find, but there was always a path which the pony could trot up, and he would reappear a few seconds later at our heels; after trying hard for some time and being reduced to hysterics, we gave up the struggle.

A servant made the round of the guests' rooms before dinner inquiring whether they wanted tea or coffee for breakfast. On my saying, "Tea, please," he asked gravely:

"Indian or China, my lady?"

"China, I think," I answered, diffidently.

"Does your ladyship prefer Orange Pekoe, Lapsang Suchong or Oolong?"

(*Continued on page 152*)

Name your own price"

THE KING WOULD HAVE SAID

OFTEN have you read how, in the Middle Ages, it was the delight of Kings to entertain their banquet guests with the music of one of the great harpists who used to tour the land. Perhaps you recall a passage such as this from the old Chronicles:

"And when the news spread that great Raftery would be present, there came many noble folk who otherwise had remained at their own firesides. And without the castle walls there huddled many of the town gentry, hoping that they might hear a few strains of Raftery's music. And when great Raftery stepped into the banquet hall, a deep silence fell over all the gathering. And when he touched the strings of his harp, wondrous music came forth. And of those that heard him, they that were ill at heart, felt cheered; they that were troubled in mind, gained peace. And for many days thereafter, there remained with all the healing memory of Raftery's playing."

Today you can own a magic instrument for which any mediaeval King would gladly have given castles and lands and treasure from the Indies. The Ampico brings to your castle not one great soloist, but hundreds—music more inspiring than any described in legend.

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A sunbeam made her cry . . .

HER mirror was dimly lighted—a compassionate mirror that told only of lovely contours, charming hair and eyes, white teeth. But one morning a spying shaft of sunlight pitilessly revealed the truth. The skin of her face was *wearing out!* Rounded shoulders still kept the silky softness of girlhood, but the face! In spots it was actually *rough*. She had been proud of her skin—thought she had cared for it.

Why does the skin grow old?

The cause of roughened skin is really very simple and may be simply met. Your face is exposed to many drying conditions. Wind dries it. Dust is very harmful. Smoke, always in city air, is bad. Cooking over a hot stove is ruinous. Your face and hands constantly undergo a weathering process that robs them of their natural moisture. And it's the natural moisture that makes the skin velvety, dewy, soft.

What to do about it

Obviously, this natural moisture must be replaced, otherwise the skin is certain to become rough and coarse.

As a child, when your hands and face became almost brittle from chapping, didn't you always smooth on Hinds Honey & Almond Cream? And didn't the skin miraculously grow soft again—and stay soft?

The truth is that this wonderful liquid cream possesses just what dry skin needs. How else could it have remained a household necessity for generations?

Will you be fair to your face—will you believe the truth of your mirror? Examine your skin honestly in a strong light and then compare your face with the sweet delicacy of shoulder skin. When you are convinced, please try Hinds for a week or two. Smooth it in gently whenever your face is exposed to weathering conditions. We know you will be delighted. Your skin will grow softer day by day. That rose-petal texture will return. Hinds Cream really never fails. Its many years of universal use for the more serious cases of skin drying (chapping) prove it to possess invaluable power to restore natural skin moisture.

Would you like to try Hinds Cream?

We know that even a brief trial will convince you of its benefits in keeping your face and hands soft and smooth. So sure are we, that we shall be glad to present you with a sample bottle of generous size. To get it, just send us your name and address on the coupon below.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—every Thursday at 7 p.m., Eastern Standard time; 6 p.m., Central Standard time.

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HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LEHN & FINK, INC., Sole Distributors
Dept. 479, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM—the protecting cream for the skin.

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name .....

.....

Address .....

.....

This coupon not good after May, 1930

LEHN & FINK (Canada) Ltd., 9 Davies Ave., Toronto, 8

(Mail coupon to *Bloomfield* address)

IN THE ROYAL DAYS OF EDWARD VII.

(Continued from page 150)

But I was absolutely bewildered, and fastened on to the last name on the list as a drowning man clings to a straw.

In the bathroom I found an array of at least twenty-five different kinds of bath-salts and fifty bottles of various scented toilet waters.

"Hooray!" I said to myself, "little Alfred pays for all this!" And I filled my bath with generous samples of the whole lot. I was punished, for my skin was nearly burnt off and I came out of that bath like a boiled lobster!

ALFRED ROTHSCHILD was devoted to animals, and it amused him to train them and then give an exhibition to his friends in a miniature circus he had built for the purpose. I don't know really that he trained them himself, in any case they never seemed to do anything in particular. The story went that once a white rabbit turned on him, and Alfred was so scared after that he had every animal doped before a performance. Anyhow, on that occasion we were ushered into the circus after dinner, and King Edward sat comfortably smoking his big cigar, with Mrs. George Keppel on one side and myself on the other. The other guests, and I think the servants of the party, completed the audience.

The circus was a very luxurious affair, with a good deal of gilding in the decorations and a fine Aubusson carpet spread all over the ring. Alfred Rothschild stood in the middle cracking his little whip, and shaking his white curls. Little ponies trotted in, went round the ring once and then trotted out again. Some doves were let out of a cage, and refused to do anything at all. The cats were even more supercilious. This went on for half an hour; the King had his eyes half shut and I think most of us had fallen into a comfortable stupor. Only Alfred Rothschild was having a lovely time.

Then a little dog rushed on the scene and assumed a curious attitude in the middle of the ring. I must say at once that I am extremely shortsighted. I fumbled for my eyeglass, exclaiming gaily: "Do look, Sir! Here is at last an animal that can do something!"

"Hush, my dear child!" said the King in an undertone. "That is exactly what is occurring . . ."

And how he laughed! One chuckle after another shook him all over, and he continued long after an enormous powdered footman in plush breeches had entered the ring and tidied everything up with a golden shovel.

King Edward very much disliked people having different tastes from his own, and it was not usual in his set for anyone to do anything he did not approve of. When I developed a passion for ballooning, it really annoyed him quite seriously, and no one could understand why I persisted in an amusement which he had qualified as foolish.

ONE rather curious story I must tell because it is so characteristic of his unfailing kindness toward me.

A certain Mrs. A., young and beautiful, came to Rome in the course of the winter of 1904, and we made each other's acquaintance. She told me her husband had a country place near Windsor and invited me to stay there in June for the Ascot races. I accepted, and came over to London to stay with my grandmother as usual about the beginning of June.

Then, the day before Ascot, I got a telegram from Mrs. A. saying that she regretted extremely, but owing to her grandmother's serious illness she was obliged to put off her party. I was terribly disappointed. In those days Ascot amused me very much, and at that late hour it was not likely that I would get an invitation to another house party, while to go down from London daily was not at all nice. However, I decided to go down by train on the first day of the meeting just to see my friends, and then probably not go again.

When the King saw me he came to speak to me, and I, in all innocence told him how sad it was that Mrs. A., with whom I had been going to stay, had been obliged to throw over her party because of her old grandmother.

Queen Alexandra, ever gracious, sent for me and kept me in the royal stand by her side for some time. When I joined the crowd in the enclosure again my escorts were the Austrian Ambassador and the Portuguese Minister, Marquis de Soveral, who took turns in looking after me all day. More charming company could not be desired, so altogether in spite of my disappointment I had a very pleasant time. When I returned to my London home there on the hall table was a telegram from Mrs. A., saying that her grandmother had recovered, and would I go to their place at Windsor the next day. So the following morning I went again to Ascot and had early lunch with a friend in the Guards' tent, which meal I always remember, because on my return to the enclosure the King sent to ask me to have lunch with *him*. It was impossible to refuse, and I did not like to say that I had already lunched, and so with the last fat strawberry sticking in my throat I started another full course meal which my young and healthy appetite helped me to get through without disaster!

I told his Majesty the joyful news of the recovery of Mrs. A's grandmother, and though he smiled enigmatically and said nothing, I did not have an inkling of what had really occurred until later in the day a friend who was "in the know" told me the whole story. It seems that the year before Mrs. A. had been extremely anxious to be asked to the ball at Windsor Castle, and as she was a very beautiful woman but not very brilliant, she thought the best plan would be to stand about as near the King as possible during the whole of the Ascot race meeting, so as to be noticed by him, and so eventually get the longed for invitation. But this deep scheme produced the opposite effect. King Edward disliked being stared at, and when the following year the names of people who had applied for tickets for the royal enclosure at Ascot were submitted to him, he quietly gave instructions that Mrs. A's application should be refused.

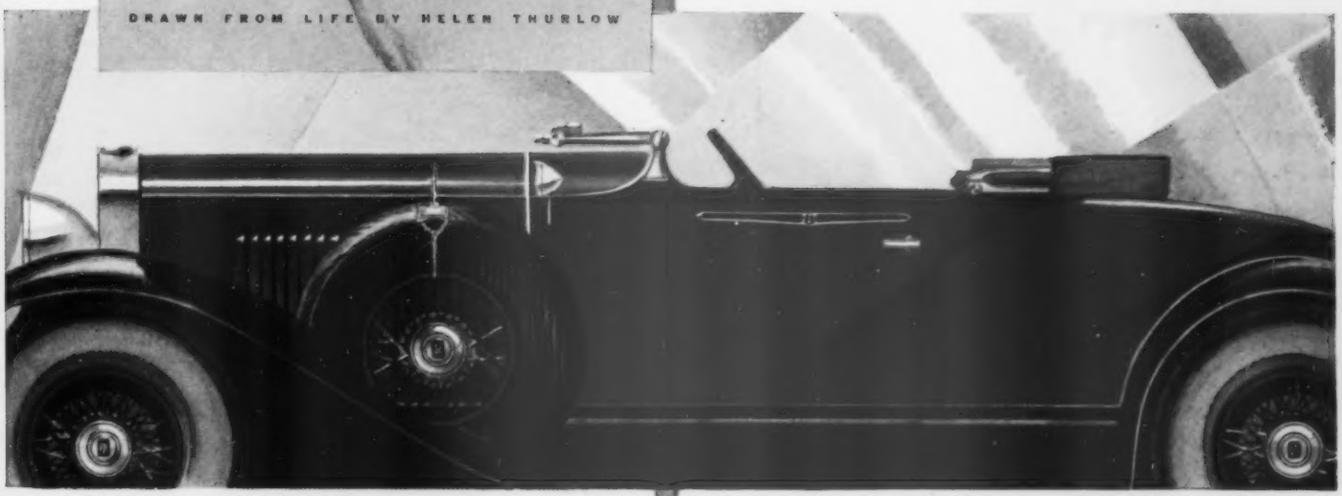
IT IS necessary to explain here, for the benefit of non-English readers, that though of course anyone can attend Ascot races by buying a ticket for one of the many excellent stands and frequenting the paddock where all the interest of the races is centered, no one can enter the Royal Enclosure who is not received at Court, or who has for some reason fallen into disfavor there. The Lord Chamberlain examines all requests for admittance, which have to be made at least a month beforehand, and if the applicants are approved of they receive a printed form with which it is then possible for them to buy their ticket for the meeting.

Poor Mrs. A.! What could she do but give up her party? It was impossible for her to see all her friends entering the sacred precincts and remain herself hanging over the palings of the paddock! But this is the nice part of the story: When the King heard I was to have been one of her guests he said that altered the case, and Mrs. A. could then be allowed to enter the Enclosure. So someone wired to her straight from the course, saying that if she came the next day she would be given her pass at the entrance gate. And thus we met there the second day and went back to her country house together. The grandmother was never referred to, and I often wondered if she ever existed! I felt very sorry for Mrs. A., as she was evidently terrified at being seen by the King and kept well to the other end of the enclosure all the time; but I remember Count Mensdorff was very kind in going back to look for her and walking her about a bit, which was then enough to send up any woman's shares!

Talking of racing makes me think of the

(Continued on page 156)

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HELEN THURLOW



AMONG THE DISTINGUISHED DRIVERS OF THE NEW CENTURY HUPMOBILE

Rosamond Pinchot

[MRS. WILLIAM GASTON]

She adores horses, motor cars, and crepes suzette . . . Peel of London makes her riding boots, and Nardi her habits . . . Her favorite luncheon place is the Voisin where she always has a certain corner table . . . They know her in Vienna, Prague, Salzburg, New York, and points west as the nun in The Miracle. And all over Europe as a member of Max Reinhardt's Repertoire company . . . She shuttles between New York and an island off the coast of Maine by train, car, and speed boat . . . Her personal car is HUPMOBILE. She drives it herself. One admiring Westchester motor cop has said . . . "and how!"

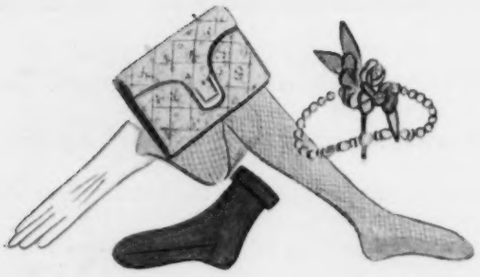
THESE SMART COTTONS ARE COMING NORTH

Gingham, *that gay fabric of the daytime mode, has taken to bows for a charming note of youth and femininity. Sketched next to it is the adaptable velveteen coat that takes its place in all smart wardrobes. Here it is worn with a sleeveless broadcloth frock.*

Antibes, *the sportsman-like frock of wide-wale cotton piqué, quickly won the fashionables of two continents. Sketched with it is the newest of new hats . . . a copy of a Maria Guy in piqué to match the dress.*

Chukker, *like the famous Antibes shirt, is knitted of pure cotton . . . sheer, softly lustrous and washable in all its pastel colors. Shown above, it is worn with matching cotton socks and a white broadcloth skirt.*

Costumes shown through courtesy of
BEST AND COMPANY
Fifth Avenue
New York



A sextet *of correct accessories for the cotton mode includes sheer lisle hose and jewelry of bone or wood . . . tinted to blend with sun tan skins. Then, there are calico and gingham bags, white pullons to wear with sleeveless frocks, new canvas sandals . . . and, of course, cotton socks dyed to match each costume.*

A beach coat *of white cotton crepe, splashed with blue flowers and lined with white terry cloth, makes a gay spot in the sun. It is most becoming and practical, too, for it envelops a dripping bather like a great bath sheet.*

The new beach cape *above is made of coarse, twine-like cotton, called monks' cloth. It gains military dash by its use of bright tapes, and its distinguished lines are flattering to women of any age.*

Sigrid Harvey

ADVERTISEMENT PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRY BY THE COTTON-TEXTILE INSTITUTE, INC., 320 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

BOTTLED SEALED & PACKAGED IN FRANCE
le Mimosa d' Isabey
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mon Seul Ami d' Isabey
mon seul ami isabey
le Gardénia d' Isabey
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Originally created for the exclusive use of one of the present Nobility of France

The Charm of Paris ...and of Isabey

CHOOSE which you will — the strange sweetness of Mon Seul Ami, the richness of Gardenia, the enchantment of Mimosa ... indeed, choose *any* of the exquisite floral odeurs of Isabey. And in each you will find that rare and captivating charm ... the breath ... the magic ... of Paris.

At exclusive shops everywhere

[Isabey Extracts are obtainable in one-half, one and two-ounce flacons.]

ISABEY-PARIS, INC.
411 Fifth Avenue - New York

Duo-Sette
Never in recent years has woman had such an opportunity to make her figure look young as now—in these Lily of France new creations! This season—if one be clever—and be fitted to the Duo-Sette—she can have all the curves of youth! Any quality store will fit you!
Lily of France
1115 Broadway, New York City
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CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN PLAYGROUNDS

(*Continued from page 89*)

America, where entertaining is constant and on the grand scale. The warm waters of the Channel are unrivalled for bathing.

The few old adobe houses, built when California was a province of Spain—notably the De la Guerra's, whose ancestor owned all Santa Barbara and three hundred thousand acres round about—are quite engulfed, although pointed out to sightseers. The town itself is as lively in its business district as a great city, and gone is the day when the conductor of the little one-horse car would wait for you while you ran into a drug store for an ice-cream soda. The great central street, State Street, looks like a glimpse of the Old World, for its façades are of Spanish design with little balconies and grilles, whitewashed walls and tiled roofs. In these façades are charming shops, and little restaurants that are like clubs for the young people, who gather there after their morning swim or drive. It is really a city of pleasure, and old and young look as if they had not a care in the world. Back in the cañon is a popular place for picnics, although I once sat down on a snake during one of those festive occasions, and have had no enthusiasm for it since.

It is little wonder that Santa Barbara and Montecito are fashionable for those that have more money than they know what to do with, for they have little difficulty in persuading themselves they are dwelling in Paradise. Like the rest of California there is no rain for eight months in the year, and life may be lived in the open amid colorful surroundings and every resource and luxury that wealth can command.

It is only in recent years that "The Desert" has become fashionable, although Mary Austin's "Land of Little Rain" sent many to stare at its arid but delicately tinted beauties, its vast brooding mystery, its lonely buttes, and remote encircling mountains. At first it was a mere resort for tuberculars, but now they are not admitted to the fashionable hotels, where people go to rest after too much gaiety in San Francisco or "Down the Peninsular," to get rid of bronchial colds, or merely to be dehydrated. The hotels are surrounded by cottages, for those who wish additional privacy. Life in these desert resorts not long since was very quiet, so quiet indeed that young people refused to accompany their weary parents, but there is now a new and very gay hotel with a jazz band and all the rest of it. Otherwise, there is little to do but eat and drive, sleep and bask in the sun. Here, too, one may meet many of one's Eastern friends in the course of a winter.

ONE of the most interesting resorts in Southern California is the Spa at Arrowhead Springs about two thousand feet up in the San Bernadino Mountains, between the coast and the desert. Here women go to indulge in the favorite pastime of reducing. An inexorable doctor prescribes a balanced régime—every calory strictly counted—and the patients soak daily in the hot waters of a medicinal spring picturesquely situated in a cave. Here they splash about in the steam until ordered out, when they are briskly massaged and then sent to bed for two hours. They are routed out in the morning for long walks, but otherwise may amuse themselves by motoring to the neighboring towns. As the pounds slip off visibly, no resort is more fashionable and all seem to be in a perpetual state of enjoyment. Some return every year, for the reaction is likely to be disastrous.

Del Monte, near the old Spanish town of Monterey, has been the most popular native resort for over forty years, largely because it is only four hours by motor from San Francisco, and in the old days could be reached in five by train. Situated in a pine grove, and riotously cultivated, it is close to the beach, and has a large swimming pool, which its patrons prefer to the cold waters of the bay. The hotel itself looks like a Moorish palace, and the whole effect, even to the cottages, is subtropical. The golf-links are beautifully situated between the hotel grounds and a line of hills heavily wooded. On Sundays and holidays Del Monte literally swarms, and if visitors have not had the forethought to engage a table they must forage among the lesser hostelries and tea-rooms of Monterey. There is dancing every night in the grill, but for those visitors, mainly from the East, who would have quiet, there are the cottages or the remoter spaces of that vast hotel.

BUT famous and fashionable as Del Monte is, it has been eclipsed of late years—in reputation if not in character—by Pebble Beach, which rises above the ocean to a considerable height; a hill covered with pine woods, and cypresses along the shore. The sands of the beach are white, the water intensely blue, the red roofs of the houses may be seen among the dense green of the woods. Altogether it is very reminiscent of the Riviera, except that it is situated on a wild and rocky coast. The outlying masses of rocks are the home of the sea-gulls and barking seals, and the cypresses look as if fleeing before the storms of winter. No one knows where these cypresses came from, but there is a tradition that when the planet was more watery than it is to-day they floated straight from Phœnicia. That is as may be.

Pebble Beach in character is quite unlike anything else in California, possibly in America. Mary Borden, in a recent article in Harper's Magazine, expatiated upon the fact that there was nothing in this country that approached the country life of England; that the country houses were given over to jazz and a constant display of wealth. Like most critics of the United States she confined her observations to New York and Chicago.

There is no hotel life in Pebble Beach and little club life, although many of the houses are magnificent, notably the Harry Hunt's, the Wheeler's, the Irwin Crocker's and the Vincent's, and there is a great deal of quiet entertaining. You find here the real country life of the Old World. If there are wild parties no one ever hears of them, and I doubt if they take place, for the men and women are devoted to sport. There are eighty miles of dirt roads in the forest and the mornings are spent on horseback. Riding clothes or sports clothes are worn until it is time to dress for dinner. Many hours are devoted to golf and tennis. I do not venture to say that one may hear at the dinner table anything like the intellectual conversation so natural to the English country house, but no doubt that, too, will come in time.

There are few Easterners here; most of the houses were built by people whose homes are at Burlingame, San Mateo, Atherton and Menlo Park; or by San Franciscans, which amounts to the same thing. At first the idea was to have a week-end "cottage," or even another house, for it is fashionable to have several; but to-day many of these people are so fascinated by this life with its charm of rustic simplicity combined with luxury, that they live there altogether, motoring to the city for shops and theatres. The houses for the most part are built in the old Spanish—or what is now known as the Monterey—style. The Hunt house, which stands on the ridge, is approached through a cobbled court, and its blank façade and immense carved doors look as if they had been transported bodily from Spain, but even the iron work was made in Monterey. The Irwin Crocker house seems to be a mingling of Italian and Byzantine.

No one can buy property in Pebble Beach unless approved of by the Company, and the consequence is that every one knows everyone else, and it is like one large family. Even the famous Seventeen Mile Drive is now, for the most part, privately owned, and any outsider who wishes to enjoy its wild beauty must pay fifty cents admission at the entrance to Pebble Beach. Conse-

(*Concluded on page 156*)

FOR WOMEN WHO CARE ENOUGH TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Primrose House offers the most luxurious toiletries in the world

Women who care enough to be beautiful realize that only the finest toiletries should ever touch the skin. ¶ That is why there is a steady trend toward Primrose House Preparations. That is why this institution is becoming the most famous of its kind in all the world. ¶ There is no other establishment quite like Primrose House. Once, the rendezvous only of the inner circle of New York society, now its fame has spread throughout the world. ¶ Headed by experts who have made a life study of the complexion and its needs, Primrose House insists that every preparation that bears its name be of the finest quality known to science. ¶ Purity and ability to bring desired results come first. The price is made accordingly.

TO CLEANSE THE PORES—Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream is a luxury no beauty-prizing woman can endure to be without, once it has served at her dressing table. Liquefying at skin contact, it searches dust and grime from each tiny pore, soothing the skin and freshening the complexion. In four sizes from $1.00. Write for "Here Dwells Youth," our booklet on the care of the complexion. It will be mailed post paid.

On sale throughout the country at leading drug and department stores

PRIMROSE HOUSE

5TH AVENUE AT 52ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY

"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

IT'S A BOHN PORCELAIN EXTERIOR

Install the electric unit of your choice in a BOHN *refrigerator.*

FOR many years BOHN has been making refrigerators, not merely to provide a receptacle for ice and eatables; rather to create a sanitary refuge to which a housewife would commit the rarest of her handiwork, with confidence that it would retain all its daintiness when served hours later to her guests. Nothing would do for this finest of scientific refrigerators but white porcelain enamel. BOHN porcelain is as sheer and pure in its beauty as the marble of Paros.

The cover of a book or the case of a watch is not as important as its contents, but the public very properly demands that the case match the quality within.

With this in mind, BOHN refrigerators have never varied in quality,—except when changes have been made for the better. Every buyer of a BOHN Porcelain Refrigerator can have the utmost confidence in its lasting qualities; they can know that will not become unsightly or shabby, even with years of use, but will remain pure and unsullied for all time.

BOHN *is the world's largest manufacturer of all-porcelain refrigerators.*

Bohn Refrigerator Company
Saint Paul, Minnesota
Chicago New York Boston

BOHN *SYPHON REFRIGERATOR*

IN THE ROYAL DAYS OF EDWARD VII.

(Continued from page 152)

old Duchess of Devonshire, who was a great personage in King Edward's set, and attended every race meeting. She was very old when I knew her and very stiffly corseted, while her face was highly colored and wore the fixed expression of a mask. I was very frightened of her, but fascinated at the same time as I had heard so much of her wonderful beauty and charm, so I used to study her from as near as I could to see if I could discover any traces of them.

At the races she always sat on a bench like a stone image, quite immovable and stupendously dignified. One day I was rewarded by seeing her pull up her skirt and produce a purse from a bag secreted among her petticoats. "Put two pounds for me on *Cream Tart*," she said to one of her satellites. It sounded like the voice of an oracle and it impressed me so much that it is the only name of a race-horse I can remember.

Only once was King Edward angry with me, and that was entirely due to a misunderstanding.

We received an invitation from Queen Alexandra and himself to stay at Windsor Castle for the Ascot races. Needless to say how honored and pleased we would have been to do so, as this invitation is eagerly sought by many and bestowed on few. But my mother's health at that moment was causing me great anxiety, and I could not leave Rome. I answered to that effect and received immediately a kind letter from the King.

Buckingham Palace,
May 18th.

DEAR PRINCESS DI TEANO:

I am indeed sorry that you and your husband will be unable to pay us a visit next month at Windsor Castle for Ascot races, but quite understand and appreciate the reasons you give for this determination.

Trusting that your mother will recover her health, believe me

Very sincerely yours,
EDWARD R.

A few days later I found it necessary to go to England on business connected with my mother's illness, and my dear little friend, Maudie Ashley, at once asked me for a week-end party at Broadlands, her husband's beautiful family place. I was glad to get two days of English country air, and when she told me that the King and Queen were coming over to lunch on Sunday I was still more pleased, for I thought I would have an opportunity of thanking Their Majesties once more for their gracious invitation. But when the King caught sight of me as he entered the drawing-room, I saw at once that he was very much annoyed. He frowned as he shook hands, and said, very curtly:

"I see, Princess, that you are able to visit *other people*, but not me!" And he turned away abruptly before I had time to explain that I had only come to England on business and was leaving for Rome the next day.

He did not speak to me again that afternoon and I left England feeling very miserable. It was already hard enough being obliged to forego my usual delightful stay in London.

When, after some weeks my mother's state of health improved, I was able to return to England, Mrs. Willie James asked me to meet His Majesty at dinner, but I had been so frightened by his severity at Broadlands that I didn't dare to accept until I found out how the land lay between us. I asked Mrs. George Keppel to find out for me. She has always been the best of friends, and wrote to me most reassuringly. She had seen the King and spoken of me; he had said that he was so glad my mother had recovered and that he was looking forward to meeting me at dinner at Mrs. Willie James', so I was most certainly to go and all would be well.

When I met the King he was more charming than ever, and the little incident was quite forgotten.

(To be continued)

CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN PLAYGROUNDS

(Concluded from page 154)

quently there is no picnicking and no litter on the white sands. All the swimming, here also, is done in pools.

The great event of the year is the Polo Meet, for which participants come from all over the state, the country, and from England. The field is about three-quarters of a mile from Del Monte, and the most noted polo player in the neighborhood, and, with one exception, in the state, is Mr. Hunt, whose stables are on his grounds at Pebble Beach. On the days of an event each side of the enclosure is lined with automobiles which honk their approval. But whatever the inner excitement, there is no cheering. To me it is a tame performance, and after I have admired the horses sufficiently, I go home.

More and more rich people are building at Pebble Beach, and land, as I have said, is sold to none but the elect. (The price is $30,000 an acre.) It is a good, sporting, healthy colony full of beautiful, slender women and sunburned, slender men, and a credit to the state. Burlingame is proud of the fact that it is largely responsible for its success and prestige, and no doubt in time will take on something of the same character, for as the years go by that rich man's colony is devoting itself more and more to out-door life, and polo is one of its passions. It now has a Polo Club, almost as well known as the famous Burlingame Club.

Carmel has never been fashionable, although a few rich people, who really wish to escape from all social exactions, have built cottages there, as well as in Monterey. It remains a colony of artists and writers, whose unpretentious cottages are scattered among the pine woods; although perhaps not quite as famous as when Mary Austin wrote up in a tree with her red hair hanging down like Melisande, and George Sterling was its lord and master. Robinson Jeffers has built himself a rock tower—with his own hands—on the wildest part of the beach, and Gouverneur Morris lives near by in the town of Monterey. Carmel now boasts a hotel, patronized by those who want a few weeks of rustic quiet, and a main street, whose very shops are artistic, as might be expected. The cars are parked in the middle of the broad thoroughfare, and the sidewalks swarm with bare legs and picturesquely careless costumes. Consequently no visit to Del Monte is complete without a few hours in Carmel.

There are two other resorts that cannot be ignored, for although not in California, they are just over the border in Mexico, and owe their popularity to the thirsty citizens of the United States. At Tia Juana there is horse-racing besides unlimited drink, and of late a magnificent hotel and gambling Casino have been erected at Agua Caliente. The last is probably the gayest and most thriving town in Mexico. Enough said!

Even by running one's hand across the skin, absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way.

Neet

Cream Hair Remover

HERE'S THAT NEW WAY OF REMOVING ARM AND LEG HAIR

So many women are asking about

A new discovery that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly but utterly avoids fostering bristly regrowth.

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly.

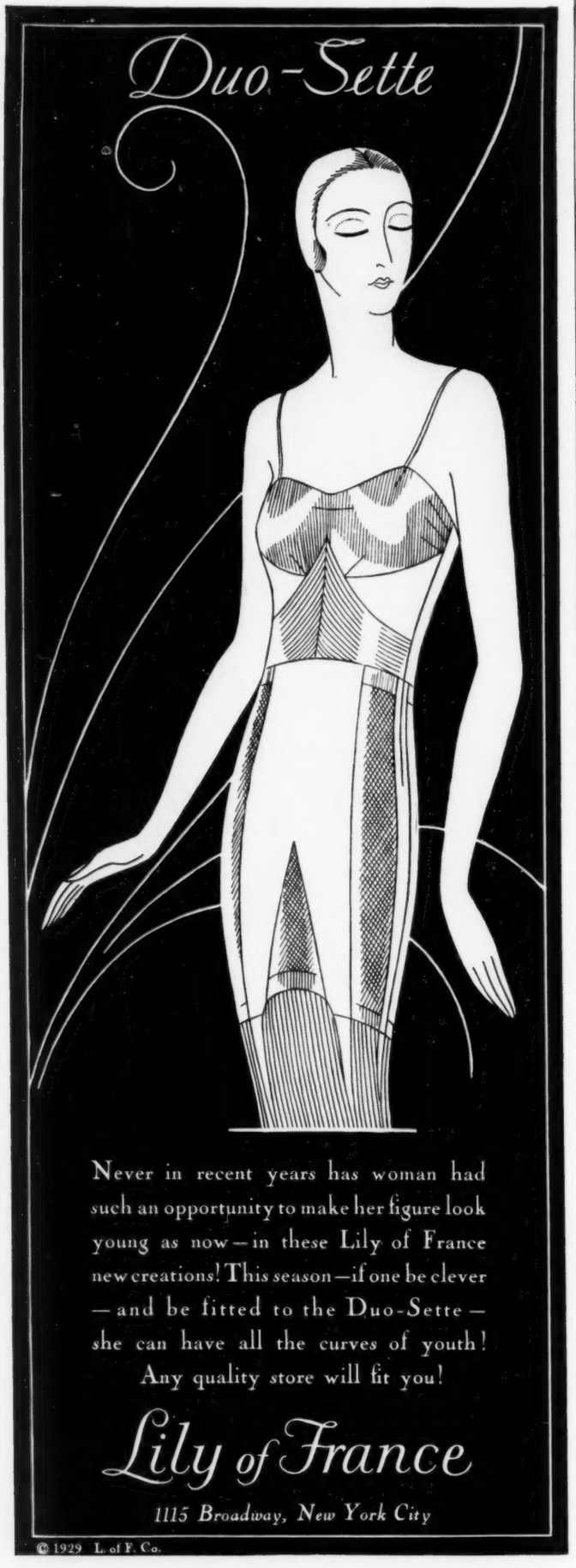
When regrowth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the regrowth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.


Duo-Sette
Never in recent years has woman had such an opportunity to make her figure look young as now—in these Lily of France new creations! This season—if one be clever—and be fitted to the Duo-Sette—she can have all the curves of youth! Any quality store will fit you!
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CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN PLAYGROUNDS

(*Continued from page 89*)

America, where entertaining is constant and on the grand scale. The warm waters of the Channel are unrivalled for bathing.

The few old adobe houses, built when California was a province of Spain—notably the De la Guerra's, whose ancestor owned all Santa Barbara and three hundred thousand acres round about—are quite engulfed, although pointed out to sightseers. The town itself is as lively in its business district as a great city, and gone is the day when the conductor of the little one-horse car would wait for you while you ran into a drug store for an ice-cream soda. The great central street, State Street, looks like a glimpse of the Old World, for its façades are of Spanish design with little balconies and grilles, whitewashed walls and tiled roofs. In these façades are charming shops, and little restaurants that are like clubs for the young people, who gather there after their morning swim or drive. It is really a city of pleasure, and old and young look as if they had not a care in the world. Back in the cañon is a popular place for picnics, although I once sat down on a snake during one of those festive occasions, and have had no enthusiasm for it since.

It is little wonder that Santa Barbara and Montecito are fashionable for those that have more money than they know what to do with, for they have little difficulty in persuading themselves they are dwelling in Paradise. Like the rest of California there is no rain for eight months in the year, and life may be lived in the open amid colorful surroundings and every resource and luxury that wealth can command.

It is only in recent years that "The Desert" has become fashionable, although Mary Austin's "Land of Little Rain" sent many to stare at its arid but delicately tinted beauties, its vast brooding mystery, its lonely buttes, and remote encircling mountains. At first it was a mere resort for tuberculars, but now they are not admitted to the fashionable hotels, where people go to rest after too much gaiety in San Francisco or "Down the Peninsular," to get rid of bronchial colds, or merely to be dehydrated. The hotels are surrounded by cottages, for those who wish additional privacy. Life in these desert resorts not long since was very quiet, so quiet indeed that young people refused to accompany their weary parents, but there is now a new and very gay hotel with a jazz band and all the rest of it. Otherwise, there is little to do but eat and drive, sleep and bask in the sun. Here, too, one may meet many of one's Eastern friends in the course of a winter.

ONE of the most interesting resorts in Southern California is the Spa at Arrowhead Springs about two thousand feet up in the San Bernadino Mountains, between the coast and the desert. Here women go to indulge in the favorite pastime of reducing. An inexorable doctor prescribes a balanced régime—every calory strictly counted—and the patients soak daily in the hot waters of a medicinal spring picturesquely situated in a cave. Here they splash about in the steam until ordered out, when they are briskly massaged and then sent to bed for two hours. They are routed out in the morning for long walks, but otherwise may amuse themselves by motoring to the neighboring towns. As the pounds slip off visibly, no resort is more fashionable and all seem to be in a perpetual state of enjoyment. Some return every year, for the reaction is likely to be disastrous.

Del Monte, near the old Spanish town of Monterey, has been the most popular native resort for over forty years, largely because it is only four hours by motor from San Francisco, and in the old days could be reached in five by train. Situated in a pine grove, and riotously cultivated, it is close to the beach, and has a large swimming pool, which its patrons prefer to the cold waters of the bay. The hotel itself looks like a Moorish palace, and the whole effect, even to the cottages, is subtropical. The golf-links are beautifully situated between the hotel grounds and a line of hills heavily wooded. On Sundays and holidays Del Monte literally swarms, and if visitors have not had the forethought to engage a table they must forage among the lesser hostelries and tea-rooms of Monterey. There is dancing every night in the grill, but for those visitors, mainly from the East, who would have quiet, there are the cottages or the remoter spaces of that vast hotel.

BUT famous and fashionable as Del Monte is, it has been eclipsed of late years—in reputation if not in character—by Pebble Beach, which rises above the ocean to a considerable height; a hill covered with pine woods, and cypresses along the shore. The sands of the beach are white, the water intensely blue, the red roofs of the houses may be seen among the dense green of the woods. Altogether it is very reminiscent of the Riviera, except that it is situated on a wild and rocky coast. The outlying masses of rocks are the home of the sea-gulls and barking seals, and the cypresses look as if fleeing before the storms of winter. No one knows where these cypresses came from, but there is a tradition that when the planet was more watery than it is to-day they floated straight from Phœnicia. That is as may be.

Pebble Beach in character is quite unlike anything else in California, possibly in America. Mary Borden, in a recent article in Harper's Magazine, expatiated upon the fact that there was nothing in this country that approached the country life of England; that the country houses were given over to jazz and a constant display of wealth. Like most critics of the United States she confined her observations to New York and Chicago.

There is no hotel life in Pebble Beach and little club life, although many of the houses are magnificent, notably the Harry Hunt's, the Wheeler's, the Irwin Crocker's and the Vincent's, and there is a great deal of quiet entertaining. You find here the real country life of the Old World. If there are wild parties no one ever hears of them, and I doubt if they take place, for the men and women are devoted to sport. There are eighty miles of dirt roads in the forest and the mornings are spent on horseback. Riding clothes or sports clothes are worn until it is time to dress for dinner. Many hours are devoted to golf and tennis. I do not venture to say that one may hear at the dinner table anything like the intellectual conversation so natural to the English country house, but no doubt that, too, will come in time.

There are few Easterners here; most of the houses were built by people whose homes are at Burlingame, San Mateo, Atherton and Menlo Park; or by San Franciscans, which amounts to the same thing. At first the idea was to have a week-end "cottage," or even another house, for it is fashionable to have several; but to-day many of these people are so fascinated by this life with its charm of rustic simplicity combined with luxury, that they live there altogether, motoring to the city for shops and theatres. The houses for the most part are built in the old Spanish—or what is now known as the Monterey—style. The Hunt house, which stands on the ridge, is approached through a cobbled court, and its blank façade and immense carved doors look as if they had been transported bodily from Spain, but even the iron work was made in Monterey. The Irwin Crocker house seems to be a mingling of Italian and Byzantine.

No one can buy property in Pebble Beach unless approved of by the Company, and the consequence is that every one knows everyone else, and it is like one large family. Even the famous Seventeen Mile Drive is now, for the most part, privately owned, and any outsider who wishes to enjoy its wild beauty must pay fifty cents admission at the entrance to Pebble Beach. Conse-

(*Concluded on page 156*)

FOR WOMEN WHO CARE ENOUGH TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Primrose House offers the most luxurious toiletries in the world

Women who care enough to be beautiful realize that only the finest toiletries should ever touch the skin. ¶ That is why there is a steady trend toward Primrose House Preparations. That is why this institution is becoming the most famous of its kind in all the world. ¶ There is no other establishment quite like Primrose House. Once, the rendezvous only of the inner circle of New York society, now its fame has spread throughout the world. ¶ Headed by experts who have made a life study of the complexion and its needs, Primrose House insists that every preparation that bears its name be of the finest quality known to science. ¶ Purity and ability to bring desired results come first. The price is made accordingly.

TO CLEANSE THE PORES—Rose Leaf Cleansing Cream is a luxury no beauty-prizing woman can endure to be without, once it has served at her dressing table. Liquefying at skin contact, it searches dust and grime from each tiny pore, soothing the skin and freshening the complexion. In four sizes from $1.00. Write for "Here Dwells Youth," our booklet on the care of the complexion. It will be mailed post paid.

On sale throughout the country at leading drug and department stores

PRIMROSE HOUSE

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"HERE DWELLS YOUTH"

IT'S A BOHN PORCELAIN EXTERIOR

Install the electric unit of your choice in a BOHN *refrigerator.*

FOR many years BOHN has been making refrigerators, not merely to provide a receptacle for ice and eatables; rather to create a sanitary refuge to which a housewife would commit the rarest of her handiwork, with confidence that it would retain all its daintiness when served hours later to her guests. Nothing would do for this finest of scientific refrigerators but white porcelain enamel. BOHN porcelain is as sheer and pure in its beauty as the marble of Paros.

The cover of a book or the case of a watch is not as important as its contents, but the public very properly demands that the case match the quality within.

With this in mind, BOHN refrigerators have never varied in quality,—except when changes have been made for the better. Every buyer of a BOHN Porcelain Refrigerator can have the utmost confidence in its lasting qualities; they can know that will not become unsightly or shabby, even with years of use, but will remain pure and unsullied for all time.

BOHN *is the world's largest manufacturer of all-porcelain refrigerators.*

Bohn Refrigerator Company
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Chicago New York Boston

BOHN *SYPHON REFRIGERATOR*

IN THE ROYAL DAYS OF EDWARD VII.

(*Continued from page 152*)

old Duchess of Devonshire, who was a great personage in King Edward's set, and attended every race meeting. She was very old when I knew her and very stiffly corseted, while her face was highly colored and wore the fixed expression of a mask. I was very frightened of her, but fascinated at the same time as I had heard so much of her wonderful beauty and charm, so I used to study her from as near as I could to see if I could discover any traces of them.

At the races she always sat on a bench like a stone image, quite immovable and stupendously dignified. One day I was rewarded by seeing her pull up her skirt and produce a purse from a bag secreted among her petticoats. "Put two pounds for me on *Cream Tart*," she said to one of her satellites. It sounded like the voice of an oracle and it impressed me so much that it is the only name of a race-horse I can remember.

Only once was King Edward angry with me, and that was entirely due to a misunderstanding.

We received an invitation from Queen Alexandra and himself to stay at Windsor Castle for the Ascot races. Needless to say how honored and pleased we would have been to do so, as this invitation is eagerly sought by many and bestowed on few. But my mother's health at that moment was causing me great anxiety, and I could not leave Rome. I answered to that effect and received immediately a kind letter from the King.

Buckingham Palace,
May 18th.

DEAR PRINCESS DI TEANO:

I am indeed sorry that you and your husband will be unable to pay us a visit next month at Windsor Castle for Ascot races, but quite understand and appreciate the reasons you give for this determination.

Trusting that your mother will recover her health, believe me

Very sincerely yours,
EDWARD R.

A few days later I found it necessary to go to England on business connected with my mother's illness, and my dear little friend, Maudie Ashley, at once asked me for a week-end party at Broadlands, her husband's beautiful family place. I was glad to get two days of English country air, and when she told me that the King and Queen were coming over to lunch on Sunday I was still more pleased, for I thought I would have an opportunity of thanking Their Majesties once more for their gracious invitation. But when the King caught sight of me as he entered the drawing-room, I saw at once that he was very much annoyed. He frowned as he shook hands, and said, very curtly:

"I see, Princess, that you are able to visit *other people*, but not me!" And he turned away abruptly before I had time to explain that I had only come to England on business and was leaving for Rome the next day.

He did not speak to me again that afternoon and I left England feeling very miserable. It was already hard enough being obliged to forego my usual delightful stay in London.

When, after some weeks my mother's state of health improved, I was able to return to England, Mrs. Willie James asked me to meet His Majesty at dinner, but I had been so frightened by his severity at Broadlands that I didn't dare to accept until I found out how the land lay between us. I asked Mrs. George Keppel to find out for me. She has always been the best of friends, and wrote to me most reassuringly. She had seen the King and spoken of me; he had said that he was so glad my mother had recovered and that he was looking forward to meeting me at dinner at Mrs. Willie James', so I was most certainly to go and all would be well.

When I met the King he was more charming than ever, and the little incident was quite forgotten.

(*To be continued*)

CALIFORNIA'S GOLDEN PLAYGROUNDS

(*Concluded from page 154*)

quently there is no picnicking and no litter on the white sands. All the swimming, here also, is done in pools.

The great event of the year is the Polo Meet, for which participants come from all over the state, the country, and from England. The field is about three-quarters of a mile from Del Monte, and the most noted polo player in the neighborhood, and, with one exception, in the state, is Mr. Hunt, whose stables are on his grounds at Pebble Beach. On the days of an event each side of the enclosure is lined with automobiles which honk their approval. But whatever the inner excitement, there is no cheering. To me it is a tame performance, and after I have admired the horses sufficiently, I go home.

More and more rich people are building at Pebble Beach, and land, as I have said, is sold to none but the elect. (The price is $30,000 an acre.) It is a good, sporting, healthy colony full of beautiful, slender women and sunburned, slender men, and a credit to the state. Burlingame is proud of the fact that it is largely responsible for its success and prestige, and no doubt in time will take on something of the same character, for as the years go by that rich man's colony is devoting itself more and more to out-door life, and polo is one of its passions. It now has a Polo Club, almost as well known as the famous Burlingame Club.

Carmel has never been fashionable, although a few rich people, who really wish to escape from all social exactions, have built cottages there, as well as in Monterey. It remains a colony of artists and writers, whose unpretentious cottages are scattered among the pine woods; although perhaps not quite as famous as when Mary Austin wrote up in a tree with her red hair hanging down like Melisande, and George Sterling was its lord and master. Robinson Jeffers has built himself a rock tower—with his own hands—on the wildest part of the beach, and Gouverneur Morris lives near by in the town of Monterey. Carmel now boasts a hotel, patronized by those who want a few weeks of rustic quiet, and a main street, whose very shops are artistic, as might be expected. The cars are parked in the middle of the broad thoroughfare, and the sidewalks swarm with bare legs and picturesquely careless costumes. Consequently no visit to Del Monte is complete without a few hours in Carmel.

There are two other resorts that cannot be ignored, for although not in California, they are just over the border in Mexico, and owe their popularity to the thirsty citizens of the United States. At Tia Juana there is horse-racing besides unlimited drink, and of late a magnificent hotel and gambling Casino have been erected at Agua Caliente. The last is probably the gayest and most thriving town in Mexico. Enough said!

Even by running one's hand across the skin, absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way.

Neet

Cream Hair Remover

HERE'S THAT NEW WAY OF REMOVING ARM AND LEG HAIR

So many women are asking about

A new discovery that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly but utterly avoids fostering bristly regrowth.

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly.

When regrowth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the regrowth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

"Beauty is created by the emotion of the artist"—SCHOEN

ADVENTUROUS... modern ... intriguing ... are these creations of Roseville craftsmen. In them you see expressed through fascinating form the spirit of vital artistry ... fashioned with today's appreciation of beauty.

How you will adore these Futura shapes! Picture flowers in them ... wonderfully exquisite in your home ... a touch of dashing charm in your living-room or hall or library ... yes, in any number of places.

Many are the kinds of pieces to choose from ... in several soft harmonies of delicate coloring ... with tastefully modeled decorations ... superb ... distinctive ... vastly interesting!

There are jars, vases, bowls, hanging baskets, jardinieres, window boxes, wall pockets, candlesticks ... scarcely any two alike. Displayed at leading stores, where you may make a selection for yourself, or remember some one with a cherished gift.

We will gladly send you a free copy of the beautifully illustrated booklet, "Pottery". Write for it.

THE ROSEVILLE POTTERY CO., *Zanesville, Ohio*

ROSEVILLE POTTERY

WHAT COULD YOU EXPECT?

(Continued from page 95)

door. She had her hand on the latch when a voice spoke behind her.

"I say, you can't do that!"

"What?" She turned, her hand still on the door.

"Bolt off and leave me. I didn't have any lunch, and I'm starved!" At first, all Nina saw was something very tall, with blue eyes. Next she saw two freckles, one on the extreme tip of his nose, the other just above it.

"Why, they're freckles—" she exclaimed.

"Sure, what did you think they were?"

"Dirt," said Nina.

"Everybody does, at first." He took her bare arm firmly. "Come on—you might as well—I'm not going to let you go."

"But there are no more tables," she protested.

"Sure there are. There's a prize behind that big bank of palms out there. Nobody spotted it, but I turned down the chairs in case."

"Restaurant manners," said Nina.

"Why not? It's a restaurant kind of party. I hope Mrs. Bingham's not a particular pal of yours, or anything."

"Not even anything," agreed Nina. Where was Denny Bentley hidden? "I think I'm just an emergency measure."

"Fat chance," he scoffed, "with that face and those clothes and things."

NINA laughed in spite of herself. She almost told him about the country minister, but thought better of it. It was funny though. She could think of dozens of things to say to this curious long creature. She suddenly realized they had finished two courses, and she didn't even know his name.

"As long as we're here, perhaps we'd better know who we are," she said. "I'm Nina Cunningham."

"That's a slick name—just like you. Mine's Boris Jones. Which part am I like, if any?"

"Neither," she laughed. "Boris is too grand-dukeish for freckles, and Jones is—well—"

"It is. You can't hurt my feelings. The Mater insists on Abingdon-Jones, and chucks anybody who cuts the A. B. Ab."

"And you?"

"Too long to fool with. Besides, what's the use of camouflage? Matter of fact, I just call myself B. Jones, and let it go at that. B. Jones, Jr. Dad was innoculated with Boris, too, but I don't see why it had to take on me!"

"Names are funny," agreed Nina absently. Where was he? They had come almost to the finish. One of Ling Lee's complicated, gooey, frozen desserts, rich and rather sickly. Was that a glint of blonde hair behind those massed roses? Low, intriguing, broken murmurs. Presently it would be over. The gang would break, the sentimental for the garden, the greedy for bridge and poker, the high-geared for a lively dance place five miles away. Into which class would Denny fall? Nina realized suddenly that B. Jones had spoken, and that she had not answered. He sat staring owlishly at her over his coffee.

"What's on your mind?" he asked.

"How do you know I've got one?" she parried.

"You've got one, all right. You've just been talking off the top of it. I'd like to know what's underneath."

"Only trying to remember if I turned the lights on in the car," she said lightly. "The last time I came to a party here, I forgot 'em, and somebody ripped a fender off for me. Annette's cocktails are—"

"They are!" he agreed. "If to-night's a sample. Known her long?"

"Annette? About a thousand years. We went to the same school. Why, have you?"

"What—known her long? I don't know her at all. I've just been taken into the firm—her husband's; he told her to ask me. I'm a heck of a good engineer, but no lounge lizard. I just thought I'd see what it was like."

"Well, this is a fair sample. What do you think of it now you've seen?"

"I'm no judge. I don't fit, I guess, outside the office. I just mess around with a car or a book. Are you crazy about it?"

"What, this? No, but what else is there to do?" There was a rustle behind the roses. The soft scrape of a chair. Nina rubbed out the cigarette she had just lighted, and jumped up. She was driven by an urge to see him—to speak to him again. B. Jones pushed back his chair, and came around the little table.

"What's the idea now?" he asked.

"I don't know—home, I guess. I can't play about—I have to be up early to-morrow. They'll never miss me—" She was talking at random. How could she get rid of him?

FROM unexpected corners of the big veranda couples began to appear. Groups collected; one where card tables had been set up, another around a pile of wraps. Nina, watching, kept up a running fire of inanity. At last he appeared—alone. He met her eyes, smiled formally, passed her, and went to Annette, who emerged from the house, her sleek black hair a bit ruffled, her lip rouge a bit crooked.

"Sorry, Annette," said Denny, "but I've got to run. I'm getting the next train to town. Thanks for a jolly dinner—see you soon."

"Denny—wait—" wailed Annette shrilly. "You're not going to leave the party when the party's just begun? Don't be a prune! After all this time—"

"I'll be about for another month—you'll get sick of me. But I have to bolt now. You know I told you—"

"I don't believe all I'm told! Not rotten things like this. You haven't changed, you darned old Gibraltar!"

"Sorry—"

"You're not! You're bored frigid, or else you think we're all lost women. Well, wait till I order a car for you."

At last!

"I'm just leaving, Annette," said Nina quietly. "I'll drive Mr. Bentley to the station."

"It's a plant! I don't believe either of you! Where are *you* off to, Nina?" cried Annette.

"Be yourself, Annette," cut in Denny. "Sure I sha'n't be in the way, Miss—"

"Cunningham," supplied Nina casually. "Not a bit—glad to give you a lift. 'By, B. Jones; thanks for the party. Look me up, the next time you come out—"

"You bet. It's been—I say, this is tough—you're not really—"

"Sorry, but I am—" said Nina, and slipped into the dark. She found the car quickly, got in, and looked back. Country minister! She'd show them. As she put out her hand to start the engine, Denny opened the porch door. From somewhere a voice cried, "Somebody's got my Denny! Who's run off with my Denny?" The blonde, in a swirl of tulle, appeared from the depths of the house. Nina opened the car door. He slipped in beside her. She started the engine and backed smoothly out. They were gone. Country minister, indeed!

"Friendly souls," commented Denny, getting his breath.

"Very," said Nina dryly. She shivered slightly.

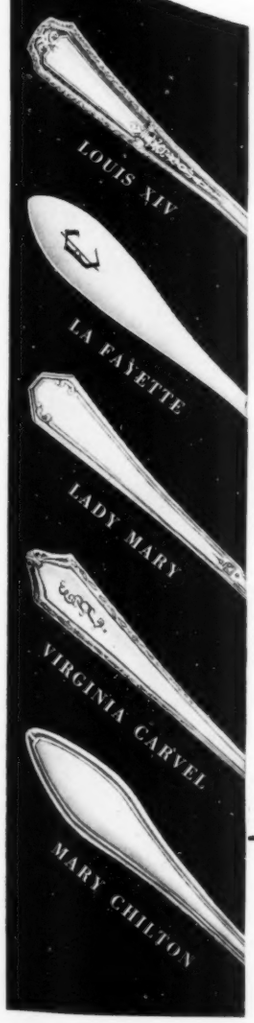
"Cold?" asked Denny politely. If he only wouldn't be polite.

"Not a bit," she answered, shutting her teeth hard to keep them from chattering. It made her look depressingly determined. Heaven save him from a determined woman! He wished Annette had let him walk. Heaven save him from a cold, hard woman, even if she knew how to drive a car. She did know how to drive! He slumped down beside her, watched the dappled moonlight in the quiet streets, and longed for the roar of New York traffic. He got enough peace eleven months of the year. At last a turn of the road, and the smart little suburban station. Nina drew up beside the platform, and shut off her engine. She looked up and met his eyes. Now was the time for something arresting. She looked down and fumbled with her brake. She

(Continued on page 160)

"My jeweler's timely advice saved me years of regret"

A Bride's Story



"I had so many things to do before my wedding," a charming young bride told us recently. "One morning I dashed into my jeweler's thinking I could pick out my silver pattern while a taxi waited outside to hurry me off to a luncheon!

"Naturally I wanted Sterling, but I had no idea there could be so many patterns. I looked at spoons and spoons. Finally, I eliminated all but two designs. Somehow, I just couldn't decide between those. So I called for help.

"Instead of deciding for me, Mr. S....., my jeweler, laid out *all* the pieces of both patterns for me to see—even the serving pieces and some of the dishes and bowls.

"At first, all this array bewildered me more than ever. Then Mr. S... picked up the dinner knives of both patterns and let me handle them. I never believed there could be so much difference in balance and 'feel'—one was so *much* better!

"Next he showed me the salad forks of each pattern. One was far more graceful than the other. And Mr. S.... said the graceful one was better in another and more practical way, because the cutting-edge had so much better—bevelling, I think he called it.

"He pointed out a lot of things about the serving pieces and the dishes, too, but long before that I knew I had found *my* pattern. I found a big taxi bill waiting for me, too, but what did *that* matter? Think of the regrets it saved me!"

* * *

In order that you may avoid the possible regrets incident to a hurried decision on the precious Sterling you will *of course* choose for *your* new home, may we suggest that you spare adequate time to profit by your jeweler's best counsel?

He will probably tell you how *often* the final choice falls upon Towle patterns. Indeed, he will probably use a Towle pattern to illustrate how Sterling *should* be designed and finished.

TOWLE

Sterling Silver Exclusively

Emily Post's Book for Brides:

Emily Post, famous author of "Etiquette; The Blue Book of Social Usage," has written a new and charming little book on modern weddings. What one wears, what one does, **how one chooses** silver today—these are only a few of the subjects Mrs. Post talks about. We will be very glad to send you this book for **20¢ to cover handling and mailing.**

The Towle Silversmiths, Dept. C-5, Newburyport, Mass.

I enclose 20¢ in coin or stamps for Emily Post's "Bridal Silver and Wedding Customs."

Name_____

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In every line the new Bien Jolie Foundations express the loveliness that is youth, the smartness that is style, and the refinement of detail that is irresistible to every woman.
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Dept. B, 358 Fifth Avenue, New York

FOR SALE IN LONDON BY MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

Loveliness in Every Line

WHAT COULD YOU EXPECT?

(*Continued from page 158*)

was sick with disgust. She got him, and this was what she did. Everything she said, every move she made, was wrong. She might as well have been tongue-tied. She didn't know why, but he simply froze her. She might never have seen a man before. All the frivolity that had bubbled up for B. Jones sank like a stone in the silence between them. She wanted to cry suddenly, "I don't know what you've done to me! I'm not a bit like this. I think you're the most wonderful man in the world. You've *got* to like me—" What would he do? She ached to see. But the foot that belonged to a perfect lady stuck fast, and she couldn't get it loose. If she could only think of *something*—something dashing, arresting, provocative. Something a tulle blonde would say. The train would be here in another minute. She opened her mouth desperately. It was now or never.

"DO—DO you live in New York?" she asked inanely.

"I beg your pardon? Oh—do I—no, I don't live in New York—not any more. I live up-State. I'm having a month's vacation."

"Do you—plan to spend much time out here?"

"Here? No, I don't think so. Ted Bingham and I were classmates. He's a good scout. I may be out again. I'd like to see something of him before I go back."

"And of Cordelia Patterson," thought Nina viciously.

Denny opened the door and got out. Enough was enough.

"You mustn't let me keep you," he said with awful courtesy. "It must be getting late." He held out his hand, and there was nothing for Nina to do but put hers in it. He stood bareheaded beside the car in the moonlight, and Nina's heart did a daily dozen. Did he make everybody feel like this? He moved restlessly. Was the girl going to sit and stare at him all night?

"Thanks for the lift," he said at last. "Sure you don't mind going back alone?"

"Not a bit—I do it all the time."

He put his hat on, and turned definitely away. Nina started the car, and backed slowly out of the station drive. Down the tracks there was a faint whistle. The train was coming in. It would take him away, and she would never see him again. They were right—a country minister was about her class. She turned, and drove furiously up the road toward home.

"I'VE asked B. Jones out for the week-end," said Ted Bingham to Annette at breakfast, about a week after the party. She stared at him. Breakfast was off Annette's diet list, and it didn't improve her temper.

"You would!" she snapped.

"And Denny Bentley," he added amiably. He was used to Annette.

"For the love of heaven, will you please tell me why?" she asked, putting down her coffee cup.

"Because I happen to want them. After all, it's partly my house, isn't it?"

"Well keep them in your part, then. I've made other plans."

"All right—I choose the first floor, the second floor, and the garage. You can have the third floor, the garret and the cellar. How'll that be?"

"I wouldn't put it past you! Really Ted, it's a bit too much!"

"Sorry—I didn't know there was anything special on this week. You ought to have told me."

"You might ask!"

"Well, what's the objection?"

"Oh, nothing," she said sarcastically. "They ought to get on beautifully with De Lancey and his crowd. It's the first time I've been able to get them out."

"If you ask me, I hope it will be the last! What you women see in these soft-voiced, butter-muscled—"

"That's enough," snapped Annette angrily. "I can't expect you to understand the high-strung temperament, but you needn't be brutal."

"Brutal! I'd like to let a mouse loose in De Lancey's room. I'll bet his screams would rouse the souse!"

"That's just vulgar. He doesn't drink any more than anybody else."

"I know—it only seems more."

"It's simply a matter of taste."

"You bet it is. And I'm glad mine runs to he-men like Jones and Denny!"

"I suppose you know this means asking two more girls," said Annette suddenly.

"Well, what's the objection to that?" asked Ted.

"It's not so easy to get them at a moment's notice. Anybody who's worth anything has her week-ends mortgaged all summer."

"I want Nina Cunningham for B. Jones. She's all he's talked about since he was here."

Annette laughed shrill derision. "Nina? You must be crazy. Nobody ever falls for Nina."

"Well, he's fallen, and fallen hard," said Ted stoutly. "You can ask that blonde—what's her name—for Denny."

"Cordelia Patterson? Don't be silly. I couldn't get her this late for anybody. You're a perfect pig, Ted, to ask Denny now. I want him myself when he comes out. You know how hard I've worked to get De Lancey. I'll simply have to play around with him."

"Tough, darling," said Ted getting up, "but life is like that. Good-by—I've got to drive myself to town. Cheer up, I'll take my part of the party in the boat all day Saturday, and leave you the cars. Sunday we'll switch. It won't be bad. We may not even see each other except for a meal or two."

HE WENT out through the hall, and Annette watched him get into his roadster and drive off. Then she went to the telephone. She called Cordelia. Cordelia was terribly sorry, but this particular week-end had been booked for months. Annette skilfully wove Denny's name into her regret. She could feel Cordelia brighten. It was funny how girls fell for Denny!

"Tell you what, darling," fluttered Cordelia. "I'll do a lot of telephoning, and see if I can fix it. I hate to let you down."

"That will be slick," purred Annette. "Perhaps I'd better not ask anybody in your place till I hear from you."

"Wait a minute—tell you what—we'll settle it now. I'll come. I can fix it. I'd do anything for you, darling."

"I knew you would, dear," said Annette cryptically, and hung up. One settled. She might as well call Nina now. She could get her any time, but she might forget. This time she mentioned B. Jones and Denny before the invitation. Nina wasn't doing anything special with her week-end, but Annette, and Annette's parties, her snobbery and her calculations bored her. She was phrasing her refusal when she heard Denny's name.

"Thanks very much," she said. "I'll be delighted."

NINA packed a week-end bag and drove over to the Binghams' Friday night. Annette, her pallid painter and his crowd had gone on some enterprise of their own. B. Jones corralled her at once with cries of glee, and sat with her in a shadowy corner of the veranda until Ted sent everybody off to bed. They were to get aboard the boat right after an early breakfast. Nina, for whom any old thing would do, woke at daybreak in an emergency guest-room, and wondered why she was so happy. Remembering, she scrambled out of the squeaky bed, found a bathroom, had her tub, and spent an hour dressing. She simply must be beautiful. Then she flew down stairs, and ran into Ted, who was rounding up his party.

"You look great, Nina," he told her, slipping his arm through hers. They had always been friends. "Breakfast's ready. Annette's gang won't be down before noon. How's your appetite?"

"I could eat you," she answered, slipping into a seat beside B. Jones. Cor-

(*Continued on page 161*)

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

IMPERIAL
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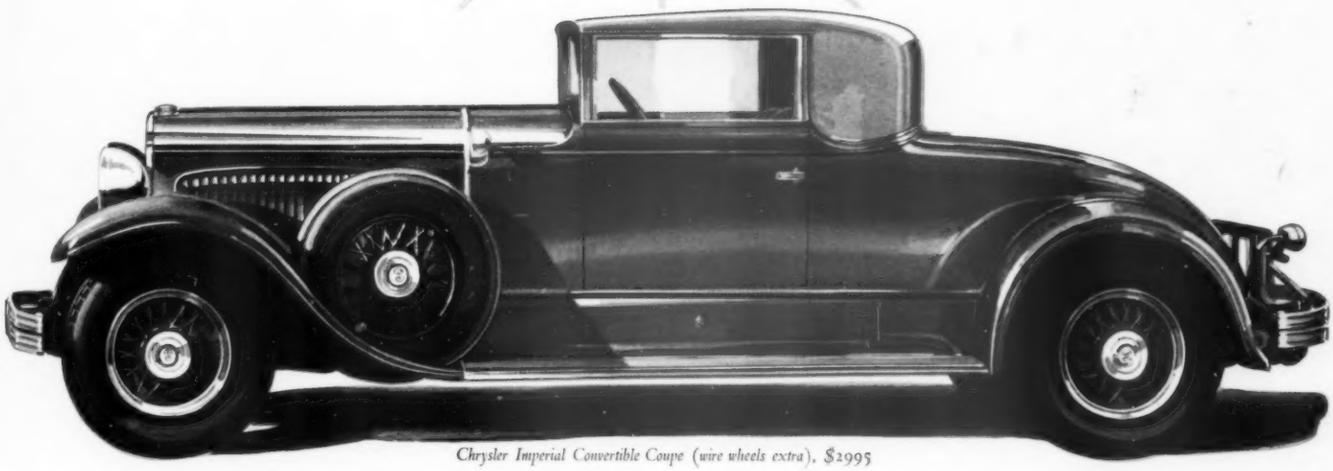

Chrysler Imperial Convertible Coupe (wire wheels extra), $2995

IMPERIAL

THE new Chrysler Imperial is a car intended essentially for the connoisseurs among motorists—that exclusive circle whose discrimination is satisfied with nothing short of the best in Chrysler power, smoothness, fineness and beauty. ¶ The distinguished characteristics of the Chrysler Imperial reveal the latest and utmost ingenuity of Chrysler styling, engineering and craftsmanship. ¶ Every motorist who appreciates a car of true custom quality will find in the new Imperial a type of beauty and behavior unlike and beyond anything heretofore known in the field of the very finest.

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The modern decorator chooses rayon fabrics

AMONG the most beautiful of New York's new buildings is the clubhouse for college women known as the Panhellenic Tower. Modernistic throughout in its treatment, it offers many striking examples of the importance of rayon fabrics to modern decorative schemes.

In the Tree of Life room which we have illustrated, John Mead Howells, the decorator, has achieved an effect of distinguished beauty. Here he has used two rayon fabrics: A basket-weave Rodier fabric, in shades of gold and brown, for the window hangings and a large decorative panel on the wall. And for the upholstered furniture, in contrasting shades, a suede-finish rayon fabric which has the good looks and sturdy wearing quality of leather.

Decidedly, rayon is the *modern* textile, bringing new strength and beauty to a wealth of modern fabrics. From the hand looms of the famous Hélène Henri—from Bianchini—from Rodier—from our own distinguished designers—come exquisite materials in rich variety to enhance the charm of modern interiors.

You will find in your own store a rayon fabric for every decorative purpose—from sunny window curtains to luxurious tapestries. And always you will find rayon adding suppleness of texture and novelty of patterning—new fast colors and a new wear-resisting durability. The Rayon Institute of America, Inc., 250 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Rayon and cotton have been used to create two accompanying fabrics. The one above for upholstery, the one below for curtains.

These fabrics echo the Marie Antoinette period in design. The colors are exquisite shades of rose. Both from Lord & Taylor.

A chenille-type cotton fabric with flat gazelle pattern in rayon is extremely decorative. From Stern Brothers.

RAYON

WHAT COULD YOU EXPECT?

(*Continued from page 160*)

delia in white silk sports clothes—Cordelia's present line was being ethereal—had pulled a chair close to Denny, and was doing her best to spoil his breakfast. Nina, in her knitted dress, felt suddenly like a clumsy schoolgirl. She might have known, she told herself. She might at least have had sense enough to stay at home.

But later, tucked into the stern of the motor-boat, she began to brighten. The nice thing about mornings was, you never knew what would happen by night. She watched the clean blue-green of the water, racing by. It was as clear as sunshine, between the patches of sudsy foam flakes. She thrilled. The air was magical. It was a day for miracles. They were headed fifty or sixty miles up the Sound, with luncheon at a Yacht Club. Then a lazy cruise, dinner wherever they found themselves, and a late run home. Nothing exciting, but Ted was happier on water than on land, and took it for granted everybody else was too. He had reckoned without Cordelia. Having ditched a party for Denny, she intended to get her money's worth. It was a grand-stand play, and rather ridiculous, but Cordelia was beautiful, and unrivalled at getting her man. All through the morning, and at luncheon ashore, Nina manufactured chatter to B. Jones and Ted, and suffered pangs of contempt for Denny, and loathing for Cordelia. In the bow of the boat, Cordelia cuddled against Denny, and Denny seemed perfectly satisfied.

It was about five in the afternoon that fate took a hand for Nina. A soft haze had settled over the day. It lent a touch of languor to the air, and having lulled its victims, proceeded to launch a man-size fog, with the swiftness known only near the sea. One minute there were wooded shores and shining stretches of water; the next a streaming blanket of soggy white, and that was all.

"For Pete sake," called Cordelia suddenly, "look at my clothes—they're ruined!"

"What's the idea?" asked B. Jones of Ted. "I'm a land-lubber, and not up on sea-ethics."

"Bad fog," said Ted briefly. He was hazy about his sense of direction, and didn't want to admit it. "Better anchor, if I can get a bit nearer shore. Too deep here."

"Which way is shore?" asked Denny casually.

"Right," answered Ted, heading that way.

CORDELIA jumped up, and made a clumsy passage toward him. Her hair hung in lank, unbeautiful strings, and her large violet eyes were even now a bit wild.

"You're going the wrong way, you fool," she cried dropping down near him.

"Don't think so. Just be patient a minute—we'll be O. K." Cordelia made a fatal move. She grasped the wheel, and swung it out of his hands.

"This way—I know it's this way," she began hysterically.

"Take your hands off that wheel!" said Ted. None of them had ever heard him speak like that. It subdued even Cordelia. She dropped her hands with an uneven giggle. But the mischief was done. The boat had swerved, and Ted had lost his way. The fog settled like a quilt over them. Like a lid, clamped down. They could just make out each other's faces, and the dim outlines of the boat.

"Which way are we going?" asked Denny.

"I don't know," Ted admitted stolidly.

"What did you grab that wheel for?" B. Jones demanded suddenly of Cordelia. He had few social inhibitions, and he didn't like Cordelia, anyway.

"How dare you speak to me that way?" she countered venomously. "If Ted had let me alone, we'd have been ashore by now."

"Ashore on the bottom of the Sound," he spat out. "We'll be there anyway as soon as we get in the track of the steamers."

Cordelia screamed.

"Don't let's be silly," said Nina quietly, who up to now had said nothing at all. "Everything's all right. We're probably headed straight in, if we only knew it."

The men looked at the vague outline of her gratefully. Even Cordelia subsided for a moment.

"No use just bumming around," said Ted. "I'll drop the anchor, anyway. I don't think it'll hold, but it might. You never can tell."

It didn't. They began to drift. It was better than steaming ahead without direction. The fog might lift as suddenly as it had fallen. They might pull through without a hitch. They might run into a small boat. They might be run down by a big one. It was an even chance. In the meantime, there was nothing to do but drift, and wait. And waiting, as everyone knows, is a destructive process. Cordelia was the only one who did much talking.

"What time is it?" she demanded once.

Somebody struck a match, and somebody else told her it was half past eight. She yelped like a puppy someone had stepped on.

"Then it's dark now, anyway! I mean, even if it wasn't for this fog. Why did I ever come on this fool trip?"

"Anybody care if I beaned her?" whispered B. Jones to Nina. Nina snickered. She was really terribly frightened, but somehow she couldn't show it. Also, she was frightfully ashamed of Cordelia. Just for the sex. It seemed such a give-away. She wished Cordelia would faint, or something.

"Haven't you got any lights?" moaned Cordelia. "I know somebody'll run into us. Oh—h—hh—"

"They're on," Ted assured her, "but nobody could see 'em in this." It wasn't so much that he was patient, but after all, he had got them into this. He politely squashed the answer that suggested itself—that if Cordelia hadn't changed his course they would probably have been in by now. A far-off reverberation came weirdly out of the wall of fog. It shut off his thoughts abruptly. He knew what it was. Should he tell them, or let them find it out?"

"Sound boat, isn't it?" said Denny quietly in his ear.

"'Fraid so."

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing to do but ride it out. If I start her, I may run into it. See if you can dig out some life-preservers—just in case. Locker in the stern."

"Right," said Denny.

"Where are you going?" wailed Cordelia. "Don't leave me, Denny! I can't bear—oh, what's that?"

"That," called B. Jones with malice, "is a Sound steamer. Maybe she'll hit us. and maybe she won't. She probably will. I hope you can swim." He put an arm around Nina, as Denny thrust something into their hands. Cordelia's voice, by now, from hearty use, should have given out. But she mustered one last ear-splitting scream, and fainted across Ted's arms.

"Hang!" said Ted vehemently. "Will somebody take this—this—"

"Bring her over here," said Nina. "I'll look after her."

DENNY dumped her over like a sack of potatoes. Nina put out her hand, but there wasn't time to do much. The engine beats grew louder—they deafened her—and through the white wall rose the steamer. It's fog-horn bleating, lights smeared mistily along its sides, it reared hugely above them, while they held their breaths. It slithered past a hundred yards away. Not much, but enough. Ted, his engine humming, swung his boat to meet the swells head first. They came with a great wash, and rolled on. The little boat lay over sickeningly, but righted herself at last. Cordelia, drenched with spray, came to—still screaming.

"Oh, shut up!" said B. Jones, finding himself oddly alive.

"I'm dying—I'm soaked—I'll have pneumonia—"

"Put this on." said Nina, digging out

(*Concluded on page 168*)

FRANCE

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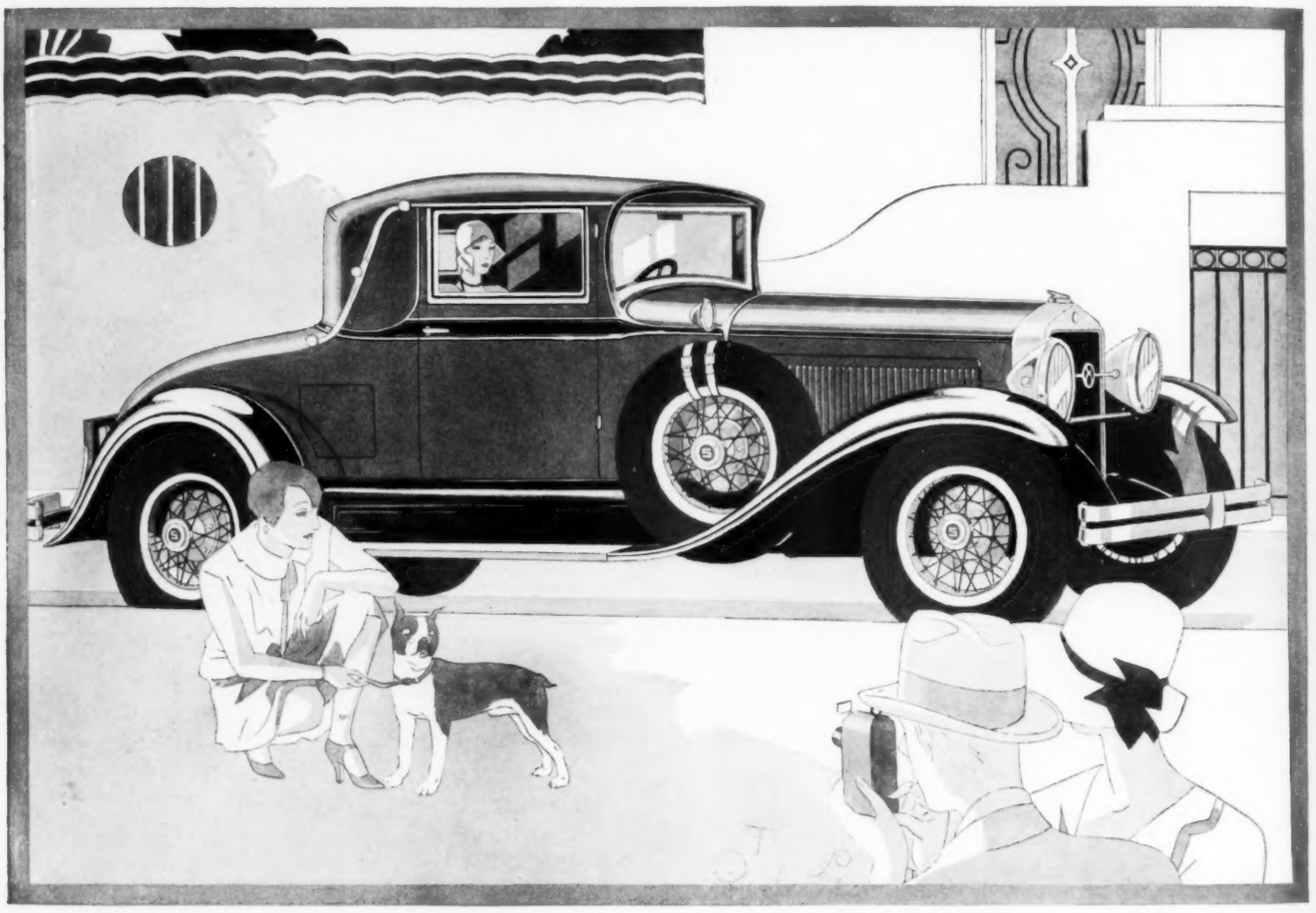
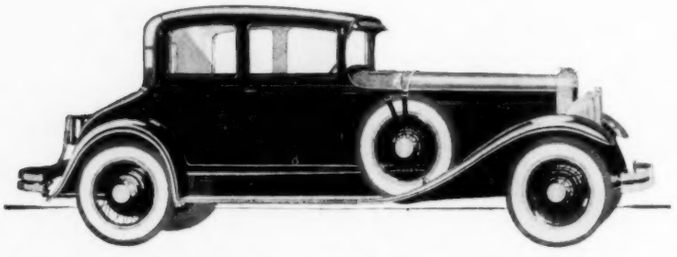
EVER HIGHER IN KEY···SWIFTER IN TEMPO

... mounts the style theme of today's motor cars, set afresh by the new Studebakers!



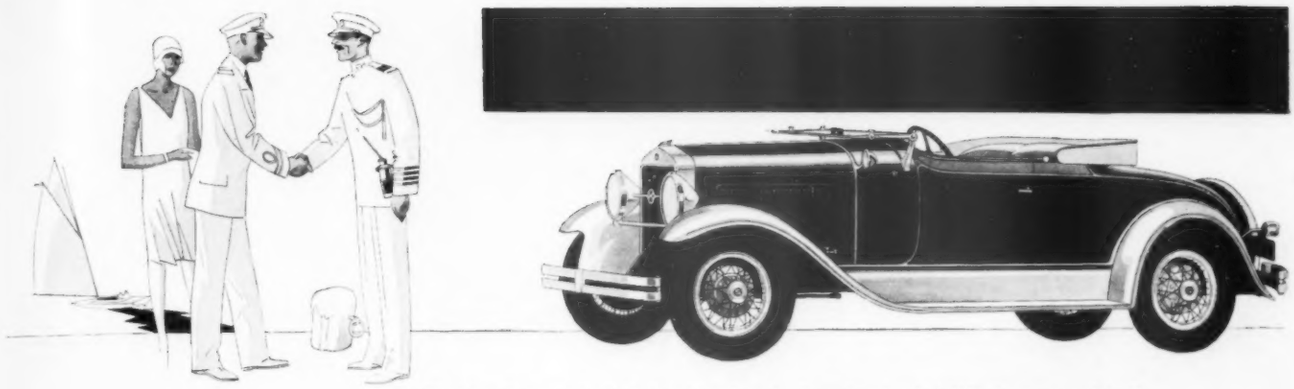
The new President Eight Convertible Cabriolet for Four beautifully combines on the 115-horsepower World-champion chassis, the roadster's racy lines with the all-weather comfort of an enclosed car. Windows raise and lower with top either up or down. $1895. Commander Eight Cabriolet $1645; Commander Six Cabriolet $1495. Six wire wheels and luggage grid standard equipment.



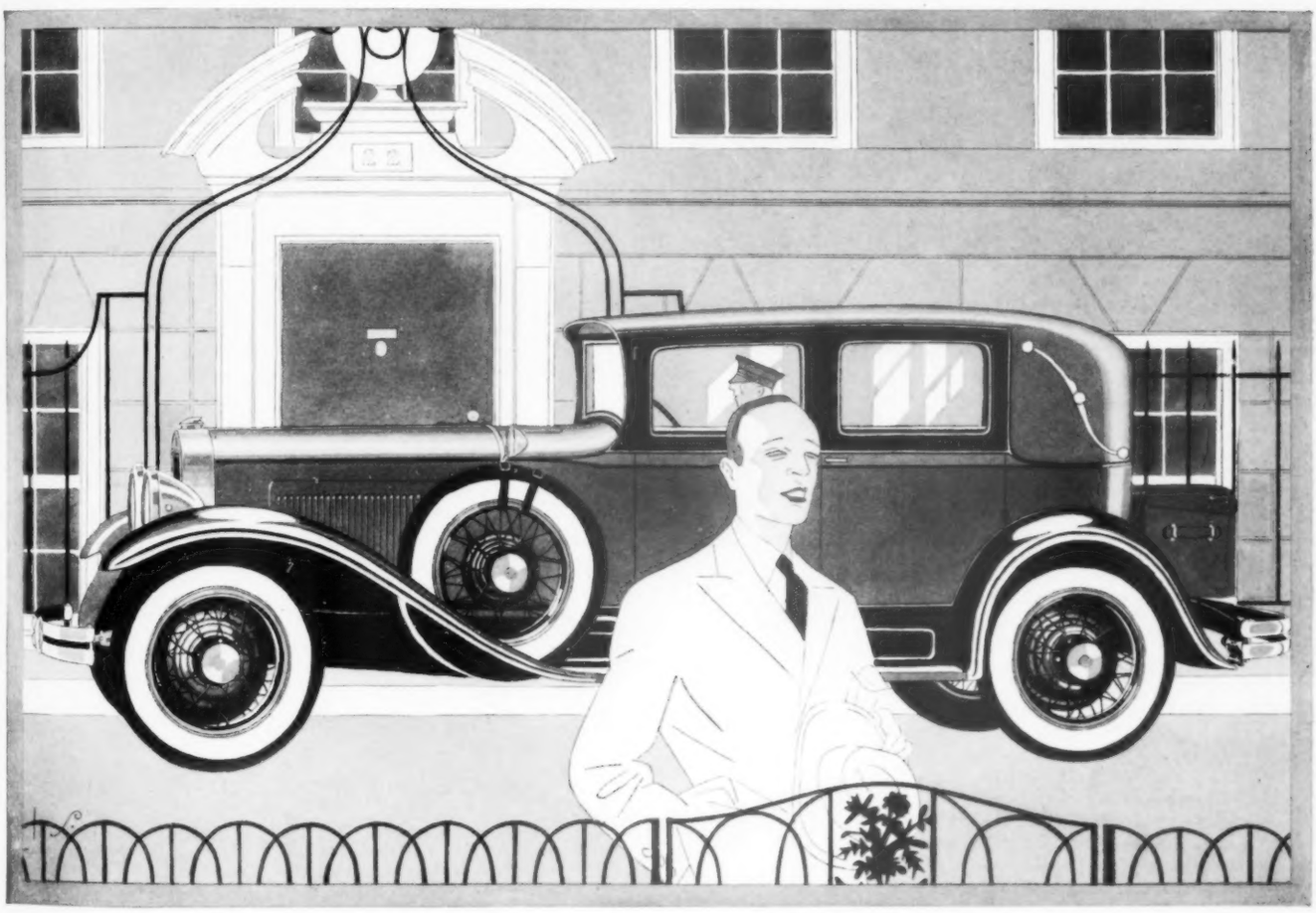
The new President Eight State Victoria provides the utmost in companionable comfort. Wider windows provide greater vision than is usual in this body type, which has become so popular for owner-driven social and business use. Six wire wheels and trunk rack standard equipment. Priced $1895 at the factory. Commander Victoria, as an Eight, $1525; as a Six $1375. Prices at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

SWIFTER, keener, higher, rises the vibrant theme of modern motor modes. And most fittingly, Studebaker, holder of *every* official stock car record for speed and endurance, strikes the first fresh note of this new and finer motor car style.

Inspired by speed and stamina unmatched in all motordom, Studebaker's craftsmen have admirably interpreted these championship qualities in coachcraft of real distinction. Even in repose, these great new Studebaker eights and sixes proudly express their flashing fleetness and tireless energy.



The New Commander Eight Regal Roadster for Four abundantly fulfills the promise of thrilling speed and dauntless stamina. Hydraulic shock absorbers. Priced $1595. Commander Six Regal Roadster, $1450. Five wire wheels. Commander Six Business Roadster, $1375.



Worthily matching this spirited performance is the quiet comfort which only Studebaker-built cars provide. Poised on ball bearings, friction-free —low swung and steady, due to costlier double-drop frames—gentle and restful because of new type hydraulic shock absorbers. Your Studebaker motor car is a Champion—yet its cost is not excessive, the result of Studebaker's One-Profit manufacture.

The New President Eight Brougham for Five, a magnificent interpretation of championship performance. Broadcloth upholstery in French pillow fashion. Folding center arm rest in rear. Upholstered hassocks replace conventional footrest. Priced $2350. Commander Eight Brougham, $1675; Commander Six Brougham, $1525. Six wire wheels and trunk standard all Broughams.

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MENDEL TOURIST
"—the case for every travel need"

CAUGHT AT CANNES

(*Continued from page 75*)

tions of crêpe de Chine. Example sketched, a yoke of strips of beige, yellow and black crêpe on a black sweater, with yellow tie edged with black.

BLOUSES—A few white batiste blouses, some with starched collars, one with plaited jabot. The new very long blouses. Example sketched on page 75, long white sleeveless blouse of thin woolen material, dark blue skirt, scarf of white tricot with blue stripes, white felt hat dipping in the back, long heavy brown antelope gloves, matching the brown in the white and brown shoes. This was worn with a tailored three-quarter length dark blue coat, belted in the back, with pockets.

SCARFS—Still important. The newest are in several different colors of crêpe de Chine, pieced together in odd shapes. Example sketched on page 75, from Reboux in beige, bright yellow, pale gray, and pale chartreuse, with black and yellow Reboux hat. One example noted was worn with an iron gray tailleur, scarf of fine black and white dots tied in large bow under the chin, white felt hat banded with dotted crêpe, very large envelope bag to match. This ensemble is from Reboux.

Some scarfs in chiffon noted, but very few prints used in this way.

Handkerchief shapes, triangles, and straight scarfs all seen, some of the straight ones long, others quite short.

HATS—Small felts most numerous, in both toque and cloche shape. Nearly always longer on one side. Often turned up sharply in front with dipping brim in back, the "sou'wester" line. Sometimes matching costume, sometimes accessories. The ribbon bands, using two or three colors, are revived for this type of hat.

Some trimmed with scarfs, example sketched on page 75. Agnès felt cloche in navy blue, with scarf of thin silk printed in several blues. Many turbans, Agnès jerseys in one or two colors, also her new turban in shiny straw braid, sketched on page 75.

Some of the new flexible straw hats, the material treated like felt.

Brimmed hats on sunny days, moderate in size, often symmetric, often much longer on one side, usually the right. Example sketched on page 74, black parasisol, heavy satin ribbon.

A few bérets in felt, and one in the new flexible straw. Basque bérets for sports.

In color, hats may match costumes, or accessories. Quite a number of white hats.

COLORS—DAYTIME: White, but not alone. Combined with black, navy blue, red, or brown, in strong contrast effects. For the first time in Cannes in the spring, black in sports types, combined with white, yellow or beige.

Many yellows, mimosa, buttercup, lemon, eggnog. Blues, navy, linen, and pale blues, often combined.

Considerable red, used both in ensembles and in combination with white for sports clothes. Beiges still important, both for sports clothes, and afternoon ensembles of coat and crêpe frock. Some pale ensembles, almond green, lighter blues, trimmed with lynx or fox.

Gray negligible for the daytime.

EVENING: A preponderance of white. Fourteen couples dancing at the Ambassadeurs during supper, nine of the women wearing white gowns.

Thin black.

Then the pale colors, flesh, pale green, pale blue.

Some midnight, middle and slate blues.

Some bright and deep reds.

Some two-color gowns, pale blue and black for example. In printed chiffons, of which there were many combinations of several colors, orange, yellow and brown, or coral, beige and black, or several blues, et cetera. The printed chiffons have a tendency to be dark in color this year with the exception of the yellows, some of which are fresh and light.

Some gray for evening in thin materials.

SHOES—DAYTIME: In spite of the fact that the white and tan shoes may be bought quite cheaply ready-made, this type is still smart.

There is a tendency toward new combinations, without the usual perforations.

Plain pumps, in kid, lizard, some in Russia leather.

Some plain highly polished brown calf oxfords.

Dark blue shoes with navy costumes. Few white shoes (too early).

Many beige shades with more formal type of ensembles.

All daytime shoes are very plain.

EVENING: Slippers and sandals. Some evening shoes in two colors, to match the two-colored evening gowns. Example sketched on page 75, in black suède and gilded leather from Greco.

A return to the pale rosy-beige satin slipper, with an important diamond buckle. Example sketched on page 74.

Very little foot jewelry otherwise.

Many matching costumes, some contrasting, as for example red shoes with white evening gown, red flowers and jewelry.

BAGS—DAYTIME: The bag with a handle perhaps more numerous than the envelope, but both are seen.

Some enormous envelopes, in fabrics to match scarf.

Panama bag, edged with colored leather.

Some bags in materials matching costumes.

EVENING: Pouch and envelope shapes, moderate sized. Lamés and old brocades with handsome jeweled fastenings. Finest black antelope with marcasite or diamond monograms and fastenings with black gowns. Novelty, flat envelope in white velvet matching gown, with carved coral monogram, white chiffon handkerchief with same monogram embroidered in coral silk.

GLOVES—The antelope pull-on is still the smartest, in beige, matching the stockings, sometimes in white with special costumes. A tendency toward a darker brown, if the costume calls for it. A few of the new very heavy, much longer, handstitched gloves, as in example sketched on page 75, with long white blouse and navy skirt. A tendency to keep the gloves on, even while drinking tea or cocktails and frequently for afternoon dancing.

A few tan dogskin gloves to go with polished brown oxfords.

Occasionally a black glove, when the costume calls for it.

STOCKINGS—Sunburn shades in the daytime, except with costumes where white predominated, or with pale pastel costumes, when the stocking was often a lighter slightly yellowed beige. White only with tennis clothes.

Evening, majority matched the skin. With black gowns, a few of the grayed-mauve shade, if becoming. General tendency toward lighter shades with pale gowns, and darker with darker shades.

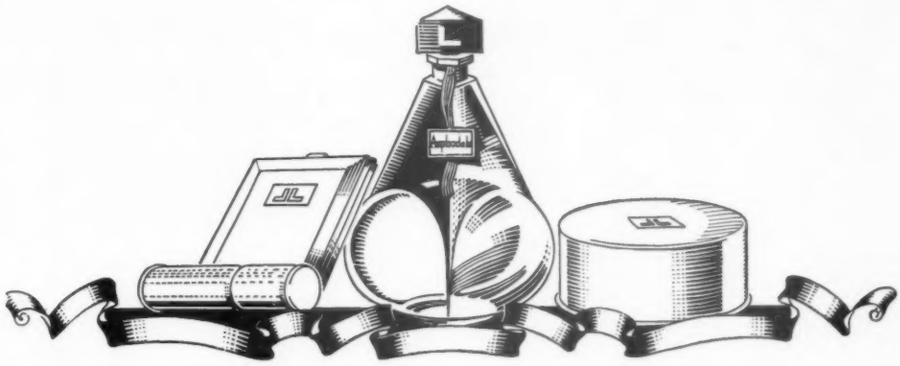
FLOWERS—Many natural flowers worn in the evening; camellias, gardenias, carnations most usual. Pretty arrangement of white lilac and big diamond brooch. Odd placing of two white camellias at tip of V décolleté on white velvet gown.

Almost no flowers in the daytime.

DOGS—More and better dogs is a Cannes motto. Sealyhams, wire-hairs, Pekingeses, Airedales, and police dogs are the favorites. The dog's leash matches the accessories of his mistress's costume.

SOME SPECIAL COSTUMES—Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, sketched on page 75, wearing a Molyneux gown in brown tulle and chiffon, with huge fabric flower and one strass shoulder-strap. She also wore in the daytime a brownish-gray tweed, three-quarter coat with fluffy fur collar and fur cuffs running up the outside of the sleeve to the elbow, long crêpe scarf in brownish gray, and odd gray-white hat, rolled up over the ears like a

(*Concluded on page 168*)



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THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

(*Continued from page 87*)

wallow in really authentic borsch in surroundings that haven't been doctored up in the hope of making the poor deluded tourist think he's seeing High Jinks in Russia. There is, in addition to the really excellent food, a haunting Balalaika orchestra and a floor entertainer who does not sing the Volga Boatman once during the entire evening, but who does wail in the characteristic Russian fashion like nothing I've ever heard.

Or if Peter has a preference for native viands out of a land that has long been Russia's traditional enemy, I'd suggest Miyako at 340 West 58th Street, where you can maul as nice a meal with a pair of chop-sticks as you've ever had before you—that is, if you like Oriental cooking, which the majority of people, I find, do not. The *plat de résistance* is prepared before your very eyes, I might say right in the middle of your table without fear of contradiction, and it is downright intriguing to watch the goings-on. The service is Japanese throughout and so are most of the guests. Foreign trade is accorded a warm welcome, but no play whatever is made for your patronage. Nazimova was making considerable headway with a bowl of native vegetables during one of my early visits, but up to last week they hadn't changed the name of the bamboo shoot to the Nazimova sprout.

If, on the other hand, Peter is bored with so-called "atmosphere" restaurants and enjoys sturdier fare, I strongly urge the Forty-Ninth Street Chop House in 49th Street, east of Sixth Avenue. Here they specialize in planked steaks, chops and pedigreed seafood. I defy you to find an oyster minus his identification disk. The quantity of shell-food consumed here in the course of an evening is pretty good anti-ptomaine insurance.

Mannie's, at 69 Forsythe Street, specializes in much the same kind of thing and serves besides a particularly good Schnitzel Holstein and an unbeatable Steak Tartare. Here you'll meet up with something you'll love or loathe. Dirty-faced urchins, who look not unlike the gangsters of to-morrow, insist on helping you out of your car and beg plaintively for tips, and the street itself, which is little more than an alley, makes you feel that if you hang around long enough you may see police history in the making. This, however, can only give your robust escort a plausible excuse for clutching your arm and saying, "There, there, little woman, I will protect you." So I'd say the result justified the risk, if any.

After two evenings of "men's victuals," Peter may be reconciled to trying something less hardy, in which event, I'd suggest a visit to Ka Lama at 56 West 51st Street. It is still the only Hawaiian eating place worth mentioning, and has really beautiful curries, guavas and cocoanut cake which defies description. Then, too, there are unique little jars of special chutney available, with which you can effectively placate mother when she scolds about the late hours you keep. Although Mrs. Gunn caters to mixed company, I must in all fairness add that Ka Lama is sometimes called The Hawaiian Tea House and men who object to a touch of the Ladies' Aid Society atmosphere will not be completely happy in these surroundings.

If Peter shares with me a hearty interest in hors d'œuvres, the ingredients of which remain an unsolved mystery until the last chapter, take him to the Marguery at 270 Park Avenue where the stellar item on the menu is a hot appetizer that is made to sizzle invitingly before your eyes. Here you will be intrigued or annoyed by the seating arrangement which has been patterned after the best Paris tradition. As for me, I like to sit opposite my victim, so that I can indulge in a mental *touche* after each successful conversational sally, but you may be able to do your stuff to better advantage sitting in insinuating proximity at his side.

If you are one of those who have confidence in the old adage which sets forth that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," I'd repair post haste to the Sherry-Netherland at 59th Street and Fifth Avenue, where a violinist of no mean ability will cooperate with your laudable desire to make Peter give more concrete expression to some of the softer emotions. If the seductive gypsy strains, which I suspect he plays on his heart strings, don't make Peter meek, mellow and matrimonial in intention, nothing will.

Then there is the Park Lane at 47th Street and Park Avenue, which is a decided help to any young girl trying to get along. In addition to providing a charming room, beautifully cooked food, and very satisfactory music, they furnish you with a highly decorative pack of cards, after which all that is expected of you is that you play them well.

Perhaps you were one of those Louis Sherry enthusiasts who heralded the opening of the new shop at 62nd Street and Madison Avenue with clapping of hands and singing in the streets, in which event a trip to the latest addition to the Sherry chain will gladden your heart. It is the last word in food shops and well worth your consideration. In addition to its very apparent interior qualities, it enjoys the added distinction of having been awarded a prize for being the handsomest of the smaller uptown buildings. And whoever has installed the lighting system has done a singularly shrewd piece of work, let me add, for it is the one "store" that does not inflict a barrage of electricity that adds at least five years to the age of the youngest of us—and who, after all, are we to spurn such a palpable aid to nature.

If French cooking is his culinary passion, turn in at Perroquet at 35 East 51st Street and buy yourselves either Profiterolles or Crêpe Suzette before leaving the premises. Here you may be as dressy or as informal as you like and be in step either way. I wouldn't recommend attendance on an evening when you've told your great-aunt that you couldn't accept her invitation to dinner because of severe migraine, for you are sure to run into at least one person who will innocently enlighten her.

If you both share my delight in the kind of salad one gets all over Europe and almost nowhere in America, salad that in the privacy of a bowl is seasoned with some magical condiments and "fatigued" until it is devoid of all crispness, journey to Le Mirliton in East 58th Street just off Fifth Avenue. The cuisine is generally excellent but the hors d'œuvres and salad are the bait that invariably lure me to its doors.

If Peter is in a mood for mooning and is a bit sheepish about being caught at it, let him give you dinner at the Prince George Hotel at 28th Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Here, in thoroughly respectable surroundings (for it is a decidedly commercial caravansary) he will be able to display some of his best technique without fear of detection, for almost all of the illumination seems to emanate from cigarette butts that are conspicuously poised, as if to say, "See, those of you who are interested, I'm not misbehaving."

For a quiet meal in rooms that have none of the restaurant quality, I'd suggest any one of those I am about to enumerate. With a break of luck you may be one of those fortunate people who are permitted an intimate glimpse of one or two of those witty fellows who are so hilariously funny in the daily prints, for it is in these unobtrusive haunts that they make their innocuous whoopee in their own inimitable way:

The Egyptians, 168 West 58th Street.
Tony's, 42 East 53rd Street.
Julius, 109 East 61st Street.
Forty-two West Forty-Ninth Street.
Tony's, 65 West 49th Street.
Sixty-five East Fifty-fourth Street.
Don Juan, 38 East 53rd Street.

If you can get Peter down to the Grand Central Station without having him think that he is being railroaded into departing with you for another state, induce him to have a bowl of oyster-stew or some clam broth at the oyster bar there. At the first mouthful of either, all suspicion

(*Concluded on page 168*)

Do you know what this is?

THIS, as a clever Frenchwoman has said, is what goes on behind your back when you get a Eugène Permanent wave. . . . . It is the Eugène Sachet. Your permanent waver uses 26 to 40 of them for each genuine Eugène Permanent Wave.

Note the perforated steam-tab of the Eugène Sachet. From its tiny perforations come countless jets of steam that gently, but permanently, impart your Eugène wave.

The perforated steam-tab controls, confines and concentrates the steam where the operator wants it, permitting infinite adaptability to every type and condition of hair.

There is no other sachet with this exclusive, patented feature — the secret of the beautifully natural Eugène Wave. . . . That is why your conscientious permanent waver gladly pays more for Eugène Sachets . . . for the wave's sake and for yours!

\+ + +

Avoid the Bargain Waver

Pay the price for expert skill and make sure that your hair is waved with the *genuine* Eugène Sachets. . . . . Look for the famous Eugène trade mark symbol on each Sachet.

See What They Are Like—Send for one, Free!

We will gladly send you a sample sachet for your inspection, together with our interesting booklet, "The Eugène Method," and a list of genuine Eugène Wavers in your vicinity. . . . Eugène, Ltd., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. London, Paris, Berlin, Sydney.

eugène PERMANENT WAVES

Do you ever hesitate to drink coffee at night?

Try the coffee that lets you sleep

So MANY people deny themselves the pleasure of coffee in the evening—and dinner loses a lot of cheer.

How unnecessary! You can enjoy all the coffee you want, no matter how late the hour, if it's Kaffee Hag Coffee.

Kaffee Hag Coffee will not keep you awake. It is 97% free of the drug caffeine—the drug that affects nerves and prevents sleep.

And what a delightful flavor and aroma! Several of the world's finest coffees are blended to produce one of the most satisfying coffees you ever tasted. Mellow, full-strength, heartening. No one ever knows the tasteless caffeine is gone.

Try Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee. Let the family enjoy it, breakfast, lunch, or supper. . . . What could be more welcome to the coffee lover who has been putting up with substitutes?

Kaffee Hag Coffee comes in sealed cans. Steel cut or in the bean. Served by hotels, restaurants, on diners. Sold by dealers everywhere. Let us send you a generous can today. Mail the coupon.

★Now a Kellogg product

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
1881 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name_____

Address_____

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

WHAT COULD YOU EXPECT?

(*Concluded from page 161*)

her coat. She had kept it dry under some cushions, and was just reaching it for herself.

"Aren't you wet, my dear?" said Denny. He sat down suddenly beside her. She looked into his eyes through the mist. It was the first time, she felt, that he had ever really seen her.

"Wet? Of course, I'm wet," she told him.

"Put your coat on—I'll find her something—" Nina could see him tugging at his jacket.

"Keep it on, do you hear me?" she ordered sharply.

"But you need it—you're cold—"

"I'm not either," she lied happily. She would have suffered more than cold.

"You—you're wonderful—" he stumbled on. "I never saw anybody like you—"

It took you a long time to find it out, thought Nina.

"I haven't done anything," she said.

"That's it—" he began, "just looked at death and didn't do anything—"

"There wasn't anything to do," said Nina. Somehow he found her hand and held it hard.

"It's lifting," cried Ted suddenly. Cordelia began to sob strickenly.

"*Shut* up, can't you?" called B. Jones crossly. He had seen Nina and Denny hand in hand.

"You—you great brute—with no nerves—"

"Don't let's fight," commanded Ted cheerfully. "I'm beginning to get my bearings." He got up his anchor, and they started ahead. The fog thinned. It turned to fine rain. It was gone.

At midnight they landed, and climbed into a waiting car. Denny slid into a seat beside Nina, and put his arm around her. She tucked her head down on his shoulder as if it had never been anywhere else.

"I don't know how you'll stand my job," he whispered, "but you'll just have to, that's all."

"I can stand it," said Nina.

"But you don't even know what I am, do you?" He pushed back her wet hair, and kissed her.

"No."

"Don't you care?"

"If you want me to. What are you?"

"I—I'm a country minister," said Denny.

THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART

(*Concluded from page 166*)

as to your motives will be dispelled, and you may be sure you will never be stood up by that young man unless it be at this bar.

After having spent the better part of the day in a stuffy office building, he may long to have his dinner in the country, in which event I'd plan to spend one evening at Joe Smallwood's at Roslyn, Long Island. The music is divine, the view even more so, and the food—well, I'm told it's just dandy, but by the time it arrives I'm having such a good time that "I wouldn't know about that."

Up Westchester way, where the Kensico Reservoir begins, if you "bear to the left" (and my remembering that old Blue Book expression will give you a rough idea of my real age) you will come upon a shack labeled Charlie's Inn. Here I've eaten the only shore dinner worthy of the name, other signs along the road to the contrary notwithstanding. A brother of the once famous Jack runs the place, and the food and service are on a par with the high standard he set at 44th Street and Sixth Avenue in other days. And in case you don't know, it's a heavenly drive home along the Bronx River Parkway, and while I grant that in most things Colonel Lindbergh is unique, I can state with some little authority that there are others who can drive automobiles with one hand.

Then, of course, there are the Roofs—the Ritz, the St. Regis, and the Cascades at the Biltmore.

And now, my dear Hildegarde, I believe I've done as well by you as I know how, so in my optimistic fashion I shall search the daily mails for a wedding invitation almost any time after you are in possession of these helpful hints, and I promise faithfully that when the minister says, "Who gives this bride away?" you can count on my unequivocal silence at that moment and for all time.

One thing more before I go—never, never, under any conditions, hand Peter your fork with your choicest mushroom perched on it, for in the end you will only find (probably on the way home that night) that he'll bite the hand that fed him.

Rich in experience,
EVE APPLETON.

CAUGHT AT CANNES

(*Concluded from page 164*)*

Dutch bonnet.

Marquise de Paris sketched on page 75, in an Augustabernard gown of flesh colored satin with slippers to match. She wore in the daytime a white crêpe de Chine frock, with bright red cardigan, long necklace of red and white beads, white hat with a red band, white and tan shoes, tan lizard belt and bag, with a summer ermine coat.

Comtesse Jean de Polignac, simple two-piece in beige jersey, beige jersey turban, summer ermine coat.

A smart Parisienne, heavy off-white tussore coat with huge short-haired fur collar, bleached to yellow, bright chestnut felt hat with yellow and chestnut ribbon band, brown and white scarf, tan and white shoes.

Madame de Pana, pale almond green ensemble, lynx fur, green felt cloche turned up in front, gray lizard pumps and gray silk parasol.

A smart South American, three-quarter tailored coat of stiff smooth gray-brown fur, white flannel frock pin-tucked, plain white felt hat longer on one side of the brim, sunburned stockings, white and tan Oxfords, white chamois pull-on gloves.

Remarked at the baccarat table, slim breitschwanz coat, black crêpe Vionnet gown, Reboux hat in black felt with fan-shaped section of Empire green at the side, black antelope envelope with carved green jade monogram, emerald bracelets.

COIFFURES—Little change. Hair worn somewhat longer in the back, finished in thick curls at the back of the neck in some cases.

An occasional diamond ornament, comb or pin, to hold a long lock.

JEWELS—Important earrings. Large diamond brooches, worn on the shoulder or the hip. Diamond chains and big pendants. Fewer bracelets worn together. Single-stone rings. Quite a number of women wearing pearls.

Beautiful mountings and fastenings on evening bags. In the daytime, little costume jewelry, and what there is always chosen to add color note, usually to carry out scheme of accessories.

An odds-on favorite

Good things have a way of making themselves known in this world, whether at Longchamps, or Saratoga, or Epsom Downs. . . . And in these places, where people gather who are accustomed to rely upon their own taste and judgment, you will find Camels the odds-on favorite. . . . They have a winning way.

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ONLY 400 WOMEN IN THIS COUNTRY CAN OWN THIS CAR

It's a personal car, individual in the truest sense, this Reo Car of the Month for May . . . a limited de luxe edition of Reo Flying Cloud. An ensemble created by a famous stylist, in colors that have all the smartness and verve of the mode . . . upholstered in an exclusive fabric designed, loomed and produced by Cheney Brothers—a fabric obtainable in no other car.

The Reo Car of the Month for May is priced at only one hundred dollars more than the large Sport Sedan of Reo Flying Cloud. Only a very limited number of these special cars will be available in any community. The woman who drives one will but rarely meet its duplicate on the road. If you don't know the name of your nearest dealer, write or wire collect to the Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Mich.

This illustration shows the actual upholstery fabric made by Cheney Brothers on Jacquard looms exclusively for the Reo Car of the Month for May.

REO FLYING CLOUD OF THE MONTH

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 117*)

was impossible! She did privately consider he looked rather like a crusader because he was as beautifully made as a carven knight on a tomb. She thought of him dimly as a rescuer because, outshone by the charms of her mother and aunts, she felt herself in danger of becoming a nonentity, but she never considered the family as anything but so incandescent, so obviously superior, that it would have been vulgar and ill-bred to boast of their superiorities.

If she had known that the young man sitting opposite her in the first-class carriage thought her people zanies—but she did not. She knew only that the love she felt for him, which had been concerned greatly with his charm as it was shown to her in particular, was now so all-embracing, so complete, that while with one part of her she could melt, down to her very bones, over his recollection of some childish stupidity, or an adult *gaffe* of devastating consequences, another part appreciated with agonizing acuteness his habit of wearing chamois gloves in the train. If John William's mind was cut to a conventional pattern, it was well cut. Some things his bright blue eyes and sharp brain did not choose to understand, but they saw everything. Not a change of expression passed over Lydia's volatile countenance that Bill missed. He was as delicately sensitive to them as a pointer dog to a scent.

Perhaps the first undivided attention she had ever received went to her head. At any rate, after long doubting that such a superlative person could love her, she accepted suddenly his caring for her and from then on believed implicitly that his was the same blinding passion as her own. Each day discovered to her new ways to love him with mind and soul, and her body was only waiting the ceremony which she felt he wanted, to take up the task.

THE unfolding of a hundred reasons for her tenderness, his light touch, his swift response, the way his eyelids were wonderfully made, with the same precision as Stephanyi Brothers' most perfect watches, the perfect co-ordination which commanded his body, his humor and his sudden laughing admissions of foolish imperfections of character (which served to make it seem the more perfect), all united to prove to her that it was possible to love reasonably as well as for no reason at all.

Bill thought himself extremely lucky. If a Norton fell thoroughly in love he did not repeat the process in a lifetime, but married the girl and settled down. He knew himself to be less standardized than his brothers and cousins and more difficult to please. It was providential that the girl he had succumbed to should be singularly engaging from the dashing young New Yorker's point of view, as well as perfectly suitable for his more atavistic purposes. If he had never left the ancestral farm at Hilltop he would have been worried by her almost idolatrous fondness, but years in Europe, of which three had been spent in France, had taught him to appreciate enthusiasm in a mate, and what was more important, the neces ity for this enthusiasm being reciprocal.

HE really loved her. He loved her so much that he was continually amazed at his own emotion. He swallowed her crazy relations, her utterly alien opinions and schooling, her irritating passion for the unusual. It amazed him, his capacity for enduring trials that would formerly have exhausted his patience, never very great, in a few moments. The things he put up with, from her and her family! He, who had never stayed in a place that displeased him or listened for a minute to anyone who bored him! For the sake of holding this child's hands across an English railway carriage he had missed a race at Brooklands, from which wild horses could not have diverted him last summer.

It was ridiculous, this wedding business. A wedding, a necessary evil which he very well understood, although he found it tedious, was the final culminating stone on an edifice which began with Cousin Amy sending a teacup and saucer to the fiancée from Briggs' in Boston; continued through the inevitable letters exchanged with young female relatives whom marriage had banished to Middle West college towns where they tried to keep up with their Junior League work and have babies, facts which made their letters to the new fiancée a little ominous; the presentation of certain heirlooms from each family; the discussions over invitation lists, clearly differentiated, for the church ceremony and the reception; the choice of college mates from Harvard and Northampton as ushers and bridesmaids; the one carefully conventional scene of pre-bridal hysterics; the gradual awful gathering of the clans from Boston and Springfield and Worcester, from various parts of the Berkshires, from Williamstown and Hartford, and Stamford, and the citified relatives from New York and the excessively "county" cousins from the Genesee Valley, and the dreadfully rich but still virtuously conformist uncle who had migrated to Saint Paul, all flocking to the wedding in the trail of their decently generous presents, which had arrived weeks before in little canton flannel sports jackets with the label of their home town's best jeweler sewn across the center. There would be a room set aside for these silver tributes, and a kid sister left to stand guard, discouraging Great Aunt Emma's natural desire to turn up the bottoms in search of the sterling mark.

That was a wedding; Bill loathed it, but granted that they existed. But this gabbling of bright-eyed women in tea-gowns of barbaric beauty; this hectic telephoning to people called Snooks or the Worsted Mouse or Tom, Dick and Harry, who afterwards turned out to be Sir Edwin Lutyens, Lydia Jopokova, Rosa Lewis or the Bishop of London; these curious telegrams and presents from Reinhardt, Gordon Craig, Jean Cocteau, suddenly spilling into the house! Why couldn't they let him go to a registry office and marry Lydia quietly? St. George's, Hanover Square, would be more like a rehearsal of the "Miracle" by the time this gang was through with it.

BUT he was rather taken by Lissa Arbuthnot and Thruxley. The car that met them at the preposterous toy station which they had reached by a circuitous route, involving two changes, was a car that his fingers longed to handle. Not, Lydia understood, that it was as fast as some of the special racing motors he'd driven, but a natural curiosity as to the powers of the latest model 70-120 H.P. Isotta prompted this desire.

The lawns at Thruxley were as close and green as Pullman car plush and far prettier. He liked the orderly policing of the garden with black yews clipped into great cakes and birds and towers; the numbers of earth-colored gardeners who lurked unobtrusively about what appeared an enchantedly empty pleasance astonished him. When the motor approached the house along a path on fire with pink and mauve rhododendrons he let a rare exclamation of surprise escape. It was so beautiful, the warm Tudor house which seemed part of its gardens, so peacefully beautiful.

Lydia, as Cockney in her tastes as a sparrow, admired it, but would have swapped it with Ronald Grant for the Cheyne Row house any day.

They found Lissa with her husband and two sheep dogs on a terrace facing south. The charming tangled worsted of the animals intensified the air of polished good looks belonging to their masters. Lissa, a slim madonna in a Lelong sports dress, made Bill happy at once. He had seldom seen anyone more lovely, although he innocently did not know this and firmly believed he liked her for her excellent moral tone. Lydia had discovered that Bill always reacted to unusually pretty women by remarking on their look of intelligence or kindliness, an idiosyncrasy she felt softly toward, being sure it was unconsciously adopted to save her from jealousy. (*Continued on page 170*)

Orna Link Fur Scarfs

THE FINAL NOTE of luxury, in the glorifying of fine furs! Orna Link Fur Scarfs, exquisite in pelt and workmanship, are fastened with dainty gold or silver chains set with decorative enamel — a touch that gives them a charm and beauty all their own as well as providing an ingenious and secure safety catch. You will be quite enchanted with this exclusive feature—and with the quality and loveliness of the furs themselves. ¶ Your favorite shop will show them to you.

This tag is on every genuine Orna Link Fur Scarf

Exclusive with

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FURRIERS SINCE 1888

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The trunk that never forgets

IF Oshkosh Trunks had eyes and ears and hands and feet, they could hardly serve you more skilfully.

"Keep this safe for me," you say, as you hang up your favorite evening dress in your Oshkosh Wardrobe. (It obeys.)

"Meet me in Southampton, and don't forget to bring my jewel case." (An Oshkosh never forgets!)

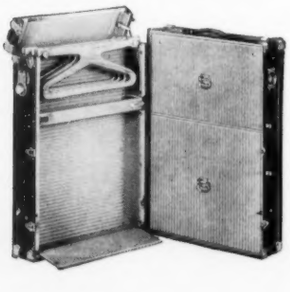
"I should appreciate it if you would keep this dinner coat nicely pressed until a week from Thursday. Bring it out to the Lorillards', and don't get it wet on the way." (The Lorillards will see you at your best.)

And your Oshkosh never needs to be fed, or coaxed or disciplined. It never has nerves, never gets tired of following you around.

Consult the nearest dealer in fine luggage or write us at 503 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, for a booklet that gives some of the reasons why these trunks are so uncanny in their ability to discover your particular needs and fill them.

OSHKOSH TRUNKS

THE OSHKOSH TRUNK COMPANY, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and 8 East 34th St., New York City



The Oshkosh Pullman Wardrobe measures 29" x 20" x 9", just the right size to fit under a Pullman berth. Comes in several models, fibre, or duck-covered. It is ideal for short trips. The price ranges from $30 to $70.

BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 169*)

Lissa, the youngest Stephanyi sister, was so beautiful that it was almost an impertinence the way she disregarded her beauty, dressing always for fashion and never to accentuate by anything becoming or picturesque her classic features. She was equal to putting on disfiguring make-up of bizarre shades if she found it smart.

"One gets so tired of the same face and, besides, look how many professional beauties lose their hold on their husbands! Simon groans but secretly loves it."

Simon obviously loved everything she did. Her disposition was easy-going and Bill found it not difficult to talk to her. He thought she was joking when she spoke of her sisters as creatures rather finer than herself. This lady who had everything in the world could not possibly feel awed admiration for those two who made him nervous.

"I'm the dunce, you know, the stupid one. I can't even sing decently any longer," she said.

But she did sing for them after dinner, and kept the easily-bored members of her house-party, always encouraged to wander far afield, spell-bound in the drawing-room like children playing statues, hardly breathing till she stopped and refused to go on.

The music sang on in Bill's head and was all tangled up with the smell of wall-flowers and the soft feeling of Lydia's hair when he kissed her dozens of times as they stood in the middle of a herbaceous border which was the gardener's particular pride. Under a moon so pale a silver that it was almost the enchanted blue variety, they might have wandered into the lake where the gardener wished them next day when he found their feet had crushed his gold and amber velvet wall-flowers.

"Oh, *let's* get married," said Bill into the nape of her neck.

"Darling, it's less than a month!"

She was almost too happy to speak distinctly.

BILL could not think Lady Arbuthnot quite so grand and thrilling as he would have found her if she had not been Lydia's Aunt Lissa, a quite familiar person who seemed no more impressive to his betrothed than Alix or Athene. But he did like her and her tall, silent husband, and vaguely imagined Lydia and himself in the same sort of setting, with the same cars and servants, without remembering that Simon Arbuthnot was the seventh baronet, Thruxley the family-seat for three hundred years and half a million pounds were in as safe securities as Simon or his wise old solicitors could choose.

Even the Arbuthnot offspring seemed made to order, for there were two boys in school and a small, decorative daughter of nine, who kept the whole household in a state of utter subjection. Yes, Bill thought, they could do very well, Lydia and himself, with something along the lines of Thruxley.

But Lydia, who had adored the week-end, yet appeared to find the interior of the only vacant carriage to town, a grimy, non-corridor "Smoking," almost more thrilling. She inspected all the framed photographs of picturesque England, was amused by the work of some ribald hand which had transformed the sober statement about pulling the window toward you into a joke about widows by the simple method of scratching away certain letters. She made a reference to My Uncle Toby and also something about Mr. Weller. Bill did not like quotations, and to retaliate put on an expression of doltish stupidity, pretending he thought she was mentioning members of her immediate family still unknown to him. He thought her eager delight in the commonplace a little tiresome, and besides he wanted to kiss her. This he did. Obediently she forgot the railway carriage and was in heaven.

FLYING visits for perhaps the very reason of their briefness, their attempt to snatch the concentrated essence of a city in a few days, are apt to give a more accurate impression of the scale-map variety than a stay of any length, just as an observer from an airplane may see more comprehensively a town over which he passes in two minutes, than the oldest inhabitant who has spent a lifetime in or around the market-place. However, as it is almost invariably certain quarters which people mean when they say they "adore" London, or Paris, or Vienna, and not the city as a whole from the point of view of the postal authorities or an attacking general, it is only the long stay which grows in one the particular indulgent passion for one's own familiar *quartier*.

Lydia, who had half-a-dozen times been treated to snatches of Paris by her aunts, her grandfather or her mother, knew it only as a child knows the window of a particularly entrancing toy shop he is hurried past on the way to school. Either she was rushed to Champcommunal's for Lissa Arbuthnot's fittings; to various salons on the left bank by her mother and Alix, which seemed little different from those she had known in other cities, or to certain restaurants where her grandfather made a ritual of eating. All of her family, having long since enjoyed what Lydia called years of wallowing in Paris and its flavor, could not realize the agony with which their indifference to its more obvious charms filled her.

Wherefore, when Bill and she were given by a stroke of fate or a kindly employer a year there, while he had the pretext of helping his firm with a French bond issue, she was in the seventh heaven, a heaven which quite literally was very high, for their flat was on the fifth floor of one of the oldest houses on the Quai Bourbon. The building, at the exact point of the quay where the Ile St. Louis most resembles the prow of a majestic barge being towed down the Seine in the wake of the delicate Gothic of Notre Dame and its island, had a view so romantically perfect that Lydia found it perpetually exciting. By flinging open her bedroom window she was at once in the bow of a ship or surrounded by green and gold leaves of trees as aloofly distinguished as those of Chantilly, or, looking between their branches, was overwhelmed by a panorama of Paris which gave one all the round domes and frail spires and towers which decorated the city.

She could feel nothing but pity for anyone who lived in any other spot. The modern *hôtels* of the Avenue du Bois and Henri Martin with their attendant Hispanos did not seem to her enviable, nor the depressing aristocratic rabbit-warrens of the Faubourg where each flat was filled with some gradation of nobility. Leaning out of her window on the fifth floor of 40, Quai Bourbon, while the river slid past, showing each minute some new adornment to its complacent beauty, in the form of steamboats, coal barges, launches or simply the bobbing line of the inevitable angler under the stone wall, she felt a little sorry for all the unfortunate creatures who had not been lucky enough to have their hands stuffed full of such life as hers of the past six weeks.

SHE could not imagine a honeymoon which would start with anything other than the end coupé on the Golden Arrow, heaped with new pigskin luggage marked with exciting initials which one took good care to appear casual about, but which one had to glance at now and then to be sure they really existed. It would have been dreadful to have traveled away from the church and the organ and faintish trembling hurry of putting on the "going-away" dress in any other conveyance; the thought of an American Pullman chair-car made her shudder. The rush of satisfaction which flooded both their beings at the certain knowledge of being far the best-looking couple on the train or on the Channel boat was ingenuous but delicious, and the fact so self-evident that they had promenaded the platform or deck with an air of charming modesty almost deprecating, as if they were really not such wonders after all, though they saw that even the

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Youth

. . now we may have it . . . now we may keep it . . . year after joyful year!

FRESH as a dewdrop, silken as a flower petal, beguilingly young . . . how we all long for a skin like that!

And how we have dreaded the stinging winds and baking suns, the dust-laden air, the inevitable weary hours, that wipe the youth and sparkle from our faces!

How we have been appalled by the usual expensive combination treatments—so *uncertain* in their results, so *time-devouring!* . . For indeed most of us simply cannot spare the time for them. We are busy, busy, busy, we modern women—whether it be babies, bridge or business or all three that crowd our days so breathlessly.

But now—delightfully—to our aid comes PINAUD, with one light, silken cream that does three astounding things at once:

—*cleanses* each tiny pore more thoroughly than ever was possible before—

—*supples* the tissues to youthful pliancy with delicate, swiftly absorbed oils—

—then, as it WASHES AWAY, *tones* the whole underlying fretwork of tiny muscles and skin glands into vigorous life!

And it takes only half-a-minute to apply and remove.

NOW we need not fear the clogging bits of dirt and grime, the drying winds, the nervous hours, that prematurely age so many women's faces. For now—*with thirty seconds spent with* PINAUD'S CREAM *each day*—we can offset their cruel aging power! Can *keep* our skin velvet-soft, tenderly fresh as the morning! . . . You will find this amazing new cream at leading stores in Jars and Tubes. PINAUD, Paris and New York: Makers of French toilet preparations for over 150 years.

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THIS *extraordinary New Cream of* PINAUD'S *triumphantly overcomes the common fault of ordinary preparations—a fault which skin specialists today are stressing with increasing emphasis. Instead of leaving waxy, fatty traces of itself deep down in the pores, as do ordinary creams—to clog and coarsen them slowly but surely*—PINAUD'S CREAM *gently 'floats' all the aging accumulations of dust and powder to the surface. For it has an actual magnetic attraction for dirt. Then—amazingly—dissolves instantly in clear, cool water. Before one's eyes,* WASHES AWAY! . . . Even after the very first experience with PINAUD'S CREAM, you can see new, beguiling freshness waken in your face! Now it is smoother, softer, actually a-bloom with newborn youth!

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

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coarsened stewards and hoarse Calais porters immediately recognized their claim.

Then to have spent the first weeks of the honeymoon in any place but the hotel Bill had chosen was unthinkable. Lydia felt that those who were forced into accepting the loan of country-houses, vacated but still dreadfully tinctured with family life and normal, every-day existence, must undergo tortures. To her there would have been something obscene in a house as the starting-place of a marriage. The ornate, impersonal dignity of the hotel salon where the marble mantel, gold ormolu clock and cupid-entwined ornaments were coldly reflected in a large mirror, made the table set with supper for two, charmingly theatrical, adorned by roses and its pink candles, all the more intimate and cozy. Bill's hat and gloves and her silver fox appeared to be enjoying a love affair of their own, pitched on to a primly elegant brocade sofa in a heap together. And no servants but these hotel servants, discreetly anonymous or, when you required it, effusively romantic, were fit to be cup-bearers to two people so unbearably in love with each other that only the French would have kept patience with them.

Like a girl who has tried to play a half-heard sonata by ear, and, growing nervous, skipped or improvised until some fond person presented her with the notes, Lydia, who had been hot and cold, frightened and ecstatic by turns during her engagement, found herself finally learning the method as well as the theory of best loving John William. She was glad that it was a thing requiring some time for study before complete perfection could be reached. Everything at once would have been too much! She had always been one who saved her asparagus tips. One began playing a little part well and one learned gradually the delicious difference taste and temperament and imagination could make. Nothing would escape her in the end, she thought; somehow she would possess all of Bill's thoughts and funny ways and know them as well as her lips knew every feature, as her sensitive finger-tips could recognize the now familiar muscles under his shoulders which she privately considered, although admitting a lack of material for comparison, the only perfect shoulders in the world.

Her fingers were attuned, like a safe-breaker's skinned to a delicacy of touch, to all the marvelous symmetry which God had chosen to bestow on this son of a Congregational Divine who mortified the flesh and admired only the colder facets of the brain. She knew that her grandfather felt the same way about pearls, letting them slip through his hand lovingly, that her mother could only have condoned or understood these emotions applied to a Waterford goblet or an association copy of Shelley. In herself these passions were for the animate, this flesh and blood that responded to her lips and confused her with an intolerable happiness by being quick-witted and charming as well as amiable and good-looking.

IF A miracle had endowed her with the genius of a sculptor, she could have carved a marble likeness of her husband without looking at him. He was more present to her in the warm dark, lit only by the recurrent glow of their cigarette ends, than by daylight; she knew the way he looked, visualized every dimension more clearly than when she saw him jump naked out of the bath into their bedroom, searching in bright sunlight for the white toweling robe she had forgotten to hang up again.

Bill loved good living, quick thinking and Lydia. He was perpetually pulled away from these by memories of Hilltop and the ideals of his first years at Harvard which, however, could never outweigh the new standards which the attrition of his English university and the war years had gathered. This structure of tastes and preferences super-imposed on the New England granite almost invariably won out, giving him a mind elastic enough to see no harm in public smoking for women or the use of swear words and lip-stick. His strict sense of the necessity for personal continence had been little affected by two affairs in France during leaves, and one more permanent relation afterward; the former he disregarded and the latter he regularized by calling it a marriage in the sight of God, only prevented by the unkindness of destiny. Having fallen completely in love with Lydia and married her, he reduced the affair to absolutely nothing in the sight of God or anyone else.

Lydia, with the blind partisanship of someone who hears only one side of a story and that in the flame-lit darkness of midnight, surrounded by the narrator's arm, felt that the Russian woman could never have fully appreciated Bill, and dismissed the two transitory amours as utterly unimportant. She showed an unconscious ingratitude in this, for without these experiences her husband would never have known, when she was tired, how to enchant her with whispered love-making in a restaurant under cover of a correctly blank expression; the best way of shutting out the world and creating a new one, bound only by the walls of the bedroom, or even what to order for dinner. Such ingratitude to predecessors was only to be expected from her.

BUT Bill equally forgot the importance of his training and believed all his charm the result of a natural genius for marriage. As he was self-controlled, as well as in love, he made attractions out of Lydia's drawbacks, her incorrigible passion for disorder, a clean, well-washed messiness which consisted in strewing three rooms with garments which might well have all hung decorously from one hook, her inability to regard the clock as an exact authority which allowed of no varying interpretations.

It was true that after he had again started work in the brokerage office he found on his return, very late and tired from business, certain Stephanyi habits a little trying. It was difficult for him to understand why Lydia wished to discuss, after he had put out the light and sealed her mouth with a good-night kiss as one stamps a letter before slipping it into the post-box, in a tone of bright, disinterested curiosity, various impersonal subjects better suited to after-dinner conversation than the conjugal bedroom. Quite forgetting that for the first two weeks they had often talked until dawn turned the windows milky blue, he found it vaguely annoying to be held from much-needed sleep by an interminable exposition of why it was even harder on an incurably disorderly person to live with a really neat one, than for the meticulous person to adjust himself to strewn garments. Punctuated by sudden laughs, occasional epigrams and demands for attention, for all the world as if she were amusing guests in the drawing-room, Lydia would expect Bill to continue these talks indefinitely into the night. Nothing would stop her except the pretence of heavy sleep, possibly aided by a few snores which in the end proved even more wearing, for Lydia would burst into tears, badly stifled by a small baby-pillow she affected, and required ardent love-making before she was convinced that he really cared for her again.

He found it hard, also, to keep track of her sudden changes which would vary from a romantic and hopeless melancholy, caused, had he known it, by rising at eight o'clock instead of ten, which bade him farewell when he left in the morning to a teasing and bubbling gaiety which greeted him when he returned in the late afternoon from business. He would hurry across the bridge worrying about her health or her spirits and be met by the sight of her leaning out of the window attired in gold damask pyjamas whistling to him, throwing rice to attract his attention, her eyes and mouth crinkling and laughing as if they would spill over their precious content of mirth.

He was fond of jokes himself and would sometimes come up the interminable

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stairs, wheezing and squeaking in exact imitation of the concierge, producing a very fair counterpart of her curses at climbing so far to deliver the Americans' letters, and burst into the bedroom just as Lydia was searching in all the drawers and scrabbling through pockets for a *pourboire* to appease the aged dame. Sometimes the flat, glowing with sunset light and full of the sound of Lydia's songs and the *bonne's* religious chanting over the soup pot, seemed to him a pleasant earthly paradise. A few of his pleasantries leaned toward the "practical," while Lydia, like all the Stephanyis, was amused chiefly by the strictly unpractical joke.

He wanted her to have friends, nice people, worth knowing, like the resident partner of the firm and his pretty wife, or some of the younger couples attached to the American Embassy. He really was anxious about her days, those long hours that stretched out while he was away, and, although he disapproved of the friends she already knew in Paris, some people called Castelli on the Rue Vaugirard and a crazy little half-French girl married to Jerry Green (a man he had considered since Harvard days rather a tick) just as little worth while, still he could have better understood her seeing these people incessantly than nobody at all. Lydia's passionate absorption in the doings of the *quartier*, the little island which was a curious survival of the Middle Ages set in the heart of Paris, her excited interest in the heart affairs of their servant Berthe, her hour-long chats with the concierge who knew every bit of gossip about the occupants of their house and practically all about the neighbors, was utterly incomprehensible.

He could not see why she liked to spend a sunny afternoon leaning against the doorway talking to that empurpled French Revolution figure, Madame Coignet, who sat knitting incessantly in a broken chair, while she gabbled scandal, or why she wanted to tease the old fisherman, the drone husband of another concierge, by chatting with him over the warm gray parapet about the prospects of a catch. Her French was less good than his own, yet at every shop on the island, the butcher and baker and candlestick maker regaled her with long and, to him, boring tales of their private lives.

Even the Castellis and Denise Green would have been more acceptable company to his mind.

HE DID not realize that her life was so filled to the brim with him that only these encounters were necessary to an existence already so rich in happiness. Once or twice, most unwillingly, she paid calls on Embassy people at his request. Afterward she explained how much less amusing these ladies were than Berthe or Madame Coignet. This he put down as another typical Stephanyi paradox.

Lydia, after a brave attempt to find stockings that matched, new beige gloves not yet furred or whitened by frequent cleanings, clean calling-cards and a fresh handkerchief, would return bedraggled and woebegone from these excursions into what Bill called decent society, having, somehow in the process, steeped her gloves in ink, torn her stockings and blanketed her exuberant spirits with a pall of gloom. She would describe her adventures vividly, always calling the lady in question (either the broker's wife, the consort of a visiting banker or an American Embassy lady) "Mrs. Puddleduck," unless the slight variation of "Mrs. Poodleduck" took its place. To John William's annoyance, he found himself unconsciously adopting this arbitrary nomenclature even toward the wife of his chief, or the fantastically rich and therefore extremely impressive widow recently married to an acquaintance in the Foreign Service.

Why Lydia should be so inept at these social amenities puzzled him as much as her utter incapacity for learning bridge, which he happened to play rather well. It was particularly strange in view of the fact that twice, having met former friends of her family in their favorite Russian restaurant, she had dined with them with every appearance of easy enjoyment and entertained them without any bridal timidity or hectic preparations in the Quai Bourbon flat. This, when the people in question were a semi-royal Hungarian count and countess and a younger couple called by an indisputably ancient Italian title.

How much more normal and pleasant it would have been had she gradually formed one of a Paris-American set who played golf at Saint-Cloud, bridge at home, hookey from their well-established businesses and shot all the smaller forms of fauna at the correct seasons. So burning a question did this last become that, after one occasion when Bill had remonstrated with Lydia, pointing out the attractions of rabbit shooting in the immense preserves of his diplomatic friend's hired château, she had gone forth at noon to the animal shops along the Chatelet and purchased four white Belgian hares with pink eyes, and a toy pop-gun, which greeted him in the dining-room on his return from work.

"If you want to do bunnies in, why not at home?" she asked. "I hate most house-parties worse than poison."

As they had been married slightly less than five months, he thought the episode charming. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were swapped next day for a blue Persian kitten who finally decided, with infinite condescension, to adopt the Nortons permanently.

They were happiest of all on Friday and Saturday nights, when, after violent efforts to heat the "geezer" red hot (the plumbing was as antique as the furniture) for two supplementary baths much more exciting than the regulation morning ones, Bill and Lydia stole each other's pet toilet luxuries, used clouds of talcum, three bath sheets, floating bowls of expensive soap, and squabbled over the long mirror until, radiant as two highly elegant *automobiles de luxe* fresh from the coachmaker's, they strolled forth for the conquest of the town.

Across the gray stone bridge the proud eye of Berthe followed them, Lydia in swaying green taffeta hoops under a closely swathed gold and emerald shawl, Bill, smart as a magpie, in slim tails and a shining top-hat. All Berthe would say to them before the front door clicked, was a grudging, "*Pas mal, pas mal! Bonsoir, Monsieur, Madame*," but, once gone, she would point at Monsieur and murmur, "*C'est un beau plant*," to the concierge, or nodding at Lydia's receding silks, say, "*Bien belle, assez de race, notre petite Madame Norton.*"

AH, THOSE nights out together—they were keen ecstasy, a quickening of the blood, a mutual pride sharp as a sword. From the moment they passed, in search of a taxi, the disintegrating, leprous public bathing boat marked *Bains chauds*, obviously never occupied for any purposes by anything but river rats, until another taxi faltered around the quay in search of their house while dawn flushed the sky behind Notre Dame, every moment was a pleasure.

They dined everywhere, Lapenouse when they felt rich, Rampanneau when they were greedy, Ciro's if they were wearing their best clothes. Some alchemy changed Lydia, the untidy and vague, into the most charming dinner companion imaginable, who could make John William forget all his *devoirs* toward the various middle-aged ladies in the room whom duty and self-interest told him to dance with. Her tongue, sharply spiced and swift as a little rapier, flashed over these people, turning them into nonentities who would bore him. Sometimes, afterward, he would regret his complete immersion in Lydia's charm, knowing that he should have obeyed the sign which Mrs. Alexander Burr made, telling him to bring his wife over and join the larger party. But at the time, her wit, her piquant prettiness in the best evening dress, the string of pearls, the eighteenth-century paste earrings swinging from ears pink with a scrubbing he had himself administered,

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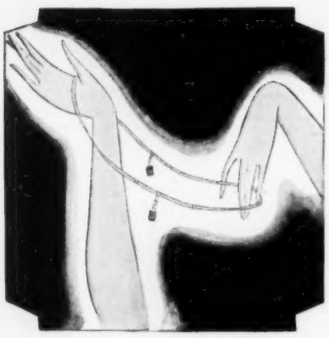

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

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seemed to enclose him in a sparkling net, blinding him with myriad twinkles and flashes. Neither he nor Lydia had any idea that she was unconsciously employing every charm she had herself ever learned from her mother and aunts. In fact Bill put down a great deal of this enslavement across the restaurant table to his natural talent for domesticity. His wife's violent dread of outside companionship was not apparent except in the flattering preference she showed for being alone with him. Even her own friends, people like Jerry and Denise, who would have been met with cries of joy before her marriage, now only received one of those cheerful but infinitely intangible smiles and a wave of the hand which in no way suggested joining up with them.

Lydia was carefully piling all her eggs in one basket, but for various reasons she seemed to find it worth while. If she preferred dancing always with the same partner, it was up to her to dance well. At the end of seven months, when someone asked her if she was not thrilled by the reconciliations which followed quarrels with Bill, she could have answered truthfully that as yet she had never had the opportunity to taste that pleasure. They never quarreled. Apparently his taste for cross-word puzzles and hers for Marcel Proust did not clash. As for the things that amused them, these drew closer, Lydia finding a source of innocent merriment in Bill's puns and "set pieces," dirty stories no longer dirty when told in a cross between a Cambridge-England and Cambridge-Massachusetts accent, and he began unconsciously to expect and enjoy her spontaneous verbal fireworks on any subject.

TIME which, for them, like Lydia's favorite clock, had stopped, brandished a scythe in the shape of a stern summons to Bill to return and take up his position again in the Wall Street office of the firm.

"We'll be poor in New York," Bill told her.

"Poor?" Lydia's fork, lifted in the air, fell to her plate in astonishment. "How do you mean, poor?"

The question of poverty did not present itself in their ménage. There were the forty pounds a month from Donald Graeme, another twenty pounds which usually stretched to thirty from her grandfather, Bill's salary of three hundred dollars a month, and, as a reserve supply, the many checks they had gathered in as wedding presents. That made about two hundred thousand francs a year and who wanted more? They had no car, which was hard on Bill, but taxis were thick as blackberries across the bridge, and if one's purse was temporarily depleted, large snub-nosed 'buses hurtled all over the place. Berthe cooked like an angel and kept the place fairly clean for five hundred francs a month which she considered high wages. Chickens, and little steaks, mushrooms and green peas and baby carrots, endive and lettuce, and Camembert which not only ran but galloped, American coffee, and China tea, strawberries, apricots, cherries, asparagus, even caviar, had at various times adorned that kitchen, shining with copper and nickel pans, cheerful with checked curtains and Berthe's loud singing. The sheets on their immense double bed were linen, Lydia had added dozens of towels to the meager supply left by the *locataire*, there was always soap and powder and *Eau de Verveine* on the bathroom shelves.

In the tiny paneled dining-room the cupboards contained half-a-dozen Château Lafitte, some Meursault, a few bottles of bock, various jewel-like liqueurs, fiery Calvados and some old brandy. That Lydia and Bill usually stole Berthe's *ordinaire* and mixed its purplish acidity with water or drank a mixture of cheap Graves and Seltzer did not destroy the pleasure of owning this complete store, saved in honor of tremendous occasions, each month's private celebration of their wedding day or the night they had met. With everything that they could possibly desire at hand in the flat, and after this was all paid for, a sufficient margin left for those glorious Friday and Saturday nights out, they were rich. These excursions would have been rather reckless had they not discovered that some of the cheaper Russian places thrilled them quite as much as the gilded haunts of luxury.

One night in the Caveau Muscovite, where they had repaired after a dinner unmistakably French and a good deal more digestible than the buttery Russian cuisine of the little *café chantant*, they noticed from their usual corner a newcomer among the groups of habitués who composed the clientele.

HE MIGHT have been forty or fifty; at one moment Lydia thought him thirty-five and, therefore, not so very much older than her sacred John William. But, noticing a certain tiredness about the predatory face, her opinion of its age jumped fifteen years. They had not long to speculate.

"Do you know, I believe you are my daughter," said the stranger, and before Bill's mouth could drop as completely as it evidently was going to drop he had seated himself opposite them and was staring at Lydia fiercely.

"You are very unlike your mother in appearance," he remarked at the end of the examination. This evidently seemed to relieve him, for presently the pint of champagne on their table was replaced by a quart, and Donald Graeme had accomplished the obviously difficult feat of smiling.

"Ah, you've been taught to regard me as the ogre from the North, have you not, now?" he asked. "'Hush ye, hush ye, dinna fret ye, the black Douglas shall not get ye?' It's like that, isn't it?"

Lydia denied this indignantly.

"Though why I should be expected to love you particularly, when you've not laid eyes on me since I was eight, and more or less jettisoned me at four, I can't see!"

With somewhat the tactics of an examining counsel he cocked a wily Caledonian eye of cold gray at her and insisted:

"But no doubt, living about with your mother, you've heard what a terr-rible villain I am?"

"I've never lived about with my mother!" she protested. "Why, she never comes near me, at least not if she can avoid it. Until Bill and I decided to get married, Grandfather and I'd not seen her for two years."

The legal light in Donald Graeme's eye gleamed brightly.

"If I'd known that fact, perhaps I'd have dropped in to tea with you one day. Your husband is giving me the most terrible glares. Tell him I'm harmless, child."

And indeed, Bill was horrified by the sudden re-appearance of a father whom he had regarded as dead in the sight of God. Fathers should not descend suddenly upon their offspring in Russian restaurants as the orchestra played "Dosvidanya." It was disturbing and unsuitable. But Lydia was attracted by this curious parent.

"How should I know whether you are harmless?" she laughed.

"You forgot to tell me whether you've always heard I was a black villain or not?"

"Is this the third degree or a cross-examination? Grandfather never talks against people; he says sooner or later one will be obliged to do business with them and then it's awkward. Besides, he has lovely manners—before he went to Harvard he was at Winchester—about a million years ago. 'Manners makyth man,' you know."

"Thank you for the subtle reproach, child. When you go squizzling up your eyes that way and letting the dragon pounce out of you with his fiery tongue, you look more like your mother. I mind when your mother would go stalking around in a wee white tunic thing all over the highlands, singing 'Hi, bonny boat like a bird on the wing.' And all the neighbors scandalized, and I worried, for she had a cold in her head, and was singing

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For reducing the bust and upper abdomen, and shaping the figure. Made of cream colored rubber in front and coutil back. Send bust measure. *Price* **$7.00**

CHIN REDUCER . . . *Price* **$2.50**

PRETTY ANKLES AND CALVES $3.75 per pair

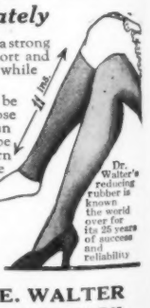
almost immediately

DR. WALTER'S special extra strong Ankle Bands will support and shape the ankle and calf while reducing them.

They fit like a glove. May be worn under any kind of hose without detection. You can note the difference in shape of ankle at once. May be worn at night and reduce while you sleep, or during the day, deriving the extra benefit of the support.

Send ankle and calf measures.

Write for Dr. Walter's Special Ankle Bands for $3.75. Pay by check or money order (no cash) or pay postman.



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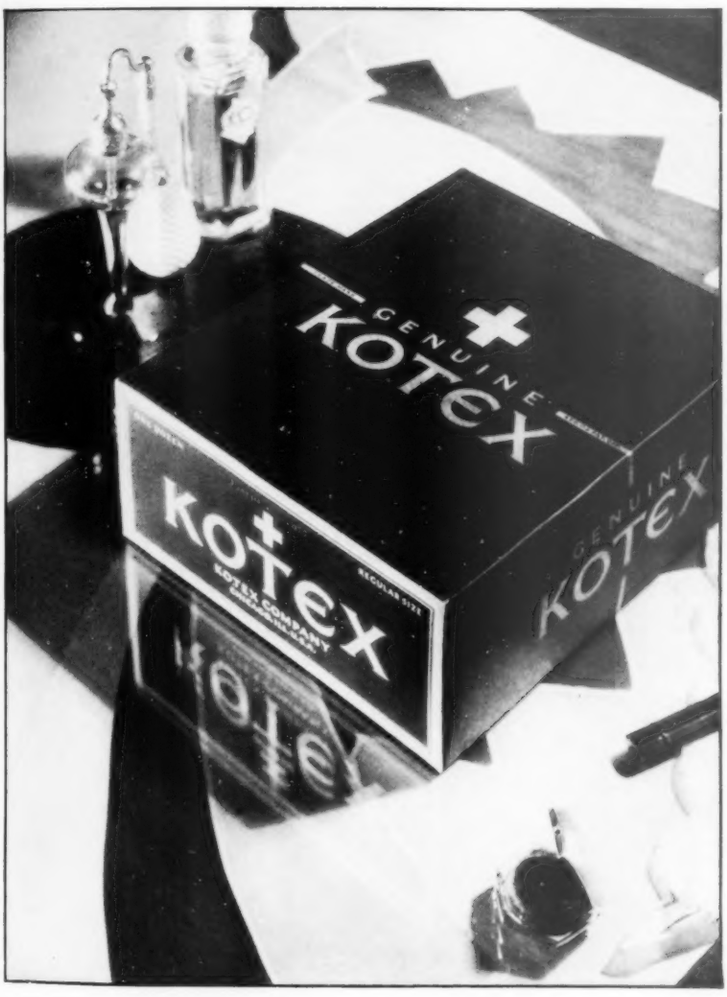
"One Detail of Fastidious Grooming no Woman dares overlook"

—*Says a Smart Fashion Designer*



The truly well-dressed woman is as meticulous about sanitary protection as she is about any costume detail.

THE vogue of the slim silhouette, the present tendency toward fitted effects and simple, revealing lines has necessitated an improvement in sanitary grooming. The new Kotex is now shaped so as to meet this need, and all smart women recognize it.

Kotex Deodorizes Completely*

And another hindrance to fastidious grooming is finally removed: Kotex deodorizes thoroughly and safely—by a patented process.* Greater softness of texture; marvelous absorbency; instant disposability; the fact that you can add or remove layers of the filler—these things are of great importance for comfort and good health. Cellucotton absorbent wadding, which fills Kotex, actually takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture. That is 5 times more than cotton itself. Kotex scientists have tried every new way to achieve perfection in a sanitary pad. Improved Kotex is the result of their research.

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***and for the* YOUNG MAN**

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BRIGHT INTERVALS

(*Continued from page 174*)

in A sharp, and I never knew whether it was Bonny Prince Charlie or Anacreon she was in love with, but was pretty sure it was not me."

Suddenly Bill began to laugh. Every charming line of good-temper in his handsome face deepened and he could no longer restrain his roars. This might be no progenitor worthy of the Hilltop standard, but the man was amusing.

Lydia felt she must defend her mother. This tall, dark stranger was fearfully exciting, but family loyalty called for a fight.

"And what were you doing at the time?" she asked with asperity.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I was a bit irritating myself. There was a time when I told your mother's grand friends I was a veterinary, and all the contradicting she'd do would never make them believe different. Many's the dog I've doctored for them. But another time I said I was a dentist, and as I'm not strong on teeth-pulling, it was hardly a successful story. You've lost some of the Stephanyi looks, having me for a father, but I'll bet your husband has never found the house upset and no dinner for three days because it was the tercentenary of Philip Sydney's death. Now don't catch me up on that Sydney man, for it may have been Marlowe or that wee Welshman your mother was mourning. I know nothing about the poets except Heine."

"Why on earth Heine?"

"Because your mother wasn't the greatest living authority on him. I had to have one fellow of my own, didn't I?"

Lydia and Bill locked hands under the table-top. Their marriage was so close, so perfect and inviolable that these echoes of past strife were only amusing.

Donald Graeme grinned at them.

"The two of you are in love, eh? I saw all the pictures of you in the papers and the list of guests, Lord this and the Countess of that, and the grand presents, which reminds me that I sent you a very handsome silver tea-set from the best shop in Edinburgh, which I'll be asking you to give me tea out of in a day or two. I'm over to try a racing car the Alfa-Romeo people are building me. It's a silly amusement, driving, but no worse than playing bridge."

Bill gave a start of pleasure. For weeks and months his love for Lydia and his work had shut out every other interest, but now he plunged with delight into a long technical discussion of motors with this extremely acute person who was, ridiculously, his father-in-law. They stopped being two bristling, antagonistic males of thirty and fifty and became small boys, breathing with excitement over a new toy engine. Lydia felt an obscure pride fill her at the sight of the fair head and the dark grizzled one bent over a diagram drawn with a fork on the table-cloth. Her father was grim and hawk-like, but undoubtedly good-looking and amusing. They parted at midnight, having arranged to go out with him in the new car the next day.

"He's not really a veterinary, Lydia?" Bill asked a trifle uneasily as they climbed into a taxi. Did veterinaries go in for Bentleys and Alfa-Romeos? Or was the man joking?

"Bill, my great oaf, he's the most famous surgeon in Scotland!"

Which only proved to John William that of all crazy families, this one he was connected with was the craziest.

(*To be continued*)

SPRINGTIME IN AIKEN

(*Continued from page 97*)

the evening they all turn into near-grown-ups and look adorable in floating chiffons and georgettes.

One pretty girl wore black lace that first night, with a great flower of nile green on her shoulder and nile green satin slippers.

I noticed again how well crêpe de Chine looks on the tall, slender sun-burned woman, how charming the newer fashions are in their elaborate simplicity. Any attempt at over-dressing in the evening, in a place of this kind, where one has spent the day in a riding-habit or sports clothes, would be out of key with the informality of the life.

Not only the rider is at home here, though a thread of horse interest runs through the atmosphere continually. Golf and tennis bring many devotees of those sports and the climate is ideal for them.

In the autumn, they tell me, among other things, they have dove shooting, a most difficult sport, as the doves are very quick in flight. Six or seven doves is a good afternoon's bag, because of this swiftness, so the massacre is not exaggerated.

Mrs. Hitchcock has put rabbits into her woods and loves to go out with her beagles. She had an accident this winter, breaking her ankle in her own garden. It was set in a plaster cast and she rode with it that way till it was crushed again and broken in three places. Still she is most active and never a school event is organized that she does not distribute the prizes, lame as she is. She spends her time thinking up ways of encouraging and amusing the sporting younger set and the colony speaks of her, universally, with love and admiration. Truly a grand hostess of the old school.

The Skiddy von Stades come here every year, and both the boys are fine horsemen. Young Louis E. Stoddard is also a coming man in the saddle.

On Saturday afternoon we motored over to Augusta, Georgia, for tea, for it is only fifteen miles away. It is a flourishing city, with the traffic of New York and a gorgeous hotel on the heights. We had a delicious tea in the Sun Glow Tea Room, which is all done in sunset yellows and made me think, too, of a bed of yellow tea roses, in its dozen shades of that gay color.

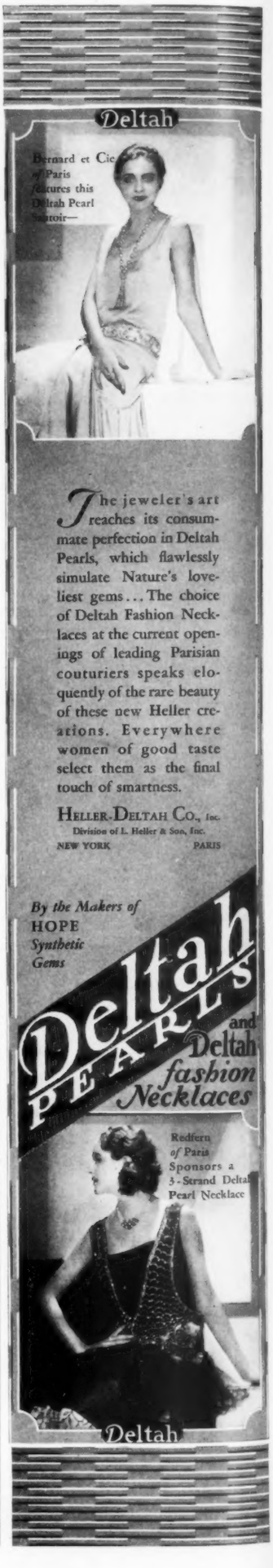
(*Concluded on page 178*)

TREASURE

OF sparkling silver is the sea,
Beside the silver sand.
And 'neath a stately cypress tree
Two silver oxen stand.

Nor does it seem that there could be
More richness to behold,
Until the sun sinks in the sea
And turns them all to gold!

Dorothy Caruso


Deltah
Bernard et Cie of Paris features this Deltah Pearl Sautoir—
The jeweler's art reaches its consummate perfection in Deltah Pearls, which flawlessly simulate Nature's loveliest gems... The choice of Deltah Fashion Necklaces at the current openings of leading Parisian couturiers speaks eloquently of the rare beauty of these new Heller creations. Everywhere women of good taste select them as the final touch of smartness.
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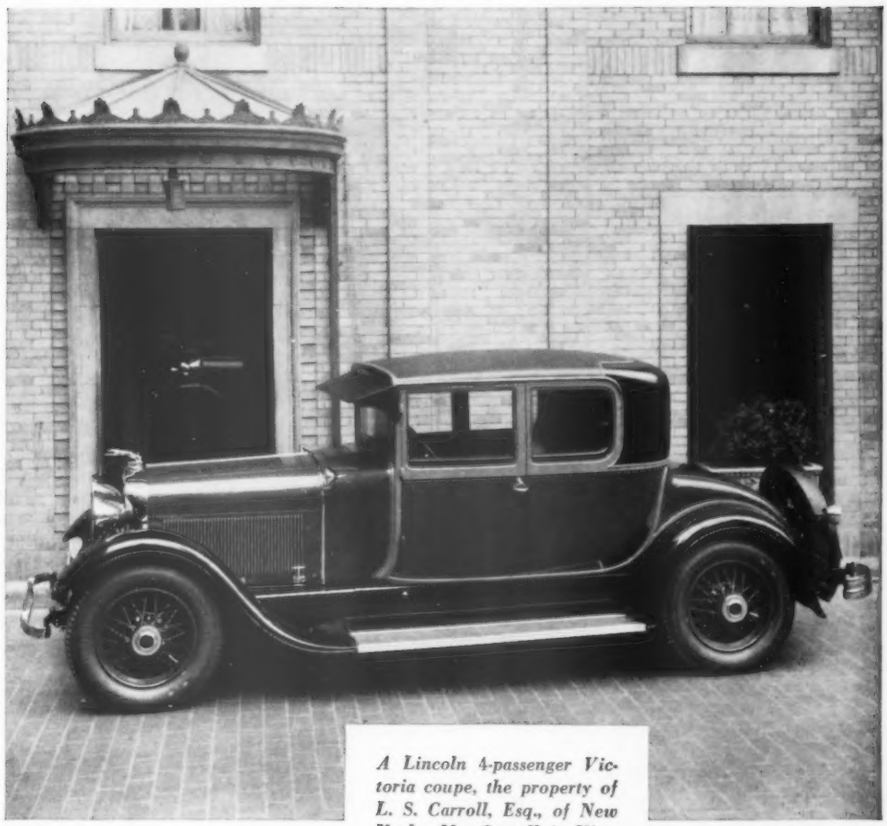
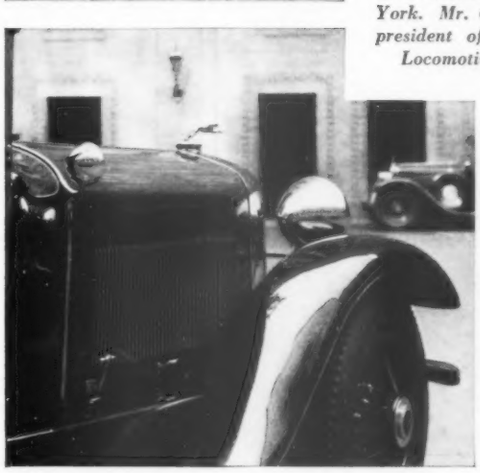
A CAR IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY IT KEEPS

IF YOU were to examine the list of prominent Lincoln owners (and they are to be found in every corner of the world) you could not fail to gain a new respect for this very individual motor car. For that list includes a great many royal personages, high governmental officials, foreign dignitaries and diplomats, well-known figures in business and society . . . names familiar in every corner of the world . . . people of substance and standing, knowing the best, and as a matter of course obtaining it. A most distinguished patronage.

Such people turn naturally to the Lincoln, because it is built for them . . . because it is at once beautiful and dignified . . . because it is smart . . . because it is so admirably made that it will bear them swiftly, silently, smoothly, season after season, wherever they wish to go. . . . Because, in its insistence upon excellence, in its unswerving fidelity to the highest ideals and traditions, it represents all that they value most.

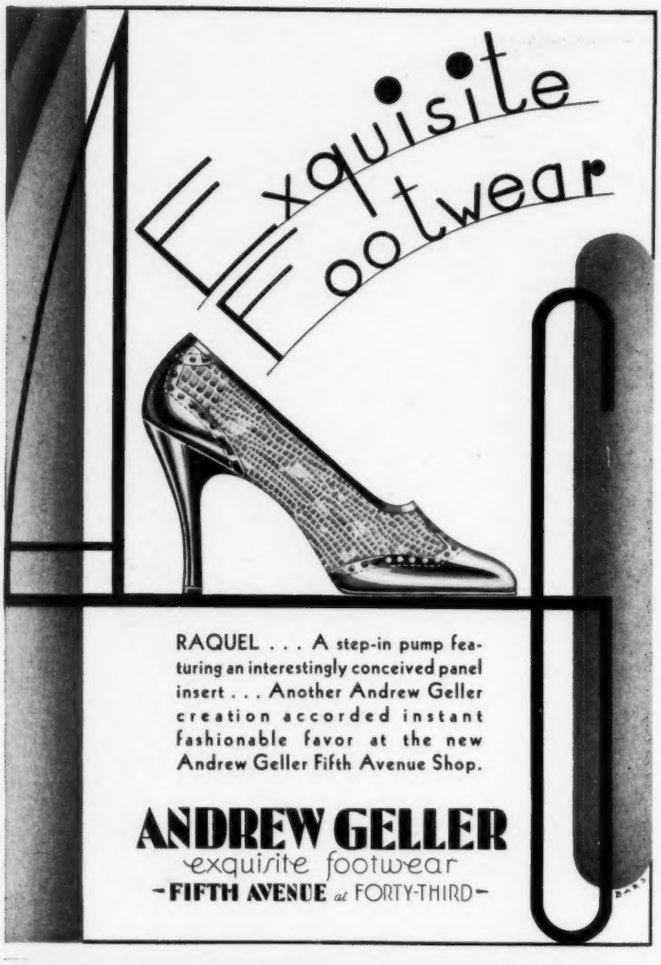


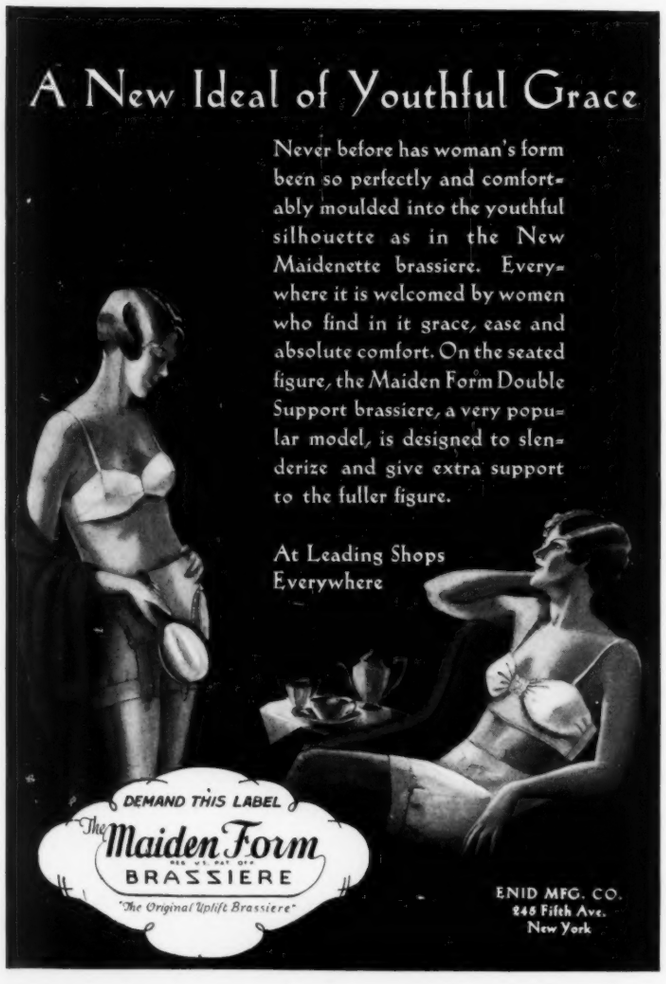
A Lincoln 4-passenger Victoria coupe, the property of L. S. Carroll, Esq., of New York. Mr. Carroll is Vice-president of the American Locomotive Company.



"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

THE LINCOLN


Exquisite Footwear
RAQUEL . . . A step-in pump featuring an interestingly conceived panel insert . . . Another Andrew Geller creation accorded instant fashionable favor at the new Andrew Geller Fifth Avenue Shop.
ANDREW GELLER
exquisite footwear
-FIFTH AVENUE at FORTY-THIRD-


A New Ideal of Youthful Grace
Never before has woman's form been so perfectly and comfortably moulded into the youthful silhouette as in the New Maidenette brassiere. Everywhere it is welcomed by women who find in it grace, ease and absolute comfort. On the seated figure, the Maiden Form Double Support brassiere, a very popular model, is designed to slenderize and give extra support to the fuller figure.
At Leading Shops Everywhere
DEMAND THIS LABEL
The Maiden Form
BRASSIERE
"The Original Uplift Brassiere"
ENID MFG. CO.
245 Fifth Ave.
New York

Girls' polo at Aiken.

SPRINGTIME IN AIKEN

(*Concluded from page 176*)

The informality of Aiken is its great charm. It has none of the resort quality one finds in so many places. People, the same people, come year after year and take houses and settle down to life out-of-doors, in the sun. There never was a place where sport was less commercialized. You may come or go as you will, and, through a great lady's generosity, all outdoors is yours to enjoy.

It reminds me of the life my Irish hunting cousins used to tell me about before the war. They lived on horseback, and a habit was much more important than an evening gown. They courted and proposed on horseback; they may even have been married on horseback, for all I know.

On Sunday evening I went for a picnic in the woods. We had a buggy which seemed in momentary danger of tipping over as we struck deep ruts driving through the pines; indeed, my delightful hostess told me, with a flash of her teeth as we came back in the dark, that they often *did* turn over. But I was so happy with sandwiches and cocoa joggling inside me, and so enchanted at the thought of a picnic in bleak March, and with the stars above the pines and the swarms of stagey fireflies, that I only giggled at the thought.

In the daytime cardinals call in these woods, blue jays flash across your way and woodpeckers perch on the dizziest heights. One friend of mine told me a cardinal dashed himself to death against the wire screening of their veranda, and they gave him a real funeral, with tears, as they felt they had lost a friend.

A delicious sense of *laissez aller* creeps into one's veins here. It is true my New York nerves, used to flying taxis, wanted to push the horse along bodily the first day I drove. But in a day or two that sensation wears off and one becomes gentle and relaxed in spirit.

The riding horses for hire are astonishingly good-looking beasts, quite the best collection I have ever seen.

There was splendid polo on Saturday with Hitchcock, McCoy and other first-rate men to watch, and on Sunday the small boys held the field. There is always something to watch or do. As Mrs. George Mead said, it is hard to keep to your dates, for no sooner have you made a tennis appointment than you hear of something exciting going on somewhere which you must take in.

The sporting instinct persists, for as we sat at tea on Mrs. Mead's veranda the children were having a bee hunt with air rifles, below us, among the flowering azaleas. Great trees covered with purple, drooping plumes of wistaria, towered above the azaleas. I have never known which is more beautiful—purple or white wistaria, and here both dangle their feathers before you, waiting for admiration.

On Monday we drove out to Steeple Field in the Hitchcock woods for the Aiken Hunter Trials. It was a glorious morning with a strong wind chasing the clouds high above us. After a long drive we came to the rendezvous and found many buggies and riders drawn up in front of the jumps. One woman rode in the classic side-saddle habit of dark blue cloth, with bowler hat and close black veil, but the majority of the women wore brown tweed coats with matching or lighter, plain skirts, when they did not wear breeches. Soft brown felt hats were pulled well over their eyes and here and there a pink or blue shirt showed in place of the white crash stock.

The girls wore blue or white shirts, or high-necked sweaters of yellow, beige or cream and very few of them bothered with hats. Yellow string gloves looked very smart.

Josefa Hofmann, daughter of the famous pianist, took the jumps alone in the middle- and heavy-weight hunters class, and went over in excellent form. Her mother stood under a tree near me, watching every move, her fingers anxiously at her lips, relieved and smiling when it was all over and Josefa had won a round of applause.

Again the horses were superb, and only a few refusals marred the jumping.

The spectators in buggies were mostly charmingly dressed, short-sleeved frocks being especially in place as the sun was really hot.

Behind the trees colored men were preparing luncheon, for the jumping was to continue into the afternoon.

All along the trail, on the way out and in, John Henry and I turned out from time to time, to let groups of riders pass us, and always there were courteous thanks.

You feel like being polite and kind down here, it is in the atmosphere of the place. After the jostling, pushing hurry of New York where manners in public often go by the board, it is a joy to sun oneself in this spirit of kindliness, of gentleman's sport and hospitality.

A charming expedition at this time of year is to motor over to Charleston, about three hours, they tell me, to see the marvelous azalea and magnolia gardens. The white Cherokee roses of the South and the big petaled, single yellow ones leave an undying picture in one's mind.

It is good to get away to unsophisticated people, once in a while. I asked a waiter one day if he had any cigarettes, naming only the Turkish name of them. "No, m'am," he said, "we only got seed *an'* raisin cake."

That was quite all right with me.

Everybody's Talking
Everybody's talking about the marvelous whiteness of teeth after using Listerine Tooth Paste a short time. You will be delighted.
Large Tube, 25c

This antiseptic shampoo gets rid of dandruff quickly

BE on guard against dandruff. Don't let it get the upper hand. Treat it immediately with Listerine as a precaution against thin hair and baldness.

Literally tens of thousands have been benefited by this simple pleasant treatment.

Once you realize that dandruff is a highly infectious condition caused by germs, you can appreciate the effectiveness of full strength Listerine in checking it.

Because used this way, Listerine is an effective germicide—so active it even destroys 200,000,000 of the stubborn Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

We could not make such a statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

Though powerful, Listerine, at the same time, is so safe, that it will not harm the tenderest tissues. Indeed, it has a soothing effect. Actually balm to burning, itching scalps. After a Listerine treatment your head feels simply great.

At the first sign of dandruff, simply douse full strength Listerine on the scalp and massage vigorously, keeping the treatment up several days. If scalp is excessively dry a little castor or olive oil may be used in connection with the shampoo. It is the combination of antiseptic and massage that does the work. You will simply be delighted by results. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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The Safe and Soothing Antiseptic

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Mont St. Michel is literally a high spot in your jaunt to Normandy and Brittany, and Normandy is just right after Paris . . . it's all a part of a trip abroad, and you're planning one, aren't you? Most everybody is! Won't you let our Travel Bureau assist you with your plans? We answer with alacrity telephone calls, letters, and questions in person.

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Princess Ingrid of Sweden.

A PRINCESS IN THE MAKING

By KATHERINE GLOVER

TALES of princesses used to begin with once-upon-a-time, but this is a tale of a very modern now and a princess who upsets most of one's traditional notions. With the shifting scene and temper of the people of kingdoms to-day, being a royal personage requires more ingenuity than almost any other conceivable calling. With all the trappings of majesty to foster the illusion, it was comparatively easy to be tyrant or despot or exalted sovereign, but stripped of most of the trappings and with veneration as out of date as pompadours, it is not so simple to play the part of king or prince or princess gracefully and effectively.

No country in Europe takes its royal family more democratically and casually, but with more genuine affection, than Sweden. And the family of King Gustaf has learned the trick of translating sovereignty into modern terms. The Swede will say to an American, defending the persistence of the royal system: "After all, it costs us very little more than your presidents cost you. And we like our royal family. They are so terribly decent."

I rarely passed the beautiful royal palace in Stockholm, which is so reminiscent of older, statelier days, but with an extremely modern life swirling close to its doors, without thinking of the young Princess Ingrid living there, like a butterfly in the chrysalis, waiting to unfold her wings—to what possible fate? Why is it that romance weaves its web so much more about a princess than a prince? Perhaps the spell of the fairy-tale persists. For long, princes have mingled freely in the world but princesses have retained until very recently an aloofness that creates mystery.

Sweden has four royal princesses, Princess Ingrid, the only princess in the direct line, daughter of the Crown Prince. The other three: daughters of Prince Carl, Princess Margareta, wife of Prince Axel, of Denmark, Princess Astrid, wife of the Belgian Crown Prince, and the Princess Martha, the recent bride of Crown Prince Olaf of Norway. The two daughters of Prince Oscar, another brother of the king, because he married outside the bounds of royalty, are known merely as countesses, the Countesses Bernadotte, sisters of Count Bernadotte, recently married to Miss Manville.

Many a princess has turned into a queen and ruled a kingdom at eighteen, but in Sweden eighteen years is not considered long enough to educate a princess for her future job. As a matter of fact in spite of having made her first formal appearance—at the opening of Parliament last year—the princess has not altogether grown up. She is not yet very well known to her countrymen. When one asks about her, the answer is: "She is hardly more than a child yet. She hasn't finished her education."

The princess, it so happens, is rather shy, with a curious mixture of modern independence and reserve. With some, because she has not yet mingled very much with the world, the shyness passes for haughtiness. In reality, beneath her shyness, she is a very healthy, active, sports-loving young girl of the day. As the only girl, with two older and two younger brothers, she has had a lot of devotion showered upon her and some ragging, which has made her a good sport and playfellow. She loves tennis and is an excellent player, and is also an expert skater and loves skiing and all of the winter sports that abound in Sweden. When she is in Stockholm she always begins her day with a canter in the beautiful Djurgården on her favorite mount, which is one of the special charges of the dwindling royal stables.

As soon as she was eighteen, the princess took her examination for a driver's license like any ordinary aspirant, and since then has had her own motor-car, which she drives about Stockholm and the vicinity, often quite alone.

The education of the princess was a concern very close to the heart of her parents. Her mother, the Crown Princess, was a very wise and devoted mother in every respect and personally supervised the education of her children. She saw to it that the education of the princess should be of such character as to fit her for any rôle she might be called upon to fill—whether a royal consort, a queen, or simply the mistress of a modest household. Princess Margaret started for her two older boys a small class to which she invited a group of other children of their age, so that the royal children might not be without companionship in their studies. When Princess Ingrid was six years old she joined (*Continued on page 181*)

A NEW Ciné-Kodak

LIGHT · SMALL · BEAUTIFUL · EFFICIENT

and at a remarkable price

In Ciné-Kodak stores everywhere you may now examine the last word in home movie cameras.

It is convenient, good looking, and possesses unique operating advantages.

It is the new Ciné-Kodak, Model BB.

Unparalleled Convenience!

The lighter a movie camera is the more you will want to use it, and the Model BB is the lightest spring-driven camera made in the 16 m/m field, film capacity considered.

It is small and compact. Oblong in shape, its body measurements are only 7 inches long, 4 3-8 inches high, and 2 3-16 inches wide. It is no bigger than a medium-sized Kodak.

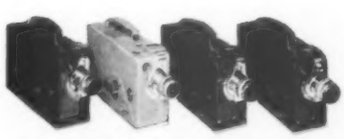
A handy carrying case comes with the *f*.1.9 model. Besides the compartment for the camera, it contains several convenient niches. Into one of them two rolls of film fit neatly; into another the Kodacolor attachments; and into a third, the new lens for telephoto effects which enables you to take close-ups even though you are many feet from your subject.

Exquisite in Appearance!

Both case and camera win your eye at once. They are covered with rich, lustrous, fine-grained leathers. They come in three smart shades—blue, brown and gray—as well as black. (*f*.3.5 model comes in black only.)

Almost always improvements as great as these not only justify a high price, but make that high price necessary in order to cover their cost. Model BB, however, instead of being given a high price, has been given a LOW one.

Metal fittings are either exquisitely lacquered or gleam with non-tarnishing chromium plate.



Model BB comes in black with *f*.3.5 lens at $75 (case $9 extra); with *f*.1.9 lens, in three colors and black, including felt lined leather carrying case to match, and with leather shoulder strap, at $140. Kodacolor filter and neutral density filter (for colored movies) cost $15 extra. New *f*.4.5 long-focus lens for telephoto effects is furnished as extra equipment, if desired.

KODACOLOR FILTER

LENS FOR TELEPHOTO EFFECTS

Furthermore, these splendid materials are combined with a beautiful simplicity of line and a refreshing absence of non-essential detail.

Improved Operating Efficiency!

This ultra-attractiveness, this graceful modernity of Model BB, has not been allowed to interfere with the camera's *raison d'être*.

The same simplicity that makes it beautiful adds to its strength and efficiency.

This you will instantly appreciate when your dealer shows you the camera. Sight it for yourself. Press the release. Listen to the quiet purr of the spring motor. Press the half-speed button, a feature which enables you to take portraits, landscapes, and still life with much less light than normal speed requires, particularly when using the *f*.1.9 lens for Kodacolor films.

Movies in Natural Color!

The development of Kodacolor has made the Ciné-Kodak with *f*.1.9 lens an even more precious possession. With this camera, a filter and Kodacolor Film you can make the most beautiful *living* portraits. When you project the film you see your dear ones as they actually are, with all the color, even the delicate flesh tones, absolutely true to life. You simply use a color filter when making or projecting Kodacolor.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The AIRPLANE FEEL *of the Franklin opens the road to new motoring thrills*

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F R A N K L I N

A PRINCESS IN THE MAKING

(Continued from page 180)

the class. A special room in the children's apartments of the wing of the palace devoted to the Crown Prince's family was fitted up as a schoolroom.

Just as in any other school, classes went on for some years with the Crown Princess always close at hand to watch over the progress of the studies. No laxness or liberties were permitted and the strict standards of the regular schooling in Sweden, which is stiff beyond words, were adhered to.

Every child in Sweden to-day must add to the regular course of studies two or three languages, but with a princess whose contacts will be many, languages are almost more important than anything else, and they must be thoroughly learned. As soon as she could talk at all the princess began speaking English with her mother so that she speaks it now as fluently as her native language. At nine she began with French and a year or two later started German. And lately she has begun the study of Italian. Fortunately, she loves languages and finds it no hardship to start on a new one.

And there were music and dancing lessons which began when she was very young. A special class in Dalcroze was arranged to which the princess and her little friends, accompanied by their mothers, like little girls the world over, went and learned the intricacies of modern rhythm.

When the princess was ten, her mother died. It was a great sorrow, for the tie between the two was very close. The Crown Princess had long had a devoted lady-in-waiting who, at the death of the princess, helped to mother the little girl and to carry on as Princess Margaret had planned the supervision of Ingrid's education under the Crown Prince's direction.

Five years ago, when Princess Ingrid was thirteen, the Crown Prince was married again, to Princess Louise Mountbatten, also of England. The princess, like any other little girl, dreaded the thought of a stepmother. The story is told that when the new Crown Princess came to the palace some of the gifts that had poured in to the royal couple were spread out for her to see. Conspicuously among them on a grand piano, where it could not fail to attract attention, Ingrid had placed enshrined a portrait of her mother, the late Crown Princess.

When the Princess Louise, who is most gracious and generous in all her actions, saw it she went at once to the little princess and said to her simply, "Ingrid, since you have given me the gift which you prize the most, I know it means that you and I are going to be friends." And friends they have been, for not only the children of the Crown Prince but everyone in the kingdom has melted to the graciousness of the present Crown Princess.

Two years ago when Princess Ingrid was sixteen, all of her young companions of the schoolroom deserted her. The reason for the desertion gives a hint of what is happening in Sweden to-day—they one and all felt they must have a diploma in order to be ready to enter upon some profession or career. So, quite like Cinderella, the princess was left alone to continue her studies under private tutors. Since then she has had a little more latitude in selecting what subjects interested her most. It is to languages and history that she devotes herself with the greatest zest, with particular fondness for the history of art and music. The old schoolroom has been deserted and her tutors come for several hours each morning to the writing room of her private suite.

The education of the princess is by no means confined to that which comes from books. In the practical arts as well she has been meticulously trained, in sewing and home-making, although she frankly has no love of sewing a plain seam. In the finer needlework she has something of the skill which has made the crafts of Sweden —both old and modern—distinctive. Had she lived in earlier days, from her needle might have come some of those beautiful old ecclesiastical embroideries that once absorbed the energies and emotions of young ladies of royal blood. Now, with dancing and skating and skiing and riding, needlework must be for the occasional spare hour, although it still forms a part of every Swedish girl's education, be she royal or peasant. The princess has, in fact, started upon a very beautiful piece of embroidery for the altar of the palace chapel.

That suggests how closely the old and the new dovetail in the modern life in Sweden. In no (Concluded on page 186)

YAEGER

Princess Ingrid, only daughter of the Crown Prince of Sweden, wearing the traditional court costume.

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POEMS FOR QUIET READING

BREVITY

BECAUSE our love was built on candle-flame,
On shadow, flower, wind and every brief
And lovely thing, it cannot hold a grief
More permanent than they. Your very name
That now I speak no more is no more dear
Than any name, and your remembered words
Are less disturbing than the wings of birds
Brushing across the soft, dark silence here.

Oh, if I mourn for that lost ecstasy
It is for all lost ecstasy I sigh;
And if I think of our love wistfully
It is that any perfect thing should die.
I keep the pact we swore to, when I do.
No tears—I promised you, *I promised you!*

Eleanor Chase

THE VESPER BELL

THERE is a bell that sounds the quiet hour;
It tolls the evening star into the west:
For it the winds and seas fall into rest;
Peace opens like the petals of a flower;
Clouds put on glories, in its solemn power,
And they become day's marvelous palimpsest;
While dusk hangs roses on the lintel night.
He hates his soul who cannot find delight
In this bell tolling as earth weds the skies;
Whence once again the million stars get birth
From very love of heaven for the earth,
From love of earth for heaven that never dies!

Harry Kemp

THE DEAD LOVER SPEAKS

OH! do not take her where we used to go—
Our little secret places green and dear—
The leafy lane that only we did know—
The meadow, lovely with the changing year.
There are so many paths your feet can trace,
To lovers, all earth's ways are heaven-bright,
And each reads beauty in the other's face,
So leave our glades to dream of past delight.
But if you wander there and hear a sound—
A little whisper like a wistful sigh—
And she will say with wonderment profound,
"The leaves are still, and yet the wind went by."
You will not answer, though you seem unkind,
For you will know that it was not the wind.

Helen Blodgett Erwin

OLD LETTERS

HOW great my love for you I only knew
When my old letters brought you back again,
Some written on mauve paper, some on blue,
The pages scribbled lightly by my pen.

I think that when I gave yours back to you,
Their burning passion so alive and bright,
Through crowded pages flamed, amazing, new,
Until you could not see me for the light.

Elizabeth Leslie Roos

COOL STRANGER

WHO was that girl I was last week, last year?
People judge us as one,
But I do not know her.

Helen DeForest Hansen

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Brown kid with bronze trimming and red piping.

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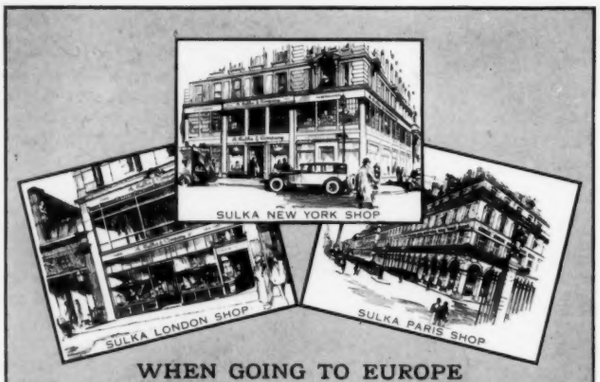

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A PRINCESS IN THE MAKING

(*Concluded from page 181*)

country is life freer for a young girl today and yet with all the modern liberties, they retain a firm hold upon the older virtues of home-making.

It is significant that the education of the princess is not considered complete at eighteen. With her academic studies and the arts rounding to completion, she will later start in on specialized training in cooking and household management and in social and humanitarian activities. I happened to be in Brussels in the fall of 1927 when the heiress to the Crown Prince and Princess was born, and in an interview, the Queen of Belgium spoke with great pride of how the Princess Astrid had been trained in the care of children by practical experience in hospitals and institutions in her own country. Both she and the Princess Martha, under the very scrupulous direction of their mother, Princess Ingeborg, received the most exacting training in cooking and sewing and in the care of children.

THE Crown Prince has believed it better to wait until the Princess Ingrid is fully grounded in her academic education before she widens her activities.

One can imagine many a young American considering such an education as that of the princess a hardship. But she has been brought up in the general atmosphere of a family accustomed to take its responsibilities seriously. She has been surrounded by a simple and very genuine home life. The Crown Prince and his family divide their time between the palace in Stockholm and a smaller but very beautiful palace at Ulriksdals, a little way out from Stockholm. In the grounds of their palace, which is surrounded by a beautiful forest, is a lake set like a deep basin beneath overhanging trees. It is there during the winter that the princess and princes enjoy skating. On the southern coast of Sweden at Sofiero, the Crown Prince has a summer home and when the family retires there life loses its formality and becomes very much that of an English country-house, with a swarm of young people always busy with tennis or swimming or motoring.

It is hard to imagine a royal family more intimately linked with the modern life of their country than that of Sweden. On state occasions they fit harmoniously into the traditional picture and uphold all the ancient traditions of the kingdom but in their daily lives they abandon their pedestals and serve their people faithfully. The King, greatly beloved in his country, has reached the age where outside the duties of state, he spends most of his leisure time in sports, his prowess at tennis when he sheds his title and becomes simply "Mr. G.", being well known; and equally as a huntsman. Last year on his seventieth birthday a popular subscription of five million Swedish crowns ($1,225,000) which came from all parts of the world, was turned over to him as a token of regard and he has devoted it to the study and eradication of cancer.

THE Crown Prince, whose visit to America two years ago is well remembered, is an archeologist of distinction. He has taken part in important excavations and researches in Greece and is very genuinely interested in the subject. Prince Carl, father of Princess Astrid and Martha, is the head of the Red Cross in Sweden, not a nominal but an extremely active head, giving his time daily to its direction. And under his régime the Red Cross has greatly expanded and developed many interesting features such as aeroplane ambulances to penetrate to the white wilderness in the north of Sweden during the winter where the Lapps live, and to reach the islands in the archipelago of the Baltic, in cases of emergency.

Prince Carl and his family, due to reverses just after the war, gave up their beautiful residence in the Djurgården and live very modestly in an apartment in Stockholm.

Prince Eugen, another brother of the King, is a painter and an extremely skilful one. Some of his murals decorate one room in Sweden's city hall, which ranks as one of the most beautiful buildings of modern times. Prince Eugen has never married.

The third brother of the King, Prince Oscar, who by his marriage to a lady not of royal blood, renounced his right to the throne, is the acting head of the Swedish Young Men's Christian Association and both he and his wife are very deeply and actively interested in the welfare of that and other similar organizations. Prince Oscar is the father of Count Bernadotte whose marriage has made a bond between America and the Swedish royal family.

A brother of the Crown Prince, Prince Wilhelm, who recently visited the United States, is a well known writer, poet and traveler, a delightful personality, and in American parlance "a good mixer."

In her hard-working and extremely active family the princess has a great deal to live up to. There is as yet not a whisper of any possible marriage for the young Ingrid except the inevitable one of an alliance with the evasive Prince of Wales. She goes happily and busily along her way preparing for what the future may hold. Last year the King gave a ball for her at the palace, a small and informal affair although it was somewhat in the nature of a début. Queen Victoria, who has been in frail health for a long time and spends little time in Sweden, was not there or the occasion might have been more formal and no doubt only those of noble families would have been included in the list of guests. For the queen, being German, a Princess of Baden, is much more ceremonious than the rest of the royal family. There were perhaps a hundred and fifty or two hundred guests—the boys and girls who had gone to school with the princess and her brothers, now grown up; the sons and daughters of families known to the royal family, and friends of the young princes, a healthy, jolly lot of youths.

The orchestra was made up of the best jazz players to be found in Stockholm and except for the setting of one of the beautiful smaller state rooms of the palace, it might have been a dance for any modern young débutante.

AS YET the princess has not traveled extensively, beyond her yearly visit in England each fall, where she spends several weeks visiting her grandfather. Last year she went to France and spent three months visiting there, for the perfection of her accent in French, and incidentally to buy a few Paris clothes. The princess, who is of more than medium height and of the decided blonde, Scandinavian type, with fair hair and blue eyes, very pretty, has a healthy, youthful love of dress and very decided tastes of her own. Some of her things are made in Stockholm but for the most part her wardrobe is designed by Crampton of London.

Until she was eighteen the princess shared the services of the lady-in-waiting to the Crown Princess but on coming of age she annexed a lady-in-waiting of her own, a young woman versed in the social arts who serves as a sort of companion and chaperone, accompanying the princess when she goes to teas and parties or for a shopping expedition.

One day I happened to be in Stockholm's largest shop and the small daughter of the American friend who was with me whispered to her mother eagerly, "Doesn't that young lady look like the Princess Ingrid?"

The clerk who was waiting on us said something in Swedish which my friend translated: "It *is* the Princess Ingrid."

Near by at the hosiery counter was a tall, fair young girl, modestly dressed, who seemed very much intent upon the selection of some silk stockings. In a very few minutes she had melted into the crowd of the store, practically unobserved, she and her companion, and out to the street. No waiting lackeys, not even a motor-car, just on foot, like ordinary folk, bound no doubt for her four-o'clock cup of tea.

If it gives one a bit of a shock that royalty should step down from their pedestals, remember that they like to do it, and it makes them much more real and human.

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